PÆDOTROPHIA;

OR,

THE ART OF

NURSING and REARING CHILDREN.

A POEM, IN THREE BOOKS.

Tranſlated from the Latin of

SCEVOLE DE ST. MARTHE.

With Medical and Hiſtorical Notes; with the Life of the Author, from the French of MICHEL and NICERON; his Epitaph; his Dedication of this Poem to HENRY III. of France; and the Epigram written on the viſit he had the Honour to receive from CHARLES I. of England, when PRINCE OF WALES.

BY H. W. TYTLER, M.D.

Tranſlator of CALLIMACHUS, and Fellow of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce.

Vos SAMMARTHANI *divina poemata crebrâ*
Pertractate manu, doctaſque evolvite chartas;
Hic totas Heliconis aquas, hic flumina Pindi
Tota hauſit; nullam non novit Apollinis artem.

QUILLET.

LONDON:

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M.DCC.XCVII.

Dii boni! quem mihi librum miſiſti à noſtro Sammarthano conſcriptum; non liber eſt, ſunt ipſæ Muſæ: totum noſtrum Helicona teſtem appello. Quin et ſi de eo judicium mihi conceſſum ſit, velim equidem illum omnibus hujus ſeculi Poëtis anteponere: vel ſi Bembus, Nugerius, divinuſque Fracaſtorius ægre laturi ſint. Dum enim perpendo quàm aptè ſuavitatem carminis puræ terſæque dictioni, fabulam hiſtoriæ, philoſophiam arti medicæ conjunxerit, libet exclamare

——————— Deus, Deus ille Menalca.

Seculumque iſtud felix dicere, quod nobis talem, tantumque virum protulerit.

Ronsardus ad Baïfium.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

[Entered at Stationers Hall].

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

DAVID STEWART ERSKINE,

EARL OF BUCHAN, AND LORD CARDROSS.

WHILE you, my Lord, by ev'ry Muſe inſpir'd,
And, greater ſtill, by patriot-virtue fir'd,
Delight in walks yourſelf have ſacred made,
And call the Nine to Dryburgh's verdant ſhade,

Deſcribe the poiſon of the golden fleece,
And flocks that ſport on Tweda's banks in peace,
Thy flocks, of pureſt white, that ne'er were ſold
For pomp, for pow'r, nor all-bewitching gold,
Sometimes reſort to Lothian's fertile fields,
Or fair Kirkhill, that equal pleaſures yields;
Enrich your country's ſtores with curious coins,
From ancient paintings form more bright deſigns,
Or oft from nature the reſemblance ſtrike
With equal ſkill, and both are prais'd alike;
Of SCOTLAND's Queen diſplay the native grace,
The wond'rous charms of her enchanting face,
Her brow how ſmooth, her aſpect how ſerene,
Her artleſs ſoftneſs and engaging mien;

Shew

Shew the fair Saint freed from the pride of dreſs,
And all her beauty heighten'd by diſtreſs,
That bards and painters might together ſtrive
Who beſt could repreſent what ſeems alive:
Could Nature from the ſhades great HOMER bring,
A brighter Helen would remain to ſing;
And ZEUXIS, riſing, might with envy view
What an admiring public owes to you:
While you give chiefs and ſages all their fame,
And from oblivion ſave ev'n ———'s name,
Make Philomela charm the liſt'ning ſwains
With all the muſic of her mournful ſtrains;
While firſt, by you, ſhe fills from SCOTIAN ſprays
The plains and woods with her enchanting lays,

Purſuits how dread! and proſpects differing far
Plunge other minds in ſad, and gloomy care;
Deſtruction rages in the realms around;
Nought heard but War, and Diſcord's dreadful ſound,
That, breaking from th' infernal regions forth,
Have ſpread their fury o'er the Weſt, and North;
Commanded by Ambition's madd'ning train,
Who, daring ev'ry crime that man could ſtain,
Extinguiſh order, and each heav'n-born art,
That raiſes genius, or refines the heart:
Fierce as when Goths, the Vandal, and the Hun,
O'er all the realms of ſacred ſcience run,
And blotted out whate'er of arts, of wit,
Of laws, or liberty, the Nine had writ;

Or when proud Edward urg'd his rapid way
Thro' Britiſh climes, with armies in array,
And to deſtruction doom'd each poet's head
From a barbaric, and a coward dread,
That learning's voice would drown the dire alarms,
And hoſtile wit excel his boaſted arms;
Then ev'ry record, whereſoe'er he came,
Gave to the fury of devouring flame;
Nor, deed deteſted of a barb'rous age!
Oh! fatal triumph of tyrannic rage!
Spar'd ev'n the relics of old claſſic lore,
Great FERGUS ſav'd from burning Rome before. *

* See Spottiſwood's Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory, Book II.

O! had they but few ages more ſurviv'd,
But till that heav'n-directed time arriv'd,
When men were taught, by ſome inſpiring Muſe,
The glorious Typographic art to uſe;
Not all the curſe that War, or Diſcord, brings,
Nor all the fury of contending kings,
Had robb'd the world of that invalu'd ſtore,
By crimes, ſad Alexandria felt before;
When the fierce Saracen, with ſavage joy,
Decreed all ancient learning to deſtroy;
All monuments the gods ordain'd to laſt,
To give rememb'rance of their bleſſings paſt.

But equal mad Ambition now conſpires
Againſt bright Liberty's ætherial fires,

And,

And, led by frantic ſpirits riſing round,
Right to dethrone, and reaſon to confound,
To raiſe oppreſſion to the place of right,
And darken Freedom's day by lawleſs might,
Makes ignorance with rapid ſtrides advance,
Involves in anarchy the r——s of F——e,
And ſtrives to gag, to bind, the tuneful Nine,
Leſt they give utt'rance to ſuch notes divine,
As gain'd, in former times, mankind's applauſe,
From thoſe fair advocates of Freedom's cauſe.
O! Peace, Truth, Virtue, to what foreign ſhore,
Retire ye, deſtin'd to return no more?
Ordain'd no more to raiſe the heav'nly brows,
Adorn'd with laurel, and with olive-boughs,

Own'd, in theſe ſinking nations, by ſo few,
But with the name of ERSKINE ſtill in view;
A name, that equal wins a bright renown,
Or in the peaceful ſhade, or buſy town.
Or ſome great names with this we might combine,
Who never bow'd before Corruption's ſhrine;
Whom ſtill unbrib'd, unpenſion'd, we behold,
To vindicate fair Freedom as of old,
Secure in native worth, in reaſon's ſway,
In all the virtues which the good obey;
And, in the ſhade, the ſenate, or the field,
For learning, ſenſe, and ſpirit, have excell'd.

Yet are the Muſes to no place confin'd,
But, ranging ſtill, their empire is the mind;

Nor,

Nor, life remaining, can the pow'r of man
Or clog their wings, or make them fly in vain.
Tho' they delight in walks, in ſylvan ſcenes,
In vales, in mountains, and in flow'ry greens,
They find their way to thoſe forſaken ſeats,
By hapleſs mortals made their laſt retreats;
Sick beds they viſit, oft in priſons dwell;
They leave the palace for the gloomy cell;
There, like the ſun, diſpel the ſhades of night,
And o'er the mind diffuſe more glorious light.
Great THAMYRIS, and greater MÆON's ſon,
Were poor, and blind, and many hazards run.
ASCRÆA's bard, and tuneful ORPHEUS, found
A dreadful fate from ignorance around;

Both

Both unregarded in their native lands,
And both untimely dy'd by barb'rous hands.
Nor LINUS leſs, the firſt who taught to bring
Along the Grecian lyre the ſounding ſtring,
Receiv'd his death from the dull demi-god,
He vain inſtructed in his own abode.

Nor, ARCHIMEDES! be thy fame unſung,
From more than ſifters of Caſtalia ſprung;
O! let the Muſe, with awe ſuperior, wait
On thine unequall'd name, and tell thy fate,
Who drew from Heav'n itſelf the wond'rous art,
That toſs'd the ſhip, and turn'd aſide the dart,

But

But fell, at length, amidſt alarms, and fire,
From one relentleſs ſoldier's heedleſs ire,
Ev'n when the gen'rous conſul vow'd reward
To whate'er hand thy valu'd life had ſpar'd:
But thou nor ſtarted at approaching death,
Nor once repining gave thy glorious breath,
But, undiſmay'd, thy mighty taſk purſu'd,
Ev'n when the hoſtile falchion o'er thee ſtood.
Such arts as thine had none but NEWTON try'd;
And none but he thy death ſo calm had dy'd!

Yet OVID ceas'd not, with ſweet voice, to ſing,
Amid the woes that want and exile bring;

Expell'd

Expell'd in age from his delightful home,
He wrote in Pontus, what was lov'd in Rome;
His lofty Muſe above misfortune ſoar'd;
And mad LUCRETIUS Nature's laws explor'd;
His mind, before with various knowledge fraught,
Reveal'd, at times, what Epicurus taught.

Unhappier LUCAN! ſad was thy reward
For pow'rs of ſong almoſt beyond a bard;
Who knew, from early youth, to ſweep the ſtring
More ſwift than e'er another Muſe could ſing.
Fair Liberty thy ſacred voice inſpir'd,
And made thy name in after-times admir'd,

But

But could not ſave thee from a tyrant's wrath,
Nor art'ries bleeding in the ſtifling bath;
Yet wert thou not forſaken by the Nine,
But ev'n in death repeated ſongs divine;
Pharſalia's field in lateſt accents ſung,
Pharſalia trembled on thy fault'ring tongue!
So dying ſwans erect their gaſping throats,
And pour their tuneful ſouls in heav'nly notes.
But tyrants, that ſo oft mankind have curſt,
Diſtinguiſh not betwixt the beſt, or worſt;
Too oft they doom the good, the learn'd, the wiſe,
And dark deceit, and dire injuſtice prize.
Not ſuch the conduct of great PHILIP's ſon,
When by aſſault the Theban city won,

And all committed to the rage of flame,
He ſav'd not only thoſe, who then could name
Themſelves of their immortal poet's line,
But ev'n the manſion of the bard divine.
The Hero too amidſt his conqueſts mourn'd,
That then no bard the ſpacious earth adorn'd,
To crown his vict'ries with Apollo's bays,
To make their glory ſhine in future days;
And thoſe of ev'ry rank, in pain and grief,
Have from th' inſpiring Muſes found relief.
Great ADRIAN on his dying bed compos'd,
And only with his life the verſes clos'd.
LONGINUS! who but mourns thy hapleſs fate,
Sunk in the ruins of a falling ſtate?

O!

O! fame eternal of thine eaſtern clime;
Thyſelf, what thy rich fancy draws, ſublime,
And great before a ruthleſs tyrant ſeen,
As in thy book, or councils of thy queen.

Nor leſs BÖETHIUS felt inſpiring fire,
Seiz'd, and condemn'd to die by Gothic ire;
For not at this injuſtice he repin'd,
But, ſure of death, and in a cell confin'd,
Produc'd thoſe moral works of ſacred name,
That ALFRED, and ELIZA gave to fame;
Thoſe names for ever dear, and ſtill rever'd
Where Freedom's, Law's, or Learning's voice is heard;

That

That CHAUCER too delighted to rehearſe,
And turn'd, like them, into his native verſe.

But here, what Muſe could leave unſung thy fate,
Thou light of man! COPERNICUS the Great?
The ſage unequall'd, to whoſe mind was giv'n
To trace the motions of the ſtarry heav'n;
Ordain'd, with new diſcov'ries, to reſtore
The truths Pythagoras had taught before;
To ſhew how earth around her axis runs,
The ſun the center, and fix'd ſtars new ſuns,
To light ſome other earths, or worlds that lie
In diſtant regions of th' ætherial ſky;

All

All moving ſtars, and planetary ſpheres,
That, as our earth, our ſun, ſtill circle theirs
In ſpace yet unconceiv'd, infinite round!
To which nor eye, nor mind, can fix a bound;
But certain proof of one Almighty Soul,
That guides, o'erſees, informs, ſuſtains, the whole;
Throughout the vaſt, the univerſal plan,
From worlds on high down to the inſect man;
Who, tho' ſo weak, ſo little, juſt in time,
Tho' creeping on a point, thinks all for him,
And waſtes his moment in deſtructive wars
With thoſe call'd foreign, or in home-bred jars,
More dreadful ſtill; where brother, father, ſon,
And kinſman, are by mutual hands undone.

Yet ſome, like this, are form'd with minds to ſoar
Thro' rolling orbs, and Nature to explore;
He baniſh'd Epicycles, empty ſchemes,
Excentrics, and all Ptolemaic dreams;
But, for the ſyſtem, that all human race
Have ſince approv'd, and with one mind embrace,
Was (dreadful to relate!) in priſon thrown,
There doom'd to lie, till he the truth diſown,
The very truth his ſenſes taught before;
And this the curs'd effect of papal pow'r,
That foe to learning, when o'er all the world
Sad ignorance from its dire arm was hurl'd,
With racks, wheels, flames, and ev'ry dreadful name,
That e'er from tyrants, or their minions came.

But

But ceaſe, my Muſe, for this great ſage to mourn,
And to thy bards, and to thy theme return;
For ſoon a brighter wreath, from Dryburgh's ſhade,
Of bays for ever-green, ſhall bind his head.

The firſt of SCOTIA's kings, immortal JAMES,
An equal name, and equal honour, claims;
The captive prince, by too ſevere a fate
Doom'd to confinement in a foreign ſtate,
To paſs long years in ſolitary gloom,
Brought arts, and learning to his dreary room,
Made plaintive notes reſound thro' Windſor's grove,
And ſooth'd his ſoul with muſic, and with love.

In equal ſorrow, and in equal gloom,
Shut, as it were, within a living tomb,
See! the hiſtoric Muſe alike attend
On warlike RALEIGH, and on ſkilful FRIEND;
Confin'd to bed, SCARRON unrivall'd ſung,
And PRIOR's Alma from a priſon ſprung.

Nor e'er ſhall I, by ſuch examples mov'd,
Inclin'd to write, and by the Muſe belov'd,
With health returning from paſt ſorrow ſink,
Or not enjoy the firſt great power to think;
The ſacred pow'r, that man divides from beaſt,
And brings all heav'n within the human breaſt;

The

The ſource of Genius, Learning, and the Muſe,
Which none than BUCHAN better knows to uſe;
Nor keep from others what to me is giv'n,
And fruſtrate thus the hallow'd will of Heav'n,
Who gave not men their ſcience to conceal,
But what we know 'tis duty to reveal.*
And to the Muſe it ſtill belongs to mix
Delight with each inſtruction, thus to fix

* Every writer of genius is born a magiſtrate of his country; and he ought to enlighten it as much as it is in his power. His abilities give him a right to do it. Whether he be an obſcure or a diſtinguiſhed citizen, whatever be his rank or birth, his mind, which is always noble, takes its claim from his talents. His tribunal is the whole nation, his judge is the public. Raynal's Philoſophical Hiſtory, B. XIX.

The wand'ring minds of thoſe, who chiefly need
Her precepts, and induce them oft to read.
Hence I attempt, from the Pierian ſpring,
Some uſeful maxims in new light to bring;
That may alleviate many a dreadful woe
Attendant on the human race below,
Thoſe ſad misfortunes, that too oft befall,
The dire diſeaſes that impend on all.
Nor you diſdain, in Engliſh dreſs, to hear
The ſacred lays, that pleas'd a royal ear;
When fierce Rebellion ſhook the Gallic throne,
When, war completing what the league begun,
For friends and ſubjects ſlain great HENRY mourn'd,
And all the mirth of France to ſorrow turn'd;

Pro-

Protect, my Lord, the name yourſelf have rais'd,
He needs not fear to write, whom BUCHAN prais'd.

In theſe ſad times, when civil fury rag'd,
And ev'ry rank in mortal feuds engag'd,
The fam'd ST. MARTHE their dreadful cares beguil'd;
He ſang the nurſing of an infant child,
And to the ſofter ſex his lays addreſs'd,
By whom ſuch violence is oft ſuppreſs'd.
As when, the Senate prompting, matrons went
From ancient Rome, deſtruction to prevent,
The mother bow'd before her conq'ring ſon,
The wife entreated, that the ſiege begun

Her huſband would forſake; and they prevail'd,
When war, when arms, and artful treaties fail'd:
So the good bard inſcrib'd his ſong to thoſe,
Whoſe pleaſing influence might remove their woes;
Attempting thus, by gentleſt means, to win
All minds from war, to make them look within,
On milder objects ev'ry thought to place,
And ſave their preſent, and their future race.

Then, pleas'd, accept the lays; let them be ſung
To BRITAIN's daughters in the Engliſh tongue,
Sweet-ſounding, copious, ever in our view,
And may with little toil be SCOTIA's too.

O!

O! when ſhall come the much-deſir'd event,
For which long time, long labour, has been ſpent,
When language, like the kingdoms, ſhall be one,
And SCOTIA's mountains claſſic as the throne;
Then mutual jealouſies no more ſhould reign,
But all, like brothers, the ſame mind maintain;
And, as when ſpirits from their bodies fly,
Aſcend, and recognize their native ſky,
Who from far iſles ſhould to AUGUSTA come,
Surpriz'd, would find themſelves but more at home;
For this have poets ſung, and ſages wrote,
And all in Engliſh dreſs reveal their thought;
But other methods muſt the knowledge ſeek,
For many write, but few have learn'd to ſpeak.

Yet

Yet here the name of ERSKINE ſtands confeſt;
O! far, how far! conſpicuous o'er the reſt, *
For language, learning, ſpirit, manly ſenſe,
For wit, and all-perſuading eloquence;
Not e'er excell'd by him, of old ſo fam'd,
Who once the prince of Orators was nam'd;
Or that illuſtrious Roman, known as well
By pow'rful accents from his lips that fell;
Whom the firſt honour of the ſtate renowns,
And all the glories of the civic crowns.

* "The name of ERSKINE ſuggeſts to every body the "firſt eminence in Science, in Genius, Eloquence, Wit, and "Spirit."—Part of a letter from Mr. E——d B—ke to the "E—l of B——n, dated London, July 7th, 1786.

But

But ev'n in writing we come ſtill behind
What foreigners from us might hope to find;
For many poets in harſh language write,
When they, with eaſe, might ſweeter ſongs indite.
What bard, aſpiring to immortal fame,
That future ages might preſerve his name,
T'expreſs poetic thoughts has ever choſe
A tongue, in which none try to write in proſe;
A language never to perfection brought,
And out of uſe, and almoſt out of thought?
Tis true the Gentle Shepherd charms the ear,
And all his artleſs lays delighted hear;
But whence has this ſuperior pleaſure ſprung,
Save chief from lines that mark the Engliſh tongue?

Had

Had ev'n great Virgil gain'd unfading bays,
Or his bright works illumin'd modern days,
If, by ſome wayward inſpiration led,
Tho' born with genius, and to learning bred,
The poet had forſook the tongue divine,
By which the bards of Rome illuſtrious ſhine,
And ſought from that rude dialect applauſe,
In which old Numa had reveal'd his laws?
One iſland ſurely ſhould one language claim,
Elſe whence may bards and ſages have their fame?
And now, as then, th' expreſſion of the thought
Should mark the age, in which the author wrote,
And not confound old, obſolete, and vile,
With poliſh'd language, and a purer ſtyle.

But

But I no mean performance think t' obtrude,
No indigeſted maſs unform'd, and rude;
No vulgar ſong, nor uſeleſs; but the fruit
Of labour, ſtudy, and of much purſuit,
Of learning, genius, of a gen'rous heart,
And curious ſearch into the healing art;
By which ST. MARTHE gain'd an immortal name,
And only ARMSTRONG boaſts an equal fame;
By RONSARD prais'd, by SCALIGER was lov'd,
And all the ſons of France the ſong approv'd.
Nor was his fame confin'd to them alone,
But in Europa's fartheſt climes was known;
And ſome in all her countries try'd to make
The uſeful bard his Roman garb forſake,

To ſpeak their native tongue; by which he grew
Still more admir'd, as op'ner to the view;
And let this humble laurel now be mine,
That I, the meaneſt, try the ſtrains divine.

Yet, had it been my fate in early days
T' obtain, as late, your voluntary praiſe;
Spontaneous offspring of diſcerning thought,
Won by deſert, and dearer as unſought;
To know your learning, friendſhip, ſenſe refin'd,
Superior taſte, and comprehenſive mind;
By you protected I had roſe to fame,
And gain'd, ere this, with glorious bards a name;

For,

For, finding thus, beneath your guardian-hands,
That tenderneſs, which genius ſtill demands,
That bears not to be cruſh'd; but, like a flow'r,
Muſt be ſupported, from its earlieſt hour,
By ſofteſt culture of ſome friendly hand,
Till ſtronger ſtems aërial blaſts withſtand;
Still to the Muſes I had bent my mind,
To whom my youth, my infancy inclin'd.
But, ſince of unhop'd wiſhes now poſſeſt,
With health, with eaſe, with ſacred friendſhip bleſt,
The friendſhip of a virtuous heart, and good,
More dear to mine than treaſures of the proud,
Let me attempt the heights deſir'd before,
Unlock now ancient, now the modern lore,

And happy that the firſt of Scotian ſwains
I taught a Grecian poet Engliſh ſtrains,
Still court the Nine, ſecure of laſting praiſe,
If BUCHAN favour, and approve my lays.
And may kind Heav'n, whence all our joys deſcend,
Long, long, for this, preſerve ſo good a friend!

PREFACE.

PREFACE.

DIDACTIC Poems, whether on moral duties, philoſophical ſpeculations, or delivering, in an agreeable manner, the principles of any particular art, or ſcience, have in all ages been highly eſteemed, and conſidered as holding the next place to heroic or epic poetry: and, as the latter is valued on account of the dignity of its ſubject, the grandeur and ſublimity of its ideas; ſo is didactic poetry for elegance of ex-

preſſion and utility. In the firſt of theſe the Pædotrophia yields only to the Georgics of Virgil; and in the laſt excells that admired poem, in ſo far as the lives of mankind are of more conſequence than the animal creation, or the fruits of the ground: in point of utility, it may claim the precedence to all poems ancient or modern. For, of misfortunes incident to humanity, none is ſo diſtreſſing to a feeling mind as the death of children; it is an affliction that preys upon the mind, and encreaſes with time. The longer time the ſufferer has to reflect upon his loſs, the more he thinks what his ſon, or daughter, might have been,

been, if they had lived to years of maturity; nor can buſineſs, or diverſion, completely eradicate the idea of what was once ſo dear to him, and on which he had placed ſo much of his future happineſs. It is, perhaps, the only evil in life for which nature has not provided a remedy. The death of parents is expected from age, and muſt happen in the common courſe of things; poverty may be got the better of by induſtry; cuſtom reconciles priſoners to their confined habitation; pain has intervals; ſickneſs, by depriving the patient of his ſenſes, frequently deſtroys itſelf; but, for this no relief can be expected.

Wherefore, ſince this terrible evil admits of no remedy, all that can be done is to ſhew the beſt method of preventing it, namely, by laying the foundation of a good conſtitution; and ſuch is the humane deſign of the following poem; the original of which (eſteemed by men of learning the principal work of Scevole de Sainte Marthe, among the greateſt poets, who have appeared ſince the claſſical ages of antiquity) is written with all the fluency and elegance of which the Latin language is capable; and, beſides its poetical ornaments, of beautiful epiſodes and ſimilies, its uſeful precepts are delivered in ſo plain a manner,

ner, that they may be as readily underſtood, and certainly will be more eaſily retained in the memory than if they had been given in proſe. This work of St. Marthe ſhews, in the fulleſt manner, that the humbleſt and moſt familiar ſubjects admit, not only of being communicated in verſe, but of the higheſt poetical ornament, when in the hands of men of genius; and, as his critics and biographers obſerve, he comes very little ſhort of the majeſty of Virgil, during the whole courſe of his poem: but the beſt recommendation of it is the number of editions, through which it has gone; ten during the life of the author, ten foreign editions ſince,

and one at London in 1708; beſides two tranſlations into French, the firſt in verſe, which the author himſelf began by order of king Henry III. the ſecond done a good many years after his death; and a variety of tranſlations into other European languages, as mentioned by father Niceron.

In the preſent tranſlation I have endeavoured, as far as my learning and abilities would permit, to transfuſe into Engliſh the idea and even the words of the original, where the great difference not only between the idiom of the two languages, but between the Latin hexameter and Engliſh rhymes of ten ſyllables,

lables, would permit; and, at the ſame time, to give the whole meaning of my author, that no part of his valuable precepts might be loſt. How far I have ſucceeded the reader muſt determine: I ſhall only obſerve, with regard to tranſlations in general, that it is perhaps more difficult to tranſlate from Latin than Greek, providing both languages are equally underſtood; becauſe the copiouſneſs of the Greek approaches nearer to the nature of Engliſh than the conciſeneſs of the Latin; beſides that the former is much more analogous; and that all didactic, and reaſoning poems require a greater de-

gree of attention, and admit of fewer deviations from the original, than thoſe of the narrative kind, where fancy predominates, and in which beauty of language is commonly the firſt conſideration. Hence it is neceſſary not only to underſtand the original language, but alſo to have a competent knowledge of the art or ſcience which the author has choſen for the ſubject of his poem. We cannot ſuppoſe Mr. Dryden to have been capable of tranſlating the Georgics ſo cloſely as he has done; nor Mr. Fenton of giving his beautiful, and exact verſion of Oppian; had the one been entirely ignorant of agriculture, and the other of natural hiſtory. For the ſame

reaſon

reaſon every tranſlator ſhould take up his original, even though a modern, with reverence, and never wantonly deviate from his text, but always ſuppoſe that the author knows more of the ſubject, which he has probably ſtudied for years, than himſelf, who only treads in his foot-ſteps. For want of attending to this maxim, the only Engliſh tranſlation of the Pædotrophia, which has appeared before the preſent, is extremely defective.

The ſecond, and I believe the laſt edition of it was printed in 1718, and it is dedicated to Dr. Garth. The anonymous author (or authors, for the phraſe

phraſe " none of us" in the dedication would ſeem to hint that more than one perſon had been concerned in it) acknowledges his entire ignorance of the medical art; and he ſeems to have known as little of the author, whom he calls on his title-page phyſician to Henry III. of France; whereas the reader will find, from his life immediately following this preface, that he never concerned himſelf with medicine farther than in writing his Pædotrophia, which was produced in conſequence of ſome tedious and ſevere diſorders that afflicted his own family. Another intention of it, as he mentions in the beginning

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of Book third, was to be a mean of reſtoring peace to his native country, by turning the minds of the fair ſex from ſcenes of blood and ſlaughter, continually before their eyes in the time of a long and ruinous civil war, to more agreable objects, and the care of their offspring. He had likewiſe a powerful inducement from the deſire Henry III. (to whom the poem was dedicated) ſhewed of having children; of which he likewiſe takes notice.

It is obſerved, in the advertiſement prefixed to the firſt Dutch edition of Mr. Pope's Tranſlation of the Iliad (whe-

(whether written by the Tranſlator or not, let thoſe beſt acquainted with his ſtyle determine), that the ſixteenth century was the moſt glorious for learning ſince the time of Auguſtus. Of this the numberleſs beautiful poems produced in that age, both in Britain and on the Continent, are admirable inſtances, and none mōre than the following poem. At that time almoſt every work of merit was written in an ancient language; both becauſe no modern tongue, except the Italian, was brought to perfection; and becauſe the continued and univerſal wars and perſecutions on account of religion obliged

obliged both ſexes to ſtudy the learned languages, not as an accompliſhment, but as the beſt means of making themſelves acquainted with thoſe religious tenets, which it was neceſſary to embrace for the preſervation of their lives. Hence St. Marthe choſe to convey his precepts in Latin, even when they were chiefly intended for the uſe of mothers and nurſes. But the knowledge of ancient languages is now confined to a few men of learning. Many, who pretend to an acquaintance with the writers of antiquity, have it only through the medium of tranſlations; and I make no doubt but the meanneſs

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of the former verſion of this poem has contributed to bring even the original into diſrepute. The Tranſlator, laments, with great propriety, that Dr. Garth himſelf had not had leiſure to attempt it; which no doubt would both have preſerved its reputation, and ſuperſeded all future tranſlations. Yet, with all his incapacities, he tells us, he has endeavoured to improve his original; and that ſurely in a very uncommon method. In ſome places whole ſentences are paſſed over in ſilence; in others, particularly in the medical part, the ſenſe is altogether perverted, and the ſtyle, except in a very

very few inſtances, not only inelegant, but full of low diſguſting phraſes, ſuch as " clouts" for cloths, or wrappers, " pap" for a woman's nipple, and others yet more indelicate; enough to prevent any woman of delicacy, not only from following the uſeful precepts contained in it, but even from giving it a ſingle peruſal; and very contrary to the deſign of the worthy author, who has in a manner exhauſted the Latin language for delicate terms to expreſs his ideas, that they might inſinuate themſelves, as it were imperceptibly, into the minds of married ladies, for whom they were in a great meaſure

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intended. Beſides, a certain imbecillity of expreſſion that appears through the whole, and exhibits a moſt complete ſpecimen of that kind of ſtyle called by Mr. Pope the Infantine, or Nothingneſs. In ſome paſſages it is entirely unintelligible, of which I ſhall give the following example from the directions for chuſing a nurſe—

"She muſt not with a late conception teem,
"Nor of the marriage-joy forgotten dream—"

Of theſe the firſt line may be underſtood, but the ſecond cannot; for put the thought in proſe, and it will run thus: "She muſt not teem with a late con-

conception, nor dream of the marriage-joy, which ſhe has forgot." Quære, how can perſons dream of what they have forgot?

Its inelegance is no leſs remarkable. For inſtance, ſpeaking of a new-born child:

"Then the kind nurſe, with tender fingers, clears
"His mouth from filth, and *e'en* his eyes and ears."

The paſſage in the third book, where the daughter of the Sun finds Hercules in a fit of the epilepſy, and fixes a piece of wood betwixt his teeth, is thus tranſlated:

" She rais'd his head, and opened with a ſtick
" His lips, and *'nointed* his declining neck."

This childiſh method of clipping words, and alſo of taking away the firſt letter from the third perſon ſingular of the preſent of the ſubſtantive verb, occurs in almoſt every page. The firſt can ſcarce ever be uſed with propriety: the laſt, by a good poet, ſometimes may; as in theſe two beautiful lines of Pope:

" But tell the reeds, and tell the vocal ſhore,
" Fair Daphne's dead, and muſic is no more."

But how ſuperior is this to the following couplet in the tranſlation of which I am

am ſpeaking; and which is as good as the general run of its verſification:

"Firſt with weak lips the ſwelling breaſt he'll pull,
"Help him, and ſqueeze it till his *belly*'s full."

The laſt line is not only ridiculouſly inelegant, but contrary to the meaning of the author, and to common ſenſe; for, if the child want ſtrength to ſuck himſelf, no ſqueezing can anſwer any purpoſe, except to vex the mother, without relieving the feeble infant.

The following tranſlation of a ſimile, in the ſecond book, affords examples

of inelegance, pleonaſm, bathos, and abſurdity:

" Thus did, of old, the Rhodian ſportſmen balk,
" And Cretan *hunters check* the hungry hawk;
" They ſhew'd him food, and what they ſhew'd
" refus'd;
" They gave, deny'd, and thus to feed '*twas* us'd,
" Leſt, at one ſwallow, he the meal might *eat*,
" And gorge himſelf with the *untaſted* meat."

Theſe ſpecimens will probably ſatisfy every reader of taſte with regard to the former tranſlation of this poem, and of conſequence be a ſufficient apology for the preſent undertaking, to ſhew ſo uſeful a work in a more agreeable light. At the ſame time I have made

made what uſe of it I could; and I am only ſorry that ſo little aſſiſtance could be drawn from it. But, that the whole might be rendered more complete and uſeful, care has been taken that it ſhould be illuſtrated with copious notes, partly original, and partly extracted from the beſt medical writers on the ſame ſubjects: of which laſt I have found none more uſeful than Dr. Underwood's excellent Treatiſe on the Diſeaſes of Children; which, as being the moſt complete in its way, that has yet appeared, has deſervedly obtained the patronage of the greateſt Lady in the nation.

From the notes it will appear that, notwithſtanding the changes, which muſt have taken place in medical practice ſince the time of St. Marthe, the regimen he preſcribes is always excellent, and many of his remedies ſtill in uſe. A few hiſtorical notes are added, with regard to ſuch paſſages of the hiſtory of France, and ancient ſtories, as are occaſionally alluded to in thoſe beautiful epiſodes; which, beſides its ſuperior utility, ſet this poem above all modern productions of the didactic Muſe. And, that nothing might be wanting to make the reader acquainted with ſo illuſtrious an author, his life is given at full length,

length, from his contemporary and ſurvivor, Gabriel Michel, of Rochmaillet, advocate for the parliament, with ſuch additional anecdotes as could be found in the memoirs of father Niceron. His life, written in French by Michel, was firſt publiſhed in an edition of his works at Paris, 1629, and 30; was afterwards tranſlated into Latin by John Vigile Magirus, and publiſhed, among a ſelect collection of lives, at London, by William Bates, 1681, in 4to.

The following tranſlation of the poem was completed, near a twelvemonth ago, from the London edition

of 1708. But the retired ſituation of the tranſlator, remote from the ſociety of learned men, and where books were procured with difficulty, prevented his having acceſs to the whole works of St. Marthe till very lately, and, in conſequence, of writing theſe introductions. The time employed in it was not long, only forty-five days, and ſome of theſe ſpent in other purſuits. But this is by no means offered as any proof of its excellence. On the contrary, it might very probably be a fault to go through it in ſo ſhort a time. The only reaſon I can give for this is, that, after engaging

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in it, I could not do it ſlower. And here, though I neither wiſh to compare a modern didactic poem to the great Iliad, nor its Tranſlator to Mr. Pope, I cannot help taking notice of a miſtake, that prevails with regard to the time employed by him in that celebrated tranſlation.

It has been ſaid by Dr. Johnſon, and implicitly believed, merely becauſe aſſerted by an author of reputation, that Pope tranſlated fifty verſes, or lines, of the Iliad a day. But Dr. Johnſon himſelf bears evidence that this account cannot be juſt. Pope ſpent five years

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in tranſlating the Iliad. He purchaſed all the notes from Mr. Broome, Dr. Jortin, and other authors; the materials for the Eſſay on Homer were ſent him by Dr. Parnell. So that in the whole five years he had only to write his tranſlation, his preface, and improve the ſtyle of the Eſſay. The Greek Iliad conſiſts exactly of fifteen thouſand ſix hundred and thirteen lines. Now, allowing Pope but three hundred days to his year of tranſlating, and the reſt to go for Sundays and holidays, at the rate of fifty lines a day, he muſt have finiſhed his work in little more than one year. But, conſidering that

that five years were employed in it, the number of lines tranſlated a day will be found very ſmall. At the ſame time I am far from mentioning this with any view to depreciate the merit of that great, and yet unrivalled performance, but entirely to correct a miſtake that might have been rectified, above a dozen years ago, by any perſon who had taken the trouble to reckon the number of lines in the Iliad.

I likewiſe beg leave to make a remark or two on what has been inſiſted on by late critics, as a great error in poetic ſtyle; namely, the promiſcuous uſe of

of the pronouns *thou* and *you*. There is no doubt but the pronoun *thou* denotes either reſpect or contempt, according to the manner in which it is introduced, and that *you* is uſed in more familiar language; but, in the preſent ſtate of the Engliſh tongue, I apprehend this can only be determined by the ear; that ſometimes it may be proper to begin a ſpeech with the pronoun *thou*, if the addreſs become more like common converſation to change it for *you*, and *vice verſa*. So numerous examples of this might be produced from the beſt poets, that they will eaſily occur to any reader in the leaſt converſant with their works.

works. To which it may be added, that the pronoun *thou* having no plural, therefore, in addreſſing more perſons than one, in whatever manner it is done, the pronoun *ye* or *you* can only be uſed. So that if we can ſuppoſe a poetic ſpeech, where the ſpeaker muſt, very reſpectfully, addreſs in one line a ſingle perſon, and in the next ſeveral, *thou* and *you* muſt of neceſſity be promiſcuouſly uſed. Some inſtances of this may be ſeen in Dryden's Æneid.

If, after all the pains that have been taken, there may be ſtill one or two paſſages, with which ſome nice young ladies will

will be apt to find fault, I would adviſe ſuch to be ſparing of their cenſures till they are married, and in a way to become mothers themſelves; when it is not unlikely but they may peruſe, with the greateſt benefit, thoſe very places which at preſent they will moſt readily condemn: and, as a tranſlator, I did not think myſelf at liberty to omit any part of a poem, whoſe reputation has been ſo long, and ſo completely eſtabliſhed.

25th *March*, 1795.

THE

THE

LIFE

OF

SCEVOLE DE ST. MARTHE:

FROM THE FRENCH OF

GABRIEL MICHEL, OF *ROCHEMAILLET*,

ADVOCATE FOR THE PARLIAMENT;

AND OF

FATHER NICERON.

Beatos, puto, quibus munere datum eſt, aut facere ſcribenda, aut ſcribere legenda; beatiſſimos verò quibus utrumque.

CAII PLINII Epiſtol. xvi. Lib. vi.

THE

LIFE

OF

SCEVOLE DE ST. MARTHE.

IF, on the one hand, thoſe deſerve to be celebrated who dedicate their moſt illuſtrious actions to the ſervice of the public; and, on the other, they

who, retired from buſineſs, and attracted by the pleaſures of a quiet life, give birth to writings worthy of eternity; how much greater is the merit of thoſe, whoſe ſurpaſſing and exuberant genius is capable of mixing the qualities requiſite for the one or the other life! rare gifts of Heaven, but which were happily united in Scevole de Sainte Marthe. For, having ſhewn himſelf equally capable of both theſe commendable, and different functions, it is doubtful whether he acquired moſt honour by ſerving his country with fidelity in matters of importance, or by writing with no leſs elegance, than exquiſite ſcience.

He was born in the beginning of February, 1536, in the city of Loudun, ſituated on the confines of Anjou, of Touraine, and of Poictou, under a plea-

pleaſant temperature of air, and in the moſt fertile country of France; circumſtances that are eſteemed to contribute, in no ſmall degree, to the production of great wits, ſuch as have ariſen from this city. But it is my opinion, that none of thoſe have attained an equal height of reputation. The year of his birth is ſo much the more remarkable, as by another good fortune it likewiſe gave to France Arnold, Cardinal Doſſat *, and Achilles de Harlay, Chief Preſident in the Court of Parliament of Paris, other two bright ornaments of the ſixteenth century.

He was deſcended of a noble houſe,

* An account of almoſt all the numerous writers mentioned in this life of St. Marthe, as well as of their works, will be found in Father Niceron's "Mémoires pour ſervir à l'Hiſtoire des Hommes "Illuſtres dans la République des Lettres."

which has produced many perſonages renowned in different profeſſions, particularly in an uncommon knowledge of good literature, which ſeems to have been hereditary to this family.

Some ancient writings ſhew that Peter de St. Marthe held an honourable office in the finances under Charles VII. and an hiſtorical MS. written in the time of Charles VIII. informs us, that Nicholas de St. Marthe, having ſhewn his magnanimity during the war againſt England, was, with other gentlemen, knighted at the ſiege of Bayonne, by the King's Lieutenant-General in his army of Guienne.

Louis de St. Marthe, Sieur of Villedam in the county of Lodunois, likewiſe bore arms in Italy during the reign of Louis XII. Towards the end of his life he retired to Anjou, and

cauſed

cauſed a magnificent houſe to be built, called the Chapeau, near the city of Saumur. He was the great grandfather of our Scevole.

His grandfather, Gaucher de St. Marthe, of Riviere, was Counſellor and Phyſician in ordinary to King Francis I*; and ſo much eſteemed, that Conrade of Lommeau, a contemporary author, in a book intitled the Office of Advocate, calls him "the "only interpreter of medicine between "us and foreigners, and another Æſ-"culapius." Leon de St. Maure, deſcended of a noble family, writes thus: "That he was much eſteemed "for his virtues, and his learning." In ſhort, a hiſtorian, who publiſhed in the

* This Gentleman was characteriſed by Rabelais, under the name of Picrochole.

reign of Charles IX. attributes to him the rank of firſt Phyſician to the King. He was god-father, and gave his name of Gaucher to Monſ. de St. Marthe, his little grandſon, who afterwards ingeniouſly changed it to Scevole, which he has given himſelf in his writings; although this name ſeems improper, and not applicable to him but by antiphraſis, conſidering that he employed himſelf with ſo much ſkill and addreſs for the honour and illuſtration of his country. Some learned men of his time took occaſion, from this ſubject, to make various jeſts and alluſions upon the name of Scevole, and the hand of Monſ. St. Marthe; ſometimes calling him Ambidexter, on account of his Latin and French muſe.

His grandfather died loaded with honours, with years, and with riches, and

and happy in five ſons, whom (like thoſe who diligently cultivate young plants) this old man had cauſed to be properly inſtructed, and puſhed them to ſciences with good ſucceſs.

Louis de St. Marthe, of Nueilly, ſolicitor for the King at the ſee of Loudun, eldeſt of the five ſons, gave himſelf entirely to the ſtudy of law. Having no ambition, except to ſerve the government in his own country, he preferred a continuance in this before other places to which he was called, and in which he might have appeared with greater fame, being a man of abilities, and ſupported by great parentage and alliances, both on the father's and mother's ſide. Louis, and Gaucher de St. Marthe his father, are praiſed by Salmon Macrinus, a Latin poet, and among the moſt renowned of

that age. Loudun likewiſe boaſts, and not without good reaſon, of having been the place of his nativity.

Louis left three ſons; Scevole was the eldeſt; the ſecond, bearing the name of his father, was likewiſe of an elegant genius, and worthily exerciſed the offices of King's Advocate at the ſeat of the ſpecial court of judicature of Poictiers, of Aſſeſſor, and in fine of Lieutenant-General at the ſame ſeat. It is not little to his honour, that the late preſident, M. Sequier, whoſe learning and eloquence are above all recommendation, has often ſhewn the eſteem that he had for ſeveral of his public actions, of which he had heard, when, being Maſter of Requeſts, he exerciſed a commiſſion at Poictiers. René de St. Marthe, the third ſon, bore arms in his youth; then, embracing an

an eccleſiaſtic life, became Grand Archdeacon in the cathedral church of Poictiers, and was afterwards ſub-dean of it. The father died at Paris; and at St. Severin is to be ſeen an inſcription, addreſſed to his memory, by his three ſons, Scevole de St. Marthe, treaſurer of France; Louis, king's advocate at Poictou; and René, then in the army.

Charles de St. Marthe, lieutenant-criminal of Alençon, the ſecond ſon of Gaucher, phyſician to the king, has been renowned among the learned of of his time. He was honoured with the favour of that excellent lady, Margaret queen of Navarre; and with that of Madame, the ducheſs of Vendome, Frances of Alençon, who employed him in matters of importance, as did Anthony, king of Navarre. He celebrated

celebrated theſe virtuous princeſſes by two funeral orations, which he publiſhed, and ſome French and Latin poems; as alſo a Latin Paraphraſe on ſome of the Pſalms of David, with other works. Scevole, his nephew, gives him a place in his excellent work of "Eloges on men illuſtrious for "Learning," jointly with his brother James de St. Marthe, of Chandoiſeau, likewiſe of ſingular erudition, and very well verſed in medicine, in the Greek language, and in mathematics. In his youth he gained the friendſhip of Budæus, and wrote his life in a ſtyle truly elegant. Conrad Geſner mentions it in his Bibliotheque. He likewiſe tranſlated from Greek into Latin the oracles of Zoroaſter, which he dedicated to his father, and was like him phyſician to the king. The eldeſt of his two

ſons,

ſons, Louis de St. Marthe, is lieutenant-general in the ranks of Conſtable and Marechal of France, and a perſon of eminent learning, as he has made appear from his writings. The youngeſt is Francis de St. Marthe, who with honour and reputation exerciſes the office of advocate in the king's great council. As to René of Chateau-neuf, in Poictou, and Joſeph of La Gueritiere, the fourth and fifth ſons of Gaucher, with the exerciſe of arms they likewiſe made profeſſion of letters. Theſe five brothers had for their ſiſter Iſabel de St. Marthe, wife of the ſieur de la Goberie, a gentleman of valour and fortune. The barons of La Croix, and Bleré, in Touraine, are the iſſue of this alliance.

Scevole had likewiſe advantages in his maternal extraction. Nicol le Fevre,

his mother, eſpouſed by Louis de St. Marthe, was the daughter of the Lord of Bizay in Lodunois, and niece of Francis le Fevre of Beaulieu, king's advocate in the chamber of accompts at Paris. She had for her brother René le Fevre, preſident of the court of parliament, in the third chamber of inqueſts.

The maternal grandmother of the ſieur de St. Marthe (the ſubject of our diſcourſe) ſprang from the ancient and noble houſe of the Berthelots in Touraine; from which likewiſe proceeded Gilles Berthelot, preſident in the chamber of accompts. She had for aunt Jean Berthelot, from whoſe marriage with John Brigonnet, of Varenne, treaſurer of the Exchequer in the reign of Louis XI. (then called receiver-general of the finances,) were procreated three

three ſons of great qualifications; viz. William Briſonnet, counſellor of parliament, whoſe poſterity yet remains; William Briſonnet, the young cardinal, and archbiſhop of Narbonne, afterwards of Rheims, made himſelf ſo recommendable, that king Charles VIII. gave him the direction of important affairs in his eſtabliſhment, and made him chief of his cabinet-council. Robert Briſonnet, their brother, was likewiſe archbiſhop and duke of Rheims, firſt peer, and chancellor of France. On account of this alliance, and others, which were in the ſame family of the Berthelots, the houſe of St. Marthe is ſtill related by parentage to thoſe of Hurant, Cheverney, of Gaillard-Long-Jumeau, of Beaune, of Reffuge, Ruzé, Robertet, Spifame, Fumée, Prevoſt S. Cire, and others raiſed to great offices

of

of the church, of ſtate, and of ſovereign courts.

Scevole de St. Marthe excited by the ſplendor of all theſe domeſtic examples, which ſerved as ſo many torches to light him in the road of virtue, and of glorious actions, gave in a very ſhort time great hopes of himſelf, and ſigns of his future greatneſs of mind. He ſoon made a wonderful progreſs in good literature, and profited greatly at the Univerſity of Paris, where thoſe excellent wits, who ſeem to have exhauſted all the Greek and Roman eloquence, Adrian Turnebe, Marc Antony de Muret, and Peter Ramus, diſcovered to him the living ſources of eloquence and of poetry; inſomuch that they ſaw this new plant grow from day to day, watered by ſuch good hands, and deſtined to bear in its time flowers of a pleaſant

pleaſant flavour; and afterwards delicious fruits, of which France and foreign countries have taſted with admiration.

He had likewiſe the happineſs to be united in friendſhip with, and to have for the companions of his firſt ſtudies, perſons of great learning, and merit, raiſed afterwards to eminent offices. Among others Peter du Faur of St. Jory, Claudius de Fauçon of Riz, chief preſidents in the Parliaments of Toloſe, and of Bretagne; Charles de Chantecler; and Francis Viette, maſter of requeſts of the King's hoſpital; Nicolas le Sueur, preſident to the Inqueſts of the Court of Parliament of Paris, and grand provoſt of the office of Conſtable. But he had the honour of the friendſhip more particularly of Monſieur de Riz; and afterwards that of the late Monſieur his youngeſt ſon Alexander de Fauçon, firſt preſident

preſident of the court of the parliament of Normandy; the diſtinguiſhed virtue, and learning of both having raiſed them to theſe high dignities.

While Scevole was ſtudying law at the Univerſity of Poictiers, John de la Peruſe, commended by Ronſard, and by Muret, died about the end of the reign of Henry II. leaving imperfect the tragedy of Medea, in French verſe. The beginning of this work was ſo happily executed that the completion of it was inſtantly deſired; ſuch kind of writing being at that time yet new to the French. The Sieur de St. Marthe, in the firſt verdure of youth, undertook to perfect it, and added ſuch ornament to the work, that he acquitted himſelf of it with applauſe; this *coup d'eſſay* giving him courage to attempt greater things. Thus the tragic poet, young and unfortunate

tunate, who finiſhed his courſe in his morning of life, had more happineſs and advantage, in ſuch a rencounter, than Timomachus of former times in his portrait of Medea, (ſo dearly purchaſed by Julius Cæſar, even though imperfect)*; for, after the death of this excellent painter, no other perſon was able, nor durſt attempt putting the laſt hand to that remarkable work, any more than to the Venus of Apelles.

From Poictiers, Scevole came to Bourges, to continue his ſtudies, and to attend there the eloquent civilian Duarin, who perceived immediately his rare perfections, loved and cheriſhed him: he even foreſaw that one day the kingdom of France would boaſt of ha-

* The portraits of Ajax and Medea, left by Timomachus (the latter unfiniſhed), are ſaid to have been bought by Cæſar, for a ſum equal to £.15,500 ſterling.—See Arbuthnot's Tables of ancient coins, &c. p. 132.

ving given birth to ſo great a man; becauſe he perceived infuſed in him by nature all that art uſually adds to, or can furniſh others with. Beſides the ſtudy of law, he had ſo great a taſte for poetry, and formed himſelf to ſuch an acquaintance with it (as every one is puſhed by his particular inclinations) that to have more means of leiſure for this ſtudy, and for others which a fine genius ſeeks after, he returned to the city of Paris, both to render himſelf more capable, and as much to profit by keeping company with the learned, who abounded there, at that time. There he had firſt the familiar acquaintance of that great and incomparable genius of ſciences, and languages, Joſeph de la Scale (better known by the name of Scaliger), a familiarity which continued between them during the courſe of half a century. He likewiſe con-

contracted a friendſhip with Claudius Deſpenſe, the famous doctor in theology, with John Dorat, Peter Ronſard, John Antony de Bäif, John Paſſerat, and Remy Belleau.

Being excited by a generous and honourable deſire to become acquainted with the moſt illuſtrious perſons of his time, this made him reſolve to ſee Monſieur, the Chancellor of the Hoſpital, who received favourably from his hand "A Treatiſe upon the Prejudice of "the Venality of Offices." During the time that this learned perſon held the balance of juſtice, he had ſo great eſteem for poetry that, among his more ſerious occupations, he tempered the auſterity of affairs, and the ſeverity of the laws, by the ſweetneſs of this manner of writing; as in our time has been done by ſeveral other great perſonages of the long robe. His epiſtles in Latin

verſe are ſo elaborate, that, in the judgement of the learned, they march with a pace equal to thoſe of Horace, and have even I know not what ſtill greater degree of ſweetneſs.

Scevole intended to follow Charles IX. in the long journey which he took through the provinces of his kingdom, having ſome time before been deputed, by the inhabitants of Loudun, to his Majeſty on buſineſs of importance. But he ſtaid only a ſhort time at court; and, his deſign being interrupted, he went forward to the city of Bourdeaux, where he made acquaintance with Lancelot Carles, biſhop of Ricz, Michel de Montagne, Helie Vinet, and other learned men of Guienne. Afterwards, however, he came to find the King in the city of Metz, and from that went even to the frontiers of Germany.

Having

Having returned to Loudun, he there married (after a long courtſhip*) Renée de la Haye, daughter of the Sieur de Malaguet, only heireſs of a great fortune: but her principal riches, and moſt precious dowry conſiſted in the virtues and good qualities with which ſhe was adorned; among which was conſpicuous an ardent charity to the poor. He had by her a number of children, which are mentioned afterwards, and they have not degenerated from the virtue and good conditions of the father. During the ſtay which he made at Paris in the years 1569, and 70, he acquired likewiſe the good-will of Pontus de Thiard, and of William Ruzé, who were afterwards, the one biſhop of Bourgogne, and the other of

* His Funeral Oration, by the famous Urban Grandier.

Angers; of Germain Villant de Gueſlis, abbé of Pimpont, counſellor in the Court, and afterwards biſhop of Orleans; of Chriſtopher de Thou, firſt Preſident of the Court of Parliament; of Henry de Meſme, Lord of Roiſſy, Counſellor of State, and Chancellor of Navarre, father of Monſieur de Roiſſy, and grandfather of Monſieur, the Preſident de Meſme; who with ſo much honour and eminent learning appeared in the councils of the King, and of the Parliament of Paris. They have continued this affection to the Sieur de St. Marthe; as have likewiſe Guy de Faur, Lord of Pibrac, then the King's Advocate-General, afterwards Preſident of the Parliament of Paris; Philippes des Portes, Abbé of Tiron; Eſtienne Paſquier, King's Advocate in the Chamber of Accounts; Anthony L'Oiſel; Peter and Francis

Francis Pithou; celebrated advocates in the court. All theſe illuſtrious perſonages had his infinitely-agreeable company, by which, and by the candour of his manners, he conciliated to himſelf the affections and hearts of every one; of the great, by the ſplendor of his reputation, and of his virtues; of his equals, by the charms of his converſation, and of his learning; of his inferiors, by his incomparable affability, they yielding to him that honour and veneration which is due to the virtuous, and to thoſe whoſe qualifications elevate them above the common race of mankind.

The marriage of Charles IX. with Elizabeth of Auſtria, daughter of the Emperor Maximilian II. gave him a worthy opportunity to take an elegant flight with his learned wing, as he did

by the Epithalamium which he publiſhed in French verſe, and ſent to her Majeſty, who received it moſt graciouſly *. At that time he likewiſe gained the acquaintance of that excellent ſtateſman, Nicolas de Neufuille, Lord of Villeroy, ſecretary of Commands, by whom he was highly eſteemed.

Our Scevole continued to give himſelf not only to French poetry, but likewiſe to Latin, while his genius, naturally very puſhing, bore him both in the one, and the other; which was common to him with Joachim du Bellay, John Paſſerat, Nicolas Rapin, and a few others. He compoſed then in French verſe the tranſlation, or imitation, of a work filled with many elegant

* This Epithalamic Ode is, in a good meaſure, imitated from the lxiid of Catullus, on the nuptials of Manlius and Julia.

and

and ſalutary inſtructions. This was the zodiac of human life, which the learned and moral poet of Italy, Marcel Palingene, has deſcribed in Latin verſe; a tranſlation ſo faithful, and elegant (as have been all the reſt, which he has ſince happily executed) that Remy Belleau remarks this foreign author to have had the fated name of Palingene, for two reaſons; firſt, for his own poetry; and, ſecond, for the tranſlation made of it by the learned Scevole *.

Some years after his marriage, he fixed his moſt common reſidence in the city of Poictiers; and was there provided with one of the principal offices of finance in the diſtrict. This reſidence was the more agreeable to him, as his two brothers ſtaid alſo at the ſame

* Palingene, or twice-born, from πάλιν and γένος.

place. Beſides which, the Univerſity was then very flouriſhing, and the city filled with men conſummate in law, phyſic, and humanity. Alſo that, at this time, the Sieur de la Scale reſided in Poictou, with the late Monſieur d'Abain, and de la Rochepozay, Ambaſſador to Rome, and Governor of la Marche, who joined to the grandeur of his illuſtrious houſe learning, and valour in war. Theſe fine qualities have ſerved the Sieur de St. Marthe for an ample matter to celebrate his fidelity, and his ardent zeal in the ſervice of his country; as likewiſe the virtues of his generous children. An epigram was at that time ſent by the Sieur de la Scale to the Sieur Baron de Griſſe, being at Poictiers, and there frequenting often the Sieur de St. Marthe, and the celebrated and learned Ladies des Roches.

It

It begins " Scævola ſi cultis," &c. and is much for the honour of him we are ſpeaking of.

By the imitations of Palingene, and others his own works, he had given precepts for living well, and had excited to virtuous actions, and piety by a good number of ſacred verſes, among which are remarkable thoſe contained in a Latin paraphraſe of the Canticles of the Bible; and of verſes, by which he combats impiety, and the atheiſts. But an occurrence made him reſolve to embrace again another excellent and rare ſubject: for one of his children being afflicted with ſevere diſtreſſes in the time of ſuckling, as he was a good father, he was not ſparing of the experience, and care of the beſt phyſicians: he applied himſelf likewiſe to ſearch curiouſly the natures,

and

and conſtitutions of infants; and, as he had remarked many ſingularities, and penetrated by the point and vivacity of his fine genius, even to the moſt concealed ſecrets of nature and philoſophy, this made him undertake the Latin poem of the PÆDOTROPHIA; or the manner of nurſing children at the breaſt, and of preſerving theſe young, and tender plants againſt an infinite number of ſtorms and tempeſts; which menace, and often kill them, even in the birth; as the author has very properly remarked in a paſſage of his writings. And though this deſign, at firſt view, ſeemed to be low and vulgar, yet, when it came to be conſidered that man, formed after the image of God, was the moſt noble and worthy ſubject in the world, it was inferred, that ſuch a work, ſo divinely laboured,

and

and ſo uſeful for the preſervation of mankind, partakes in ſome meaſure of this dignity; and thence one might conclude with reaſon, that in this point it is much more to be recommended than the Georgics of Virgil, the majeſty of which is, in a great meaſure, imitated in this work. His reſearches had been ſo ſucceſsful, that he cured his young ſon by remedies of his own preſcribing, after he was given over by the phyſicians. Being then entreated by his friends to communicate ſuch curious diſcoveries to the public, he comprehended them in this poem; which he dedicated to Henry III. at the time when that prince was extremely deſirous of having children.

Before Scevole, no native of France had ventured to undertake a Latin epic poem of long breath, that merited

a peruſal, nor of any kind ſuch as this, in which appeared poetical art, elegance, and all the rules of learned antiquity which made it highly acceptable to all the elegant wits, among others, to the Italians. How much to thoſe of the French nation (Bäif having ſent it to the great Ronſard) appears by his anſwer in French, afterwards tranſlated into Latin, in which he is not ſatisfied ſimply to commend it, but likewiſe to admire its beauty, œconomy, and variety. *

The judgement of the ſieur de la Scale is alſo very remarkable. It is collected from ſeveral miſſive letters which he ſent to the author, in one of which, ſent from Leyden in the month of February, 1598, he ſays:

* See this recommendation at the beginning.

" I

" I ſee nothing, in any one of your " poems, that does not ſurpaſs all other " poetry of our time. The Pindarics " are alſo divine. Oh! how few are " there alive, who have acquired " the knowledge of ſuch matters, that " you have acquired! Your Pædotro- " phia is quite of another kind than " La Vénerie of Bergæus, although he " be a neat poet; but the ſweetneſs he " affects is not accompanied with the " vigour of your verſes. They will " live; that cannot fail them; and I " will live by them. I ſend you one " of my works, " de emendatione tem- " porum"; it is χάλκια χρυσειων; " braſs " for gold." But our friendſhip will " bear that it be welcome; have it in " mind, and remember, if you pleaſe, " your faithful friend and ſervant for " almoſt forty years." In another let-

ter

ter he writes to him thus: "That "his poems had gained the palm "above all thoſe of our age."

But can we conceal in this place the worthy eulogium of that other luminary of good letters, Juſtus Lipſius? About the end of the laſt (xvith) century, writing alſo to Dominic Baudius, he uſes theſe terms, which are indeed ſuccinct, according to his manner of writing, but of great weight: "I "have ſeen the Poems, and Eloges of "St. Marthe. The former are written "with learning, and the latter with "prudence. Likewiſe a father happy "in his children. Let him rejoice, "and enjoy."

Now this work of the Pædotrophia, dedicated to Henry III. has been ſo much prized by the learned, even by the moſt ſkilful phyſicians, and has been

been ſo much ſought after, that the Sieur de St. Marthe ſaw ten impreſſions of it, which he found to have been made at different times in France, and in foreign countries. It was beſides, during his life, publicly read and interpreted to the youth in ſome celebrated ſchools and univerſities, in exactly the ſame manner as ancient authors are. But, to the end that all France might have more particular underſtanding of this moſt learned and uſeful labour, it was happily tranſlated into French verſe by Peter Joyeux, phyſician to the king; Charles Rogier, counſellor to the bailliwick of Loudunois; and by other good pens; the author himſelf being ordered by the king to begin the tranſlation, which he has publiſhed. Afterwards he likewiſe received an order from Henry III. to tranſlate it into

French proſe. But the great affairs, with which he was entruſted in the following reign, prevented him. This defect was ſupplied by his grandſon, Abel de Sainte Marthe the younger, who publiſhed a tranſlation of it in proſe, along with a new edition of the original, in the year 1698. This gentleman died in 1706, aged 76; and is the laſt of the St. Marthes mentioned by Niceron. They were all illuſtrious poets, orators, and men of learning.

While Scevole was yet more engaged in the ſtudy of Latin than of French poetry, being nevertheleſs, with a happy ſucceſs, exerciſed in both, as we have remarked; this encouraged him to ſend likewiſe to the light a particular collection of his French verſes, which he had before mixed with Latin. In this work he inſerted a ſpecimen of another

elegant

elegant enterpriſe of Chriſtian Metamorphoſes, which he has ſince called ſacred; intending to divide them into eight books. For this end, to form his deſign, he curiouſly ſearched all the paſſages of the Bible, that ſpeak of the transformations of many things, done from the creation of the world, even to the birth of our Saviour; an enterprize truly worthy of a Chriſtian poet, and much more commendable than that of the ſame argument, treated by Theodorus, a Greek author; in ſo far as truth is preferable to the falſehood, both of hiſtory, and fable. But ſoon after this work was begun, the frequent civil wars which afflicted France, even the country of Poictou, and the domeſtic affairs, which the ſieur de St. Marthe had upon his hands, as likewiſe the employment which he had often-

times in the ſervice of government, diverted him from accompliſhing his deſign, as pious, as generous; as was that of "the Hiſtory of the Holy Wars, "made beyond ſea by the French;" which he had likewiſe thought of bringing to light. For this man, breathing nothing of the vulgar, had the happineſs always to chuſe elegant and rare ſubjects, as a writer of his time has remarked; which proceeded from his lofty, and ſolid judgement.*

In

* The Sacred Metamorphoſes was truly a noble deſign, and, if yet proſecuted, would be to the Paradiſe Loſt what the Metamorphoſes of Ovid are in proportion to the Æneid, which, though not equal, is ſurely a valuable work. Of this, however, St. Marthe wrote only the firſt book, containing five transformations; 1ſt, of Satan into a ſerpent; 2d, Lot's wife into a pillar of ſalt; 3d, a rock into the lamb, which Abraham ſacrificed in place

In the year 1579, in which he publiſhed his French works, he was elected mayor and governor of the city of Poictiers, by the deſire and common wiſh of all the people of wealth. This charge (although he had not been of noble extraction, as he was, and yet more by his own proper virtue) procured him the rank of noble, attributed by the king, Charles V, to the mayors and ſheriffs of the city of Poictiers, after it had ſhook off the Engliſh yoke.

place of his ſon Iſaac. 4th, an angel into a man, who wreſtled with Jacob; and 5th, the jaw-bone of the aſs, with which Samſon killed a thouſand men, into a fountain of water. In which it may ſeem ſurprizing that he had paſſed over in ſilence the transformation of Moſes's rod into a ſerpent, with all the famous plagues of Egypt. But ſo ſmall a part of the work was completed, that we cannot ſay in what manner it might have been extended. There is an exordium to it, ſomething like the beginning of Ovid's Metamorphoſes.

Following the cuſtom of thoſe who attain to ſuch a charge, he took for his device PATRIÆ NON SATIS UNA MANUS; wiſhing to ſignify what he has often repreſented, in his writings, the duty of a good citizen to be, to ſerve his country in peace and in war; and, according to the example of the virtuous Romans, to dedicate his hand and his induſtry, whether it were to write for the public utility, and for the honour of the ſtate; or to defend, and ſuccour it in time of need.

The province of Poictou, and thoſe adjoining to it, were at that time agitated from the movements, and from the ſurprizes, of ſome cities made by thoſe of the new religion. They chiefly envied Poictiers; which made the ſieur de St. Marthe reſolve to uſe an extraordinary vigilance to maintain in

in tranquillity, and in obedience to the king this important city, the capital of a province. During his mayoralty, the ſitting of the great ſeſſions of the court of parliament of Paris was held there; over which preſided the late Monſ. de Harlay; who, with ſo much reputation and probity, held ſince the firſt place in this principal court of juſtice of the kingdom. The ſieur de St. Marthe had then the familiar acquaintance of this other Cato of his age, and that of the moſt learned Briſſon, firſt the king's advocate-general, then preſident in the ſame parliament. This was likewiſe one of the rare honours, which ſprung from the country of Poictou.

As ſoon as the time of his mayoralty expired, being diſmiſſed from his firſt charge of finance, the king provided him with an office of treaſurer of France

in the generality of Poictiers, and afterwards with the dignity of preſident in this generality. He exerciſed all theſe offices with integrity for the ſpace of forty-five years, during the reigns of four* of our kings, whom he ſerved with fidelity. And as theſe charges would have brought honour and ornament to another, we may ſay, with reaſon, that they received theſe from him, eſteemed moſt worthy of the greateſt, in the judgement of one of the moſt excellent writers of this age.

A few years after, a ſignal occaſion preſented itſelf of obliging the body of treaſurers-general of France, his fellows, and of acquiring to himſelf a new

* The forty-five years muſt begin with his mayoralty, as he died in 1623; and in the account of four kings muſt be included the cardinal Bourbon, who was proclaimed king by one party, upon the aſſaſſination of Henry III. in 1589.

glory.

glory. For Henry III. having ſuppreſſed the greateſt part of ſuch offices, thoſe who found themſelves intereſted in the ſuppreſſion reſolved to provide, by remonſtrances, to obtain their re-eſtabliſhment. For this end, having aſſembled in great numbers at Paris, from all the provinces of the kingdom, they prayed the ſieur de St. Marthe to be the bearer of the ſpeech, as one who was endowed with a fine judgement, with a perfect eloquence, and other qualities requiſite for ſpeaking in public: which appeared in all their vigour, when with a ſingular grace he pronounced, before the king, a diſcourſe poliſhed and ſublime, and repreſented ſo many ſolid reaſons, that his majeſty, who held men of ſuch merit in great eſteem, and was even himſelf moſt eloquent, cried very much to hear him;

him; and, as this was immediately perceived, the officers very ſoon after reaped the fruits, which they expected from their re-eſtabliſhment. This action, in which he ſhewed the vigour of his mind, gave him the acceſs to, and credit which he afterwards had with the king, who condeſcended to look on him with a favourable eye, to ſhare his liberalities to him, and to employ him in important charges, and commiſſions for the good of his ſervice, in which he always acquitted himſelf with ſo great dignity that, often, in public and in private, he had his well-deſerved praiſes for it. For he had acquired a great knowledge of affairs of ſtate, of finance, and of police, and an acquaintance with every kind of hiſtory; in a more particular manner with that of

France, of which he made a ſketch of ſeveral memoirs.

In the mean time, being detained at Paris longer than he expected, he had the means to continue his antient friendſhips with many illuſtrious men, and to add to them thoſe of Meſſieurs de Cheverney, chancellor of France, of Beaune, archbiſhop of Bourges, (to whom he had the honour of being related by parentage), of Vair, afterwards firſt preſident in the parliament of Provence, and at laſt biſhop of Lizieux, and keeper of the ſeals of France; of Perron, and Bertrand, perſonages whoſe diſtinguiſhed merits have likewiſe raiſed them to eminent dignities of the church and of the ſtate; as alſo with Meſſieurs James Faye of Epeſſe, firſt the king's advocate-general in the court of parliament, then the moſt worthy preſident;

ſident; Claudius de Puy, and James Gillot, counſellors, all rare honours of this great ſenate; with Claudius Mangot (likewiſe a native of Loudun), a celebrated advocate for the parliament; and with the two meſſieurs his ſons, the one advocate-general for the ſame court, (whom a premature death raviſhed from this kingdom), and the other, who was afterwards alſo keeper of the ſeals of France: they bore him a particular affection, both on account of the alliance and affinity, which he had with them, and for his uncommon learning.

But he converſed moſt familiarly with that great ornament of France, and of good letters, James Auguſtus Thuanus, then maſter of requeſts of the king's hotel, ſince preſident in the court of parliament. This illuſtrious perſonage making likewiſe a preſent to the public of

of an excellent Latin poem, in which he treated of Falconry (a favourite exerciſe of princes, and of the nobility), he honoured the ſieur de St. Marthe with ſome verſes, that may be ſeen at the beginning of his book.

It was another diſtinguiſhed honour to him, that Thuanus, having ſince that time reduced himſelf from verſe to proſe, in order to deſcribe the hiſtory of his own times, communicated to him the deſign, and the firſt three books of it; that, according to his advice, he might proſecute, or deſiſt from it; as the letter bears which he wrote to him on this ſubject. He gave the judgement, which the excellence of ſo great, and ſo uſeful a work deſerved; which he has beſides frequently celebrated in his writings. The ſtrict friendſhip they contracted together has been diligently cul-

cultivated between them; of which the learned labours of both give an aſſured evidence.

The ſieur de St. Marthe likewiſe very often frequented Ronſard: but he had the regret to ſee this ſun of poets eclipſe, who ſhewed, as did many others, how much he valued him, ſince, by an addreſs to him, in the end of one of his poems, he gives him the title of thrice-excellent poet.

The death of this incomparable man was deplored by ſeveral elegant wits; among others, our Scevole praiſed his memory by a Pindaric Ode, dedicated to his eldeſt ſon Abel de St. Marthe (who cloſely followed his father's foot-ſteps), and by a beautiful elegy, which he eſteemed due to him, as an eulogium. Alſo Claudius Binet, lieutenant-general in the ſee of Beauvais, in the

the life which he has written of this father of poetry, names the ſieur de St. Marthe among thoſe, whom above all he loved, and eſteemed for their learning, and for having written with moſt elegance; not omitting, in this recommendation to ſpeak of, and even to tranſcribe into his work, the remarkable judgement he made of the Pædotrophia, of which we have taken notice before. Iſaac Caſaubon, that other wonder of ſciences, gives him likewiſe the praiſe due to his merit, in the Latin epiſtles which he wrote to him. Etienne Paſquier, in his reſearches of France, places him among the moſt renowned poets, who have flouriſhed ſince Henry II. John Dorat, John Antony de Bäif, Louis Aleaume, Germain Audebert, Nicolas Rapin, Francis Juret, James Goutiere, Nicolas Rigaut,

Rigaut, Paul Thomas, and divers other learned perſonages, celebrate likewiſe the glory of his name. In fine, ſome have called him the prince of the poets of his time: others have ſaid of him, that he was among the beſt and moſt poliſhed writers of his age, and deſerved himſelf an eulogium as much as thoſe, who have merited to be recommended by his thrice-excellent pen.

Neither was his reputation confined within the limits of his native kingdom alone, but as well extended itſelf to foreign countries, and beyond the ſeas. The king of Great-Britain, James I. by name; who, being in his youth king of Scotland, was inſtructed in good letters by the learned Buchanan, having read ſome works of his, they wonderfully pleaſed this great prince; as he made appear

appear to James Elphinſtone, one of the ſecretaries of ſtate, who had ſtudied law at Poictiers, and was acquainted with St. Marthe. His poetry, with his other writings, has likewiſe been read, and recommended by thoſe rare wits, the delight of the muſes, which Germany and the Low-countries have produced; John Douza, Dominic Baudius, Daniel Heinſius, Hugo Grotius, Daniel Tilenus, Paul Meliſſus, John Poſthius, and John Gruter. This laſt, imitating the labour of Matthew Toſcan, the Italian, who has collected into one body the moſt elegant poems of the greateſt wits of his country, made in like manner a ſelection of the moſt elaborate poems which the French have written in the Latin language, and publiſhed them in Germany. He made choice of a ſmall number of the works

of the greateſt part of the poets, whom he judged moſt exquiſite. But he did not obſerve the ſame method with regard to the works of St. Marthe, in as much as he has inſerted the whole in his collection, finding all theſe pieces equally excellent and accompliſhed; as many have written, that in his Pœdotrophia he repreſents nearly the majeſty of Virgil; in his elegies, the ſweetneſs of Ovid, and of Tibullus; in his Sylvæ, the gravity of Statius; in his epigrams, the points of Martial; and in his odes, the genius of Horace, nay, even that of Pindar, hitherto eſteemed inimitable.*

The

* Notwithſtanding this encomium, theſe pieces have now fallen almoſt entirely into diſrepute. Niceron obſerves, that they do not even approach to the merit of the Pœdotrophia; and that though there

The memory of this ancient Greek poet, and the celebrity of his learning, was in ſuch eſteem and veneration, that Alexander the Great, having taken and ruined the city of Thebes, ſaved his poſterity, and his houſe alone kept entire; when the reſt of ſo flouriſhing a city, expoſed to the fury of a mercileſs ſoldiery, was totally deſtroyed. But in our days, during the civil wars, an occurrence almoſt equally remarkable was beheld; that for the ſole reſpect of Scevole, and in his conſideration, the houſe that he had in his native city was not only preſerved, but

there is ſomething poetical to be found in them, yet that many of his detached pieces, and eſpecially his odes, are flat, and almoſt entirely deſtitute of fire and majeſty. He was ſo much engaged in public affairs, after writing his Pœdotrophia, that he ſeems never to have had leiſure fully to cultivate his poetical talent.

alſo were thoſe of all the citizens, whom he ſaved from a ruin that ſeemed inevitable. Monſieur le duc de Joyeuſe, and the king's lieutenant-general in his army, paſſing near Loudun, to march forward into Guienne, had been grievouſly offended at an outrage committed on ſome of his men by the inhabitants of that city. The juſt reſentment for this exceſs was ſuch, that this lord, inflamed with rage, having entered Loudun with his army, propoſed to revenge himſelf for it, and even to uſe that rigour to which thoſe are ordinarily induced, who find themſelves to have force in hand, in a place where they have received any offence; to which he was likewiſe incited by ſome of the army. In this diſtreſs the inhabitants, overwhelmed with fear, ſought every means to turn aſide the

ſtorm

ſtorm that threatened them, and to ſoften the rage they had irritated, which was ſo much the more exaſperated againſt ſupplication, as it had been raiſed by perſons of great quality. After having tried petitions to no purpoſe, at laſt the principal citizens conſidered that they had among themſelves the remedy, which, with ſo much trouble, they were ſeeking elſewhere; that they muſt have recourſe to the ſieur de St. Marthe to obtain of monſieur de Joyeuſe what they ſo much deſired, and which without doubt he would willingly yield to his merit. He was at that time employed in the lower Poictou, in an honourable commiſſion; but, upon receiving advice of this accident, ſet forward with diligence to Loudun, being unwilling to deny this duty to his dear country. He accoſted

Monſieur de Joyeuſe, who had a great affection for him, prayed him with inſtance, exhorted him, conjured him to pardon the offence,

So that at laſt this general of the army, having allowed himſelf to be overcome, as much by the ſacred laws of friendſhip, as by the pleaſing force, and the pious charm of the moſt preſſing words of ſo great a perſonage, calmed the fire of his anger, remitted, and pardoned the offence; from which the citizens thought themſelves ſo greatly indebted to the ſieur de St. Marthe, that, with unanimous public conſent, they beſtowed on him the moſt excellent title, FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY; as in former times the Roman orator had obtained from his fellow-citizens. So that to the crown of laurel, of which the learned poetry of St. Marthe had

had made him obtain the prize and honour, they could add this of the oak, which he had alſo juſtly merited, for an act ſo ſignal, and the good office rendered to his country. In this he reſembled another Scevole; not one of the two ſo much renowned in Roman Hiſtory, but a Greek philoſopher and hiſtorian, who was honoured with the friendſhip of Cæſar Auguſtus; for, on his recommendation, this Emperor remitted the tributes and ſubſidies paid by the city of Tarſus, his place of nativity; where the good old man arrived to the greateſt dignities, and there happily ended his days, at the age of eighty-two years, leaving, with the works which he publiſhed for the honour of his country, a memory of himſelf ſo pleaſant and agreeable, that every year the people of Tarſus

paid ſolemn honours to him, as to a hero.

But we purſue the other generous actions of our French Scevole; and ſay, that, the civil wars continuing throughout the kingdom, people many times endeavoured to corrupt his fidelity, and to draw him to the party of the league, even at the time of the journey which he made to Paris, a little after the fatal day of the barricadoes: but it was always in vain; becauſe that he had ſo imprinted on his heart the fidelity, and duty, by which ſubjects are naturally bound to their lawful prince, and the eſtabliſhed government of their country (as he has made appear by ſignal actions, during the long courſe of his life), that neither intrigues, nor promiſes had the power to ſhake this fidelity, even in the

the leaſt. Alſo king Henry III. who had every aſſurance of it, commanded him to attend the laſt meeting of the ſtates, held at Blois, to perform there his duty on occaſions, which might preſent themſelves. It would be doing him an injury to paſs over in ſilence the moſt remarkable of theſe.

One of the principal chiefs of the league had perceived that, among the citizens of the towns, there were none more contrary to his deſigns, or who more faithfully remained in the ſervice of the king, than the people in offices. This was the cauſe, that, aiding himſelf with the great power and credit which he had among the deputies to the ſtates, he propoſed to them the ſuppreſſion of the greateſt part of the offices, without ſpeaking of reimburſement; a ſuppreſſion in appearance ſpecious,

cious, and uſeful to the ſtate. But the moſt prudent ſaw well, that in effect it was a concealed deſign, and as a trap ſet to deſtroy the officers at laſt; for they thought with themſelves, that two conſiderations moved him to purſue their diminution; either to rob them of their authority, and by this means diminiſh as much the power they had to oppoſe his enterprizes; or to intimidate them, and reduce them to throw themſelves into his hands; that, being maintained and preſerved by him, they might thence be obliged to attach themſelves to his party. Theſe officers being aſſembled to conſider of means to prevent this ſuppreſſion, which muſt bring their ruin along with it, took a firm, and courageous reſolution to oppoſe it; even to tranſport themſelves to the chamber of the third eſtate, where the

the evil was fomented, to proteſt there of the nullity of all that ſhould be decreed to their prejudice by the deputies, whom they maintained to have been, for the moſt part, elected and choſen by intrigues and monopolies, contrary to his majeſty's commands, and the public good. The act of this proteſtation, ſigned by all the officers, in number three hundred, of all ranks, was preſented, and left in the aſſembly by the ſieur de St. Marthe, as, about five years before, he had done in an almoſt ſimilar occurrence, in the manner we have remarked.

From the ſame day, certain deputies of the third eſtate complained to the king of this action, and demanded of his majeſty juſtice on thoſe, who they aſſerted had dared to diſturb the liberty of the eſtates; but, when they ſaw that the

the officers were not frightened at this complaint, but on the contrary prayed his majeſty to receive them to make information of facts, on which they founded their proteſtation, the whole ſtopped there: thoſe of the third eſtate judging well, that, if the matter were brought to a proof, it had been a means to weaken their authority; knowing, in their conſcience, the little ſincerity maintained at their elections: this, coming to the knowledge of the king, he likewiſe took in good part; nay, he even ſhewed in private to his moſt faithful ſervants, that he held agreeable what had paſſed in this proteſtation, which chiefly tended to defend his authority; and this, more than the particular intereſts of the ſieur de St. Marthe, and of the officers, had incited him to undertake ſo generous

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an action at the hazard of his life; for which he was praiſed by all good Frenchmen, who eſteemed him as much for his great courage, as for his elegant wit.

About the end of the year 1588, the king ſent him to the city of Poictiers, to make known to the inhabitants his pleaſure with regard to the great commotions which began to ariſe, and the deſign his majeſty entertained always to maintain the eſtabliſhed religion, as alſo his deſire to lighten his ſubjects of public burdens; willing, at the ſame time, that all partialities, leagues, and intrigues, ceaſe among the ſame inhabitants; that they acknowledge henceforth none under God but their king, who would not ſuffer the contempt of his authority. The ſieur de St. Marthe having, from point

to

to point, executed this command, the king did him the honour to write to him the ſatisfaction which he had received from it: and the letter bore, "That he took in good part the duty "which he had ſhewn to him; but "ſince there might be in that city "ſome diſaffected perſons, who endeavoured to divert the people from "the good underſtanding, which they "ought to have for their own ſafety; "and that it was needful that his good "ſubjects ſhould be diligent to break "all wicked deſigns, and to keep the "inhabitants in concord and in their "duty, he ſtill commanded him to "uſe his influence there." Nevertheleſs, the troubles having in the mean time encreaſed, and the faction having prevailed ſo far, as inſolently to refuſe his majeſty entrance into the town; the

ſieur

ſieur de St. Marthe was obliged to yield at laſt to the impetuous ſtorm, to abandon the helm of affairs, his houſe, and his family; even to retire from the city with M. de Malicorne, governor of Poictou, and other of the king's principal officers, who reſolved to follow conſtantly the fortune and juſt cauſe of their prince, and to prefer his ſervice, and the love of their country, to all other affections, intereſts, and private charities: this honourable exile laſted above five years. The hiſtorians of the time, mentioning the revolt of Poictiers, omit not the fidelity of the ſieur de St. Marthe. One of them ſpeaks in this manner: "From that "time there remained not in the city "any royaliſt of note; and, above all, "the race of St. Marthe were expelled, "as the chief among the partizans of "the

" the king; and to them joined many " notable families, who always ſince, " having rallied under them, have in " war and in peace been remarked at " Poictiers, as friends of the govern- " ment."

The ſieur de St. Marthe having retired to court, the king took ſuch thought of his integrity, and of his abilities, that he had an intention to honour him with the office of ſecretary of his commands, which he declared to a grandee. But his majeſty, having ſtill occaſion for his ſervice, in the execution of a very important affair, he deferred for ſome time the effect of his good affection. For, after the rebellion of Paris, a truce having been concluded at Tours with the late king Henry the Great, then only king of Navarre; who had taken many cities, and

and ſtrong places, and made great progreſs in Saintonge, L'Angoumois, and Poictou, their majeſties deputed two perſons of eminence to put in execution the articles of this truce, to regulate the finances, to remedy the diſorders and confuſions, which the misfortunes of theſe troubles had occaſioned; and to reſtore likewiſe the exerciſe of religion in the Catholic cities, lately occupied by thoſe of the Reformation, from which the injury of the war had made it diſcontinue; for this end, the king deputed monſ. de St. Marthe, and the king of Navarre monſ. du Fay, Michel Hurant de l'Hopital, his chancellor, the worthy ſon of monſ. de l'Hopital, chancellor of France. He was a perſon of uncommon learning, and of perfect underſtanding in affairs of ſtate. And as the ſame

qualities were united in his colleague of whom we are ſpeaking; for this reaſon each of them received ſo much the more contentment in the execution of this important affair. Matters were then regulated and tempered for the public good, and to the ſatisfaction of both kings. But, above all, the ſieur de St. Marthe (following the expreſs charge which he had from the king's own mouth) was active in promoting this re-eſtabliſhment of the exerciſe of religion, which was done, at his preſſing ſuit, in many cities of Poictou, of Saintonge, and of Angoumois. Thoſe of the reformed religion took great offence to ſee this re-eſtabliſhment; and afterwards complained of it to the late king Henry the Great, as we learn from a letter dated the 7th day of

of November, 1589, written from the hand of his majeſty to the ſieur du Pleſſis Mornay, governor of Saumur, which is inſerted in his memoirs: but theſe complaints were vain, and raiſed ſo much more the glory of the ſieur de St. Marthe; for they let us know, how great were the fruits, which religion gathered from this worthy, and faithful ſervant of the king; for which none can doubt but that he has now received in heaven a fruit much more excellent.

In the mean time, king Henry III. having been miſerably aſſaſſinated,* his good will to provide the ſieur de

* See a particular account of this in an extract from Farneworth's Tranſlation of Davila, at the end of Book III.

St. Marthe with the honourable office which he had deſtined for him, remained without effect. Thus being touched to the heart for ſo great and lamentable a loſs, which all France, and himſelf in particular, had undergone, ſome months after, he retired to Loudun, to deplore the parricide, and the public miſeries; which he did by the ſtanzas publiſhed under the title of " Tears " to the memory of the King" ; whoſe piety towards God, ſweetneſs and liberality to men of merit, will ever be recommended. It ſeemed that the indignity of this prodigious act had given birth in our poet to a new enthuſiaſm, worthily to deteſt it, as he does in this rich piece.

But the glorious victories and conqueſts of king Henry the Great, lawful ſuc-

ſucceſſor to the ſceptre, following very ſoon after this great incident, were a more agreeable ſubject to his learned Muſe; and as theſe victories were extraordinary and admirable, ſo he propoſed to celebrate them by a poetry not uſed, and of his own invention: this was by a moſt beautiful ode, induſtriouſly faſhioned according to the lyres of Pindar and Horace; in which he deſcribed the memorable trophy, obtained by this invincible monarch, at the battle of Yvry, over the great forces of the league, and over thoſe of Spain, commanded by the count d'Egmont, who loſt his life on that memorable day. Immediately this poem was publiſhed in different parts of the kingdom, and even in foreign countries. In this kind of writing, which

is of all the moſt grave and difficult, he faſhioned afterwards other Pindaric odes; as in our days has been done by cardinal Barberin, afterwards pope Urban VIII.

At the ſame time Scevole wrote likewiſe in proſe the Eloges of men illuſtrious for learning, who flouriſhed in France during the laſt age: this gave him a wonderful encreaſe of fame and reputation; having in terms conciſe, but which comprehend a great deal, remarked divers ſingularities worthy of obſervation, both in the lives and in the moſt famous actions of theſe great perſonages (whom for the moſt part himſelf had ſeen, and with whom he had been acquainted), and likewiſe with regard to their writings; which he has done with ſo much elegance and purity

rity of ſtyle, that it approaches, and even, we may venture to ſay, yields not to the moſt eloquent orators of antiquity; ſhewing himſelf, beſides, very ingenious frequently to diverſify the ſame ſubject. People were ſurpriſed how he, who had in his youthful years followed ſo happily the train of poetry alone, had nevertheleſs ſo cloſely applied himſelf to the manner of writing of the orator, and of the hiſtorian; which has not commonly ſucceeded with every good poet; it being very difficult to excel in both, as he has done. But proſe agreed better with his age, at that time a little advanced, as himſelf has taken notice, in an elegy upon this ſubject addreſſed to Thuanus; which greatly adorns the front of the palace; or, to ſpeak more properly, this ſacred temple of

the Muſes, raiſed to the greateſt honour of France.*

His Eloges being begun, he ſent part of them to the ſieur de la Scale, who had before worthily commended his verſes; and, with regard to this

* The Eloges of St. Marthe are divided into five books, written in elegant Latin, and celebrate a number of illuſtrious authors, his cotemporaries; of whom he ſpeaks more with the eloquence of an orator, than the exactneſs of an hiſtorian; and hence ſeldom mentions their writings; and, when he does it, it is always in general terms. They have been ſeveral times reprinted, tranſlated into French, and are ſtill in high eſteem. His French poems, notwithſtanding the commendations beſtowed on them by Michel, are now in a great meaſure neglected. The ſubjects of them were too local and temporary to command the attention of poſterity. But his Eloges, and above all his Pædotrophia, has given him a fame—

——— quam nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetuſtas.

other

other work, he made no leſs a judgement of it. He ſpeaks thus of it, in a letter addreſſed to the author: "That he had read his Eloges "with ſingular contentment, to ſee "that thoſe great perſonages lived "twice; firſt, by their own writings, "and, ſecondly, by his." But he compared this content to the pleaſure, which thoſe ſick of a fever have in drinking; for altogether as they wiſh that the glaſs out of which they drink were larger and more full of water; ſo he deſired that the book had been longer, and had not left him half content, and half ſatisfied; eſpecially ſince he was aſſured, that their good and learned friend Thuanus approved of this book. He added, that "it was a part of hiſtory with which "the learned ought to be acquaint-"ed."

" ed." Then, having exhorted him to continue his commendable enterprize, he ſays, " Et beatos illos, qui " laudantur à laudato viro," eſpecially in a ſtyle ſo elegant. Alſo every one had theſe Eloges in ſuch eſteem, that ſince the publication of them, when they brought to light the books of many learned men, whom they have celebrated, it has been believed, that the glory, which themſelves had acquired, received augmentation by theſe Eloges, which for this end have been diligently placed before theſe books, when they were publiſhed. Thus they remarked ſeverally in this great perſonage, not leſs the dexterity than the fertility of his excellent genius, by ſo many works that proceeded from his hand.

But

But this did not hinder his continuing in the mean time to ſhew, on many other occaſions, his affection for the ſervice of the king. His majeſty had eſtabliſhed my lord, the prince of Conti, lieutenant-general in his armies of Poictou, of La Marche, of Berry, and of Anjou. He commanded the ſieur de St. Marthe to be near the perſon of this prince, and to aſſiſt him with his counſel; which he faithfully executed. Then he rendered an equal duty, but more aſſiduous, near the lord the prince de Dombes (very ſoon after duke de Montpenſier), when he was lieutenant-general in the army of Bretagne, which the king ordered againſt the rebels of the party of the league; for it having been neceſſary to chuſe a man of probity and

and of experience, to exerciſe the function of intendant of the finances, in this army, his majeſty caſt his eyes upon the ſieur de St. Marthe, and honoured him with this important charge, which he exerciſed faithfully for the ſpace of two years. My lord of Montpenſier, the prince, filled with every virtue and generoſity, honoured him with a ſingular affection (as he had done meſſieurs the dukes Louis and Francis, his father and grandfather), called him to his more particular counſels, and, having likewiſe knowledge of his great capacity for affairs of ſtate, committed to him, beſides the direction of the finances, the management of the principal matters which concerned the province.

From the year 1590 the king had commanded him to treat of reducing Poictiers

Poictiers to his obedience, and to diſpoſe the principal citizens to return to their duty: to which he applied himſelf in ſo commendable a manner, that in the letters written to him on this ſubject by the king, it may be ſeen how much he was ſatisfied with it, encouraging him to proſecute what he had ſo well begun, and promiſing to have his merits and ſervices in remembrance. Then he went to Chartres, at the time of his majeſty's coronation, to receive there more particularly his majeſty's commands, on the execution of an affair of ſuch conſequence. Upon his return to Poictou, the king wrote him again, and charged him to reſume the pledges of the treaty with thoſe of Poictiers; which he did with ſo much prudence and happy ſucceſs, that,

that, after many conferences held, difficulties ſurmounted, and dangers avoided, at laſt by his lively perſuaſions the city ſubmitted, and again acknowledged the king; a ſtroke moſt important to France, chiefly for two reaſons; the one, inaſmuch as that monſieur the duke de Mercœur held ſtill the city of Nantes, and almoſt all Bretagne, preſſing the Poictevins to remain firm with him in the contrary party, as they had done before; and the other, becauſe that the late monſieur d'Elbeuf, who commanded in the city, embraced at the ſame time the king's ſervice. Thoſe of Poictou deputed the lieutenant-general de St. Marthe, with others of their corps from the city, to go immediately to court, and take the oath of fidelity to the king: for this purpoſe they

they went to the ſee of Laon in Picardy. The favourable reception, granted them by the king, made ſufficiently known how agreeable to him was the ſignal ſervice, which our ſieur de St. Marthe (under whoſe conduct the journey was undertaken) had rendered him on this remarkable occaſion; in which was ſo generouſly employed his brother, to whom the king confirmed the office of lieutenant-general. This event happened in the year 1594, and was among the moſt important ſervices which St. Marthe rendered to king Henry IV.

A few years after the reduction of Poictiers, and that of many other cities, the king, wiſhing to provide againſt the confuſions and derangements, that glided through the ſtate during the civil war, convened in the city of Rouen

Rouen an aſſembly of the moſt notable perſonages of the orders of the kingdom: he ordered the ſieur de St. Marthe to be there, and did him likewiſe the honour to write him for this purpoſe. He ſerved uſefully in this celebrated aſſembly, which was compoſed of the firſt men in France, and there ſhewed his judgment and his capacity, in voting, and giving ſalutary advices on many great affairs.

At his return from Rouen he came to Paris, and there received a ſingular content, having ſeen his eldeſt ſon Abel de St. Marthe appear with reputation at the bar of the court of parliament. This contentment was redoubled by the eſteem, which people of learning had for his ſon's Latin poems, then publiſhed; the greater part of which were employed to commend

mend, as well the frequent victories of Henry the great, as he has ſince celebrated thoſe of Louis the Juſt, by other excellent works, both in proſe and in Latin poetry; which his majeſty has favourably received, and honoured him with the dignity of counſellor in his majeſty's council of ſtate.*

The ſieur de St. Marthe was ſo much advanced in age, that he ſeemed to have good reaſon, after ſo many fatigues, rather to ſeek repoſe in his own houſe, than to continue after-

* The poems of Abel de St. Marthe were publiſhed at Paris 1632, in Latin and French. Niceron obſerves of them, that they ſhew fertility of genius, and are written with eaſe and elegance; but, on the whole, inferior to thoſe of his father, who has always been eſteemed the moſt illuſtrious of his race.

wards to take care of affairs; but being entreated by thoſe of Poictiers again to accept the office of mayor, he would not excuſe himſelf, for the deſire which he had to continue in the public ſervice. King Henry the Great approved this choice; and making his ſolemn entry into the city, in the month of May 1602, did him the honour to receive him there in name of the citizens; and as Henry III. held it very agreeable to hear ſo eloquent a perſonage ſpeak, in the ſame manner this great prince, who knew as well that his predeceſſor made a diſtinction of his ſubjects, and diſcovered their merit, ſhewed that he took very agreeably the excellent diſcourſe which he pronounced, in order to teſtify the vows of ſincere affection and fidelity from his fellow-citizens.

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He had then the good fortune to ſee, and to ſalute all the moſt topping lords of the court; among others, Pompone de Bellieure, chancellor of France, who did him the honour to ſhare with him his confidence; as did alſo his worthy ſon, monſieur de Bellieure, preſident in the court of parliament, eminent for prudence and learning, joined with a remarkable probity.

Scevole had ſeen, at different times, to his great grief, the end of many learned perſonages, his particular friends; ſucn as were Claude du Puy, Florent Chreſtien, Peter Pithou, Philippe des Portes, Nicolas Rapin, John Paſſerat, Nicolas le Fevre, Etienne Paſquier, and others; which furniſhed him a ſad, but worthy ſubject to continue

his Eloges, which he did even in his great age. For though powers often fail the greateſt part of men in the decline of their lives; ſo it was that his wit never grew old, and failed not to make its vigour as much remarked as in his younger years, to the great ſurprize of every one.

The death of his brother touched him in as lively a manner: nevertheleſs, in this misfortune, he took for ſome conſolation the preference, which the king gave, among many competitors for the office of lieutenant-general of Poictou, to his eldeſt ſon Nicolas de St. Marthe, who was then counſellor in the parliament of Paris, and who has always carried himſelf with affection and fidelity in the ſervice of his country, and worthily

thily ſupported the honour of his family.

In the mean time the ſieur de St. Marthe, ſeeing ſome diviſions ariſe at Poictiers, reſolved to retire to Loudun, in order to paſs there the remainder of his days. Before he took his ſtation there altogether, when he was now eighty years of age, ſo it was that he had ſtrength to undertake a laſt journey to Paris, in the beginning of the year 1615, to ſee thoſe of his friends who lived there, and ſome of his children; who, after the reduction of the city into obedience of the king, had there fixed their reſidence. His renown, and his great virtue, excited many perſons of quality to viſit him, as on his part he viſited them. Among others, one

of the ornaments of the church, and of letters, monſieur the cardinal de Perron, whom from a long time he had known, and frequented in the court of Henry III. This prelate gave him a moſt kind welcome, and even eſteemed ſo much of his judgment, that he communicated to him many of his excellent works in verſe and in proſe, in order to have his advice concerning them. He told him, beſides, that his name and his reputation were much celebrated in Italy; and that the elegant wits of that country eſteemed his Latin poems far above thoſe of other Frenchmen, as they did alſo the elegance of his Eloges; and that he had ſeen both the one and the other of theſe excellent works in the Vatican library.

During

During his ſtay at Paris, he had the honour to ſee likewiſe meſſieurs du Vair and de Vic, keepers of the ſeals of France, and ſtill to frequent very often Auguſtus Thuanus, who in the hiſtory of his time gives him an honourable place, by the recital, which he has often made in it, of his fidelity to the king, and of his ſingular erudition.

He had alſo the happineſs, that others addreſſed and preſented to him, during his life, Eloges upon himſelf, which have been as much commended as others ſince his death: but it was not enough that he was celebrated by ſo many particular perſons; it muſt ſtill be, that the living public voice be employed in it, as happened in an occurrence that preſented itſelf.

A difference was agitated, in the court of the parliament of Paris, between the heirs of the late monſieur the count de Laval, who died in Hungary, and the widow of Peter Joyeux, phyſician, of whom we have ſaid. She had intereſt to juſtify that her huſband was not a common perſon, but rather of conſideration, and of learning. In order to make him known, among other methods, ſhe aſſerted, that the ſieur de St. Marthe had judged him worthy to be inſerted in his Eloges, and brought the book in evidence; which was of ſuch effect, that it not only exempted this widow from a longer proof by witneſſes, to which the affair ſeemed to be diſpoſed, but alſo ſhe inſtantly gained her cauſe; and it was then that many gentlemen

in

in the court of parliament, who voted on the deciſion of this proceſs, took from thence occaſion to enlarge upon the merits and rare qualities of the author of the book, the teſtimony of which alone was at that time (contrary to the common maxim) of ſuch great weight with this auguſt ſenate, that they held in little eſteem the evidence of many.

The ſieur de St. Marthe, being then attracted by the pleaſant air of his native country, returned from Paris to Loudun, where he lived in great repoſe and tranquillity: he had likewiſe for company the fourth of his children, afterwards an officer of finance, and his youngeſt ſon, who then gave great hopes of that learning which he afterwards attained. While he was

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at Loudun, another occurrence renewed to him the pleaſure which he formerly received with regard to his eldeſt ſon, to hear that the works of his other children had likewiſe been well received, particularly thoſe of Scevole and Louis de St. Marthe, twin-brothers, ſo like in manners, in conſtitutions, and in inclinations (as they are in features of face), that one might ſay, but one ſoul had been infuſed into two bodies: for, having with a great diligence and curioſity jointly deſcribed the hiſtory of the royal houſe of France (a maſter-piece among the genealogical hiſtories, as it is called by a celebrated hiſtorian), they had the honour to preſent the firſt edition of it to Louis XIII. who received it in good part, and honoured them

them with the office of his hiſtorio-graphers.

As each of the children of Scevole have endeavoured to imitate the different perfections of their father; alſo one of them, Peter de St. Marthe, ſieur de la Jalletiere, treaſurer of France at Poictiers, has in like manner inherited in part the genius of the deceaſed for French poetry, in which he has likewiſe moſt happily celebrated the diſtinguiſhed victories of his majeſty. Thus we ſee that the greateſt part of this family have laboured to publiſh the heroic virtues of men illuſtrious in their native country, which ſeems to be to them as a heritage, and ſucceſſive right.

The famous hiſtorian Titus Livius attracted to Rome the inhabitants of the

the moſt diſtant nations for another reaſon than to behold the city, though then moſt powerful, and in all its grandeur. Thus our Scevole had acquired ſo great a renown from all parts, that not only many Frenchmen of different conditions, biſhops, ſenators, and noblemen of great quality, viſited him, but likewiſe foreigners from different countries, each coming to ſee him with the ſame honour that they bring into the preſence of the moſt reſpectable men; even ſome princes and illuſtrious noblemen from Italy, from Germany, and from England, travelling through France, had this moſt commendable curioſity, while he reſided at Poictiers. But it was to him a much greater happineſs, when (a few days before he paſſed from this life

life to a better) the moſt ſerene prince of Wales, now Charles, king of Great-Britain, paſſing incognito through France in his way to Spain, condeſcended to honour him ſo much, as to viſit him in his houſe of Loudun; this prince, having teſtified much content from the ſight of ſo worthy a perſonage.*

He

* Nothing can reflect greater honour on St. Marthe than this viſit paid him by king Charles I. when Prince of Wales, eſpecially if it be conſidered in how ſhort a time the prince completed his journey to Madrid; that he was preſent at a ball in Paris, where he firſt ſaw the princeſs Henrietta, afterwards his queen; and that he was alſo in danger of being detained a priſoner. Mr. Hume, with an inaccuracy but too common to him (and for which no elegance of ſtyle can compenſate in an hiſtorian), tells us, that the prince travelled from London to Madrid in eleven days, which, conſidering the circumſtances

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He had then attained a great age, ſometimes ſaying that he had had the good

we have mentioned, appears quite incredible. But the more diligent and faithful Rapin, whom Hume and his admirers affect to deſpiſe, gives from the beſt authorities, that his Royal Highneſs left London the 17th of February, and arrived at Madrid the 7th of March; which, by allowing eighteen days to the journey, brings it within the bounds of credibility. The following epigram on this celebrated viſit was afterwards written by the learned Guido Giraudæus.

When WALES' illuſtrious prince, Scevole, had heard
That now not diſtant far thine end appear'd,
And that th' unconquerable arm of death
Already ſtood prepar'd to ſeize thy breath;
O! grant me, Pow'rs, he cry'd, of heav'nly grace,
Once, ere he die, to view that learned face.
Regardleſs then of his Iberian flame,
Within thy threſhold ſtraight, St. Marthe, he came.
But when he ſaw thy locks all-white with age,
Thy rev'rend face, nor thence could diſengage

His

good fortune to live under the reign of ſeven of the French monarchs. But

His mind or eyes:—Go, venerable ſire!
Since fate, invidious to our fond deſire,
(He cry'd) denies thee more on earth to live,
Or for thy country's glory to ſurvive.
O! would to Heav'n this were thine early prime,
And I with thee conjoin'd in equal time;
Or had I liv'd in thy more youthful days,
Thou pride of Gallic, and of Latian lays.
This ſaid, with ſuch report he ſtraight departs
Of this great man, as oft would fill the hearts
Of Britain's ſons with wonder. But reward,
Not undeſerv'd, thy viſit to the bard,
Great prince! attended, from the ſmiles of love:
Then, in thy favour, he began to move
A Gallic beauty's heart; who ſoon was won,
To be the partner of thy life and throne.

Cum mortem inſtare audiſſet tibi, Scævola, princeps
Walliæ, et injectâ jam nocuiſſe manu;
O! mihi ſi liceat, dixit, ſemel ora tueri
Docta viri, extremum deprecor ante diem.

Nec

But he eſteemed yet more remarkable that the prayers and vows made by him of a long time, in his work of the Pædotrophia, had been heard, to ſee the royal houſe encreaſed by the birth of a dauphin; being by good augury, as he predicted, accompliſhed in the perſon of Louis XIII.

Nec mora flectit iter flammæ ſecurus Iberæ,
Sammarthane, tuos ingrediturque lares.
Canitiem verò ut vidit, vultuſque verendos,
Nec quibus avelli mente, nec ore poteſt;
I, nunc, magne ſenex, quando ampliùs invida terris
Sors prohibet patriæ te ſupereſſe tuæ.
O! utinam primos ageres nunc fervidus annos,
Et tua cum noſtris tempora juncta forent.
Ceu cum florebas tunc me quoque ſec'la tuliſſent
Muſæ unâ et Gallicæ tu decus, et Latiæ.
Dein dicturus abit miranti ſæpe Britanno,
Quæ ſemel in tanto viderat ille viro.
At non immeritus pro talibus inde receſſit
Tantus honos tanto numine favit amor.
Scilicet hinc ignis novus hoſpitioque, vel illo,
Promeruit thalamos Gallica diva tuos.

When

When he had now paſſed five years in this manner, among books and the Muſes, he was at length obliged to abandon this terreſtrial abode, to go to ſeek in heaven another more aſſured. A continued fever having then ſurprized and afflicted him for the ſpace of five or ſix days; as he perceived the laſt period of his life approach, and the natural powers of his body to fail by little and little, he turned all thoſe of his mind, and his thoughts, to implore the aſſiſtance of divine grace; then, after he had piouſly received the ſacrament from the hand of Urban Grandier, a learned theologian, and paſtor of his pariſh of St. Peter, he gave his laſt ſighs in his arms, the twenty-ninth day of March, in the year

1623, after having lived eighty-ſeven years, one month, and twenty-ſeven days.

He ſerved God with more ſincerity and inward zeal than oſtentation; had a great probity of manners; was always equal to himſelf, as much in adverſity as in proſperity; without ambition, without avarice; employing himſelf with an unequalled ſincerity for his friends; and frequently preferring much their intereſts, and their affairs, to his own. He likewiſe valued honour, good reputation, and friends, much more than riches and periſhable goods; ſufficiently contented in himſelf from this, that he was ſo many times judged worthy to be entruſted with the management and direction of the public

money, left as in a depoſit in his pure and innocent hands. He was among the moſt affable, pleaſant, and agreeable, in his converſation: liberally aſſiſted the poor and affiicted; was full of candour, and endowed with a great facility of expreſſing his conceptions, whether in ſpeech or in writing. He lived with ſuch ſobriety, that he was contented with what the law of temperance allowed him; was exempt from anger, and every other unruly paſſion; and whatever misfortunes happened to him, prevailed nothing againſt the tranquillity of his mind. All theſe virtues and good conditions were very ſerviceable in prolonging his life to the great age at which we have ſeen him. From this came likewiſe the good

habit of his body, that he was not afflicted with the gout nor the ſtone, nor the other inconveniences which great age commonly brings along with it; except ſometimes with a little deafneſs; an evil which ſeems to have been common and fatal to the greateſt poets of this age, as Ronſard, Du Bellamy, and Dorat. He had an open countenance, a grave and modeſt air, a pleaſant and ſmiling eye, a characteriſtic noſe, a ruddy complexion; his ſtature moderate, and well-ſet, his head bald, and in his younger years cheſnut hair.

Beſides Abel, Scevole, and Peter de St. Marthe, his ſons, of whom we have ſpoken, he has left Francis and Henry; of whom the one follows the profeſſion of arms, and the other

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the eccleſiaſtic life. Jeanne de St. Marthe, their ſiſter, has been married to Nicolas Sochet, equerry, ſieur de la Charouliere and de Villebouin, formerly mayor, captain, and ſerjeant-major of the city of Poictiers.

In ſhort, the deceaſed, the ſubject of our diſcourſe, had the ſatisfaction, before his laſt days, to ſee himſelf as it were revive, in the perſon of Peter de St. Marthe, his youngeſt ſon; and to hope in him a continuation of his poſterity by the alliance, which he made with the eldeſt daughter of the firſt marriage of the lady marchioneſs de Choiſy.

His body was buried in the great cathedral church of St. Peter at Loudun, in the chapel of St. Louis. He

was commended publicly by funeral orations, not only in this church, but likewiſe in the palace, where he had adminiſtered juſtice in preſence of the king's officers, of many gentlemen, and other notable perſons. Since that time his memory has been ſtill more celebrated by a commendable concert, to be ſeen in the collection entitled his Tomb *, in many elegant inſcriptions, poems, eloges, and funeral ſongs, by perſons of quality and of learning, as well Frenchmen as foreigners; for it was reaſonable,

* This collection conſiſts of no leſs than one hundred and ſixty quarto pages of French and Latin poems, dedicated to the memory of St. Marthe by a number of different hands; ſo much having been written, in verſe, concerning him, within ſix years after his death.

and

and ſeemed very juſt, to give himſelf what he had beſtowed on others; and that he, who had as well revived the worthy actions of kings and of princes, and withdrawn from the obſcurity of the grave ſo many illuſtrious men, was himſelf as much celebrated and honoured by ſo many rare wits, who ſurvived him. But I will venture to ſay, that perhaps it will never be in proportion to his merit, nor ſo worthily as his many perfections require, that they have given him a ſolid glory.

Which has given occaſion to the late monſieur de Riz, moſt worthy firſt preſident in the parliament of Rouen, whom we have formerly mentioned, when writing to the eldeſt ſon of the deceaſed, in order to con-

ſole him for this great loſs, to give to his memory this beautiful eloge: "That he ſurvived the laſt of the "learned men of the good century "paſt: whoſe manners were as plea- "ſant and elegant as his poetry; "and that he ſeems to have remained "among us after the other great "men of his wing, in the opinion "of whom he has been the chief, "to ſerve for a pattern." Another man of merit, rendering the ſame pious office to his children, writes likewiſe: "that the loſs of this "illuſtrious hero (ſo he calls him) "was not peculiar to them. For "as a tree ſo excellent, and divine, "had its trunk and its roots in their "family; in the ſame manner its "boughs, and its agreeable fruits,

"extended

" extended themſelves to every part " of the world, where the Muſes and " learning were held in eſteem. So " that the lamentation for him was " univerſal."

As the year of the birth of Scevole de Sainte Marthe was ſo fortunate, that it likewiſe produced other great perſonages, of whom we have made mention; in the ſame manner the time of his death has been unlucky from that of two others of great name, who were Nicolas Coeffetau, biſhop of Marſeilles, and Peter Janin, counſellor to the king, preſident in the parliament of Bourgogne, and ſuperintendant of the finances, whoſe piety and erudition, which were joined to an ardent zeal for the ſervice of his country (qualities equally remarkable in

in him of whom we are ſpeaking), were to them in all reſpects as great ſteps for mounting to the temples of honour and immortality; in which I ſuſpend and conſecrate this tablet of a man ſo recommendable. Some other more happy wit, and better pencil than mine, will be able hereafter to embelliſh him with more lively colours and bolder features. Nevertheleſs, as it is, it will ſhew how much the French wits of the ſixteenth century excel in every kind of literature; and that this perſonage yields to none of foreign nations, ſeeing that he has rendered himſelf ſo accompliſhed (to finiſh as we began), that he has been ſeen to appear with honour in the aſſemblies of the ſtates, in the councils

councils of the king, in the provinces, in public offices, and alſo in the ſacred garden of the Muſes, whom he has tenderly cheriſhed, as he has been beloved by them. Thus we ſee that ſo many rare qualities have rendered his name and his memory moſt illuſtrious to poſterity; which is the moſt worthy recompence that can attend thoſe who riſe to great and generous actions.

Such was the life of this truly-great man, whoſe memory muſt have been ever dear to mankind, had he only written his Pædotrophia; but ſuch were the great qualities he diſplayed in the performance of the duties to which he was ſo frequently called in the ſervice of the ſtate, that every

every Briton may wiſh that thoſe called to fill high offices in his own country may poſſeſs the genius, the ſpirit, and integrity of Scevole de Sainte Marthe.

EPITAPHIUM

EPITAPHIUM

IN

SCÆVOLAM SAMMARTHANUM.

D. O. M.

SCÆVOLÆ SAMMARTHANO V. N.

Ludovici ic. et apud Juliod.

Cognitoris regii F.

Scævolæ Medici Regii N.

Queſtoriæ dignitatis in Pictonum

Ditione Præſidi.

Iterum

Iterum ſuſcepto Majoris
Urbici munere
Variiſque legationibus ſumma
Cum civilis ſapientiæ laude
Peractis
Optimè de re Pictonum,
Santonum, Britonumque
Publica merito.
Difficillimis temporibus perſpectæ
Fidei doctrinæ ſingularis
Ac in ingenii elegantiæ
Nomine
HENRICO III. et HENRICO MAGNO
Regibus accepto.
Ab illis ad Blœſenſia Etrotomagenſia
Regni comitia evocato
Ac in utriſque
Prudenter verſato.
Inter eximios poetas

Sive

Sive Latina, ſive Gallica pangeret
Præclaro.
Soluta itidem oratione cultiſſimiſque
Elogiis quibus Gallorum doctrinæ
Illuſtrium manibus rite
Parentavit conſpicuo.
Ob Pictavium deſertis fœderatorum
Partib. regi reconciliatum eo
Præcipue adnitente fidiſſimi
Civis gloriam
Ob Juliodunenſium popularium urbem
Quam ducis irati exercitus ultione
Sæva perditum veniebat
Efficaciſſimæ deprecationis
Eloquio ſervatam
PATRIS PATRIÆ
Nomen adepto.
Abel. Scævola. Ludovicus.
Eirenæus. Petrus. Franciſcus. Henricus.

Jana

Jana Nic. Socheti v. n. uxor
Parenti optimo et perpetua memoria
Digniſſimo ex ordinum
Juliodunenſium
Voto poſuer.
Obiit ann. Chriſti M.DC.XXIII,
IV. Kal. April.
Senex annor. LXXXVII.

EPITAPH

EPITAPH

ON

SCEVOLE DE ST. MARTHE.

TO the illuſtrious SCEVOLE DE SAINTE MARTHE,
The ſon of Louis, ſolicitor of the court,
And advocate for the king at Loudun,
Grandſon of Scevole, phyſician to the king,
And treaſurer-general of the exchequer
In the generality of Poictiers.

Again, having undertaken the office
Of Mayor of the city,
And having performed ſeveral embaſſies
With the greateſt commendation for civil wiſdom;
Having highly merited
From the ſtates of Poictou, Saintonge, and Bretagne;
Having been acceptable to the kings
HENRY III. AND HENRY THE GREAT,
On account of his reputation for approved fidelity
In the moſt difficult times,
For ſingular learning and elegance of genius;
Having been called by them to the parliaments of the Kingdom,
Held at Blois, at Rouen,
And having acted in both
With conſummate prudence.
Conſpicuous among the moſt excellent poets,
Whether he wrote in French or in Latin;

As

As alſo for proſe, and moſt eloquent Eloges,
By which he propitiated the ſhades of
Frenchmen
Illuſtrious for learning;
Having obtained the renown of a moſt faithful citizen,
For reconciling, chiefly by his means,
The province of Poictou to the king,
Which had deſerted to the party of the league;
And the glorious title of
FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY,
For preſerving, by the eloquence
Of his moſt powerful interceſſion,
His native city of Loudun,
Which the army of an enraged nobleman
Came to deſtroy, in cruel revenge of an injury.
Abel, Scevole, Louis,
Irenæus, Peter, Francis, Henry,
Jeanne, ſpouſe of the illuſtrious Nicolas Sochet,
By deſire of the ſtates of Loudun,

Erected this monument to their moſt worthy father,

And deſerving of perpetual memory.

He died the twenty-ninth day of March,

In the year of Chriſt M.DC.XXIII.

An old man of LXXXVII years.

THE

THE AUTHOR'S DEDICATION.

TO HIS

MOST CHRISTIAN MAJESTY,

HENRY III.

IN PRESENTING TO HIM THE LATIN WORK OF

THE PÆDOTROPHIA.

SIRE,

BESIDES the natural devotion of a ſubject towards his ſovereign, thoſe who have a parti-

cular ſentiment of the felicity they receive from having been born under the protection of ſo great, ſo magnanimous, and ſo juſt a prince as your Majeſty, could not be ſatisfied nor content with their life, unleſs it were employed by them in your Majeſty's ſervice. Moreover, though I have from your Majeſty the honour to act in the office of treaſurer-general of France, nevertheleſs I have beſides ſought acquaintance with the Muſes, whom your Majeſty loves and embraces, as do all generous minds; who

who having nothing ſo dear as honour, in which conſiſts the only reward of their virtues, voluntarily favour and ſupport thoſe who aſſiſt them to preſerve this reward in the memory of poſterity. This favour, ſire, has emboldened me to conſecrate my little work to your Majeſty; although the ſubject of it ſeems, at firſt view, too low and vulgar to be preſented before the eyes of ſo great a monarch; ſeeing it only treats of the method of nurſing children at the breaſt, and of preſerving

thoſe

thoſe young and tender plants againſt an infinite number of ſtorms and tempeſts, which menace, and frequently deſtroy them as ſoon as born; which deſign, nevertheleſs, to thoſe who conſider it thoroughly, will not be found altogether unuſeful for your Majeſty's ſervice, whoſe power and dominion extends not only over countries, cities, caſtles, and other things inanimate, but alſo principally over many millions of ſouls, and of living perſons, in the preſervation of whom your Majeſty has a notable intereſt; whether

whether it be to ſerve in your Majeſty's armies, or for letters, or traffic, or other different employments; the multitude, and contrariety of which produce a happy harmony, which alone renders ſtates powerful and flouriſhing, as that over which your Majeſty reigns. In conſideration of which I have principally undertaken this work; and, for the deſire that I have to facilitate the fruits of it to all your Majeſty's ſubjects, conſidered it as a Matter agreeable to your majeſty, to communicate

municate it to them in a ſhort time in our language. But I ſhall feel myſelf much more ſatisfied with my undertaking, when, in conſequence of the public vows from you, ſire, and from your moſt faithful ſubjects, Heaven ſhall be willing to favour us ſo far, as to give you a happy increaſe of family, for the ſervice and nurſing of which theſe my precepts may be ſoon practiſed and ſet to work; as of this I have a pleaſant hope, and pray God that the quality of the preſent, which in

moſt

moſt humble devotion I here offer to your Majeſty, may be one day remarked, for having borne in it, in ſome meaſure, a happy preſage of this, from

Your Majeſty's moſt humble,

And moſt faithful

Subject and ſervant,

SCEVOLE DE ST. MARTHE.

At FONTAINEBLEAU,
1584.

PÆDO-

FINIS.

PÆDOTROPHIA;

OR,

THE ART OF

NURSING AND REARING CHILDREN.

ARGUMENT OF BOOK I.

THE firſt book of the Pædotrophia treats of the management of women, during the term of pregnancy; and the directions with regard to diet and regimen are very full, and applicable to all climates and ſeaſons. But they are chiefly confined to the healthy part of the ſex, few diſeaſes being mentioned, except that called by the Greek phyſicians Citta, by the moderns Pica, and well-known in Engliſh by the name of Longings; the cauſes and cure of which are particularly and accurately deſcribed. The maxims, contained in this book, merit the greateſt attention from all married women, being admirably calculated for preventing abortion; and a ſtrict adherence to them will, almoſt in every caſe, enſure to the mother the enjoyment of good health during the time of pregnancy, produce an happy lying-in, and an eaſy recovery. The book concludes with an epiſode of the creation of the world, and the fall of man.

PÆDOTROPHIA;

OR,

THE ART OF

NURSING AND REARING CHILDREN.

BOOK I.

YE ſacred Nine! that on th' Aonian hill,
With virgin-cares alone, your boſoms fill,
Tho' your bright lives, in purer æther led,
Forbid the pleaſures of the nuptial-bed;

Tho' free from fond deſires, you ne'er ſhall prove
A Parent's care, a Mother's tender love,
Nor know the pains of Child-birth, nor the joy
To rear the liſping girl, or prattling boy;
Yet, Nymphs immortal, leave ſuch cares awhile,
Inſpire my ſong, and on my labour ſmile;
For, left by you, what heights can I explore,
How touch the ſtring, or trembling think to ſoar?
Oh! lend your tuneful breath, with gentleſt art
Raiſe my ſlow voice, and guide my willing heart,
While, from an humble theme, I ſeek the bays,
A Child the ſubject of my lowly lays:
Teach me to ſing, how Infants ſhould be fed,
How nurs'd, how cloth'd, and from the cradle bred,
While their weak nerves, and tender frame, demand
The ſofteſt care of an attending hand;
While but beginning vital heat requires
Some kinder aid to keep alive its fires,
Till joints more firm defend th' informing ſoul,
And briſker tides thro' youthful art'ries roll.
And thou, bright Pow'r, whoſe beams far-darting, give
New vigour, health, and joy, to all that live,
Thy vital warmth infuſe, thy ſuccour bring,
inſpire the Bard, who ſtrives thy gifts to ſing;

Great

Great Father Phœbus, God of verſe ſupreme,
Exalt my genius to my ſacred Theme!
  Perhaps the Muſe may try ſome loftier ſtrain,
When Diſcord ſhakes her flaming torch in vain;
When meek-ey'd Peace her dreadful fury bounds,
And Celts forbear to ruſh on mutual wounds;
When mighty HENRY leads his faithful bands
To brighter conqueſts in far-diſtant lands,
My lays may then to him alone belong,
And his illuſtrious name adorn my Song.

Ver. 30. *Exalt my Genius to my ſacred theme!*] Invocations to Apollo and the Muſes, though frequent among all modern poets, particularly thoſe of the ſixteenth century, when taſte was formed entirely on the writings of the ancients, are doubtleſs not ſo proper now as in the days of antiquity, when the exiſtence of the Muſes was a popular belief, and the worſhip paid to them a part of religion; and the mixture of ancient mythology with the chriſtian ſyſtem may be, in ſome meaſure, a fault in the following poem. But it is the fault of learning, a fault frequent in Taſſo; and even Milton himſelf, by his alluſions to ancient fables in almoſt every page of his works, cannot be ſaid to be free from it. This has been ſeverely cenſured by ſome critics; but it is ſo natural to thoſe who have ſtudied the Greek and Roman poets, that the entire removal of it is rather to be wiſhed for than expected. An eminent author has obſerved that the Gods of Homer and Virgil will always be the Gods of poetry; and he who excludes them from his writings altogether, though ſufficiently perfect in other reſpects, will moſt probably be reckoned but an unlearned votary of the Muſes.

But what, tho' daring, poet would rehearſe
Inteſtine combats in immortal verſe;
Who, from curs'd civil broils, would gain a name,
Or, on his country's ruin, graft his fame?
Then whether, glorious King, thou lead in chains
The captive Perſian, or, from Eaſtern plains,
Expel the Turk, his mighty hoſts ſubdue;
Far o'er broad Helleſpont their flight purſue,
Or level, with the duſt, their lofty domes,
Their impious temples, and deteſted tombs:
(For, in thy breaſt, nor thirſt of human praiſe,
Nor love of empire, with ſuch ardor ſways,
As thy deſire to win the bleſt abode,
To make all nations own the living God,
And break the fatal League, from whence aroſe
Theſe ſcenes of diſcord, and unmeaſur'd woes)
The

Ver. 53. *And break the fatal league,* ——] The league was a confederacy of the Roman Catholic lords of France; firſt, to deſtroy the Hugonots or Proteſtants; and, ſecondly, to exclude the king of Navarre from the ſucceſſion, who was of the Reformed religion. And they prevailed ſo far, that he was at length obliged to abjure Proteſtantiſm, in order to put an end to the dreadful wars, maſſacres, and aſſaſſinations, which had depopulated France, almoſt from the death of Francis I. in 1547. The leaguers were of three kinds; firſt, the zealous leaguers, who intended the utter

The Muſe, for thee, ſhall mount a nobler wing,
Attend thy triumphs, ev'ry vict'ry ſing,
Still follow to the field thy conq'ring ſword,
And ſtill, to future times, thy fame record.
Then Father Jordan, from his oozy bed,
Shall raiſe, with joy renew'd, his drooping head;
Idume's woods reſound my lofty ſong,
And Syria's diſtant hills the notes prolong.

ter deſtruction both of the Hugonots and the miniſtry; ſecondly, the Spaniſh leaguers, who had principally in view to transfer the crown to the king of Spain, or to the Infanta, his daughter; thirdly, the moderate leaguers, aimed only at the deſtruction of Calviniſm, without making any alteration in the government. St. Marthe ſeems to have held all the three ſorts in equal deteſtation.

Ver. 62. *And Syria's diſtant hills the notes prolong.*] It may be thought ſurprizing that a poet ſo intent on preſerving the lives of mankind, and ſo great an enemy to war and diſcord, ſhould ſuggeſt a cruſade, an expedition whoſe advantages were not likely, in any meaſure, to compenſate for the great expence of blood, and treaſure, with which it muſt, of neceſſity, be attended. But we muſt alſo remember, that he was zealous for the intereſt of the crown; and it is well obſerved, in the new-improved edition of Guthrie's Geographical Grammar, "That the cruſades were "of infinite ſervice to the crown of France in two reſpects; in "the firſt place, they carried off thouſands of its turbulent ſub-"jects, and their leaders, who were almoſt independent of the "king; in the next, the king ſucceeded to the eſtates of many of "the nobility, who died abroad without heirs." p. 448.

Meanwhile my Muſe delights in humbler themes,
In cares of Mothers, and in Infants' dreams;
How pregnant wives their babes unborn ſhould breed,
I ſing, and how, when born, ſhould clothe, and feed.
Thou too, bright Nymph, by fav'ring Juno made
The dear companion of my nuptial-bed,
While ſacred Hymen ev'ry care beguil'd,
And happier Concord on our union ſmil'd;
Spouſe of my heart, and treaſure of my life,
My much-belov'd, and ever-charming wife,
Since ev'ry wiſh is crown'd, ſince thy embrace,
Has made me Father of an Infant-race;
Since, ſtill for us, the torch of Venus burns,
And, on the genial bed, new joy returns;
Accept my ſong; hence thy ſoft cares improve,
And learn to nurſe the pledges of our love;
Leſt, when pale Death demands us for his own,
When iron ſlumbers preſs our bodies down;
When our departing ſouls diſperſe in air,
No ſon remain, no daughter's tender care,
To pay the fun'ral rites, the loſs to mourn,
And pour their tears on our neglected urn.
But chief th' eternal Father's aid implore
To rear that Offspring, which he gave before,

Leſt

Leſt the young plant, of late ſo thriving found,
Should waſte, like ſeed amidſt unfertile ground;
That you may ſtill a ſmiling infant bear,
To crown with pleaſure ev'ry circling year,
To call forth all the Mother in your breaſt,
And give declining age its wiſh'd-for reſt;
Be ever mindful of the bleſſing giv'n,
And pay, with grateful heart, due thanks to Heav'n.
No danger then, no low'ring ſky ſhall doom,
The beauteous bud to an untimely tomb;
Nor wint'ry froſt, nor chilling blaſt, deſtroy
The boaſted product of our mutual joy:
But dancing ſun-beams round his head ſhall play,
And balmy Zephyrs chaſe diſeaſe away.
Yet ſtill, with watchful care, thy charge defend,
Feed with attention, and with pleaſure tend,
Still open, for his uſe, the milky rill,
And, on his lips, th' ambroſial ſtream diſtill.
A Sage declar'd, and with the ſpeech I'm pleas'd,
No Mother ſhould from nurſing be releas'd,

But

Ver. 106. *No Mother ſhould from nurſing be releas'd,*] This has been ſaid by ſo many ſages of both ſexes, that it is not very eaſy to know whom the poet means; and I believe it has ſcarcely ever been denied, except by thoſe mothers who did not wiſh to give themſelves

But freely give what oft ſhe keeps with pain,
And let her Child the ſnowy fountains drain.
This the great parent, Nature, ſtill requires,
And warns in time, to pay their fond deſires,
Each Mother to be prudent, and prepare,
To nurſe her infant-young with pious care.
For when the womb the genial ſeed receives,
And ev'n before the new conception lives,
The ſiſter-breaſts the future birth reveal,
Become more firm, and form a nobler ſwell,

themſelves the trouble of it. The oldeſt maxims of this kind that I can find, at preſent, are in Pliny, and Aulus Gellius. The firſt tells us, in the twenty-eighth book, and ninth chapter of his Natural Hiſtory, "that the mother's milk is the proper nouriſh-"ment for infants." And the laſt, in the firſt chapter of his twelfth book, "That a woman ought to be the entire mother of "her child. How contrary to nature is this imperfect ſort of "mother, this mother by halves, who brings forth, and then "caſts off her offspring! who, after having nouriſhed in her "womb, and with her blood, ſomething which ſhe did not ſee, "does not now nouriſh with her milk what ſhe ſees living, be-"come a human creature, and imploring the aſſiſtance of its "mother." We are informed by Van Swieten, that a queen of France gave her ſon ſuck, nor would ſhe deſiſt from ſo doing when taken ill; and as, during the time of the fit of an intermitting fever, another matron gave her breaſt to the thirſty and crying child, ſhe was ſo much diſpleaſed at this, that ſhe thruſt her finger into the child's mouth, in order to excite a vomiting, being unwilling that another ſhould perform any part of the mother's office.

In

In their ſoft rills the ſacred nectar breed,
And tell their wiſh, the coming babe to feed.
But when the child within the cradle lies,
Demanding aid with tears, and melting cries,
Its ancient bounds th' o'erflowing moiſture breaks,
And, of itſelf, the helpleſs infant ſeeks;
If then reſtrain'd, the liquor fills with pains
The ſwelling Breaſt, and rages in the veins,
Would force its way from ev'ry winding maze,
And, for th' ungrateful deed, the mother pays.
  Beſides, ſince ev'ry milky fountain flows
By the ſame ſeed from which the fœtus grows,
What kinder nouriſhment could Nature give?
By what, ſo proper means, could infants live,
As from this ſacred ſource to draw their food,
And, with their own, to mix their mother's blood?

Spontaneous

Ver. 132. *And, with their own, to mix their mother's blood?*] The laſt-quoted author uſes the ſame argument: "Nothing can be "more natural, or beneficial for the child, than that it ſhould be "nouriſhed by the milk of its own mother. In the womb it had its "nouriſhment and growth from the mother's humours; nay, it "ſeems very probable, that, in the laſt months of pregnancy, the "milk was carried to the uterus and to the fœtus. If in grown "men, and men in health, a ſudden change in the manner of "living be not without danger; it is evident that there is great

"reaſon

Spontaneous ſtill the grateful liquor glides,
And ſtill the child ſucks in the flowing tides,
Attempts with hands and mouth the breaſt to ſeize,
And drains the kindred juice, and lies at eaſe;
The Juice, ſwift-circling thro' his infant-veins,
Diffuſes health, and ſtrength, and frees from pains.
Have you not ſeen, when little griefs engage
His infant-heart, and hurt his tender age,
To ſoothe his ſoft complaints, the mother fly,
And bring the tempting breaſt before his eye,
Advance the nipple to his op'ning lip,
And give him ſtill th' ambroſial juice to ſip,
Then, ſtrange to tell, new pleaſure fill his mind,
And calm his griefs, and mingle with the wind?
The child delights his cure from hence to bring,
And lies immers'd amid the fragrant ſpring;

"reaſon to fear, leſt a new-born child, by an improper nouriſh-
"ment, ſhould decline in health. But, as breaſts were given
"not only to women but to quadrupeds, in ſo much the greater
"number as they are uſed to bear a greater number of young,
"that all may have their food ready, as ſoon as they are born,
"it appears evidently that new-born children ſhould be nouriſhed
"by the milk of their mothers till, their bodily ſtrength en-
"creaſing, and their teeth being grown, they are able to take
"more ſubſtantial food, which may require a greater effort of
"digeſtion, and convert it to their own uſe." Van Swiet. in Boerhaav. Aphoriſm. 1354.

The

The ſame that, ere his eyes beheld the day,
While yet impriſon'd in the womb he lay,
Was giv'n by Nature for his earlieſt food,
And fill'd his ſlender veins with circling blood.
The dye juſt changes, when, by winding ways,
Swift thro' the breaſt the vital current ſtrays;
Thro' glands pure white th' exulting juices flow,
Leave the firm red, and melt in tides of ſnow;
Of milk the colour, and the name, they take,
But yet their ancient nature ne'er forſake.
So, when the Cyclops haſte their work to frame,
And the huge bellows blows the rapid flame,
The ſooty coal to living ſulphur turns,
And bright the maſs within the chimney burns;
But, if the metal gentler heat require,
And ſprinkled water quench the liquid fire,
The changing coal its former hue regains,
But red, or black, the ſubſtance ſtill remains.
That ſnow-white colour too, moſt undefil'd,
Suits beſt the nature of an infant-child,
Who ne'er ſhould tinge his tender jaws with blood,
As if, from recent ſlaughter, came his food;

Leſt,

Leſt, from his early years, he ſhould acquire
A cruel heart, and burn with impious fire;

But

Ver. 172. *A cruel heart, and burn with impious fire,*] If we reaſon from analogy, there can be no doubt but different ſpecies of food will give a different diſpoſition of mind in every ſtage of life; but more eſpecially in infants, whoſe minds, yet unformed, and only coming to perfection with their bodies, are more liable to be affected by any change of diet than thoſe arrived at the years of maturity. All four-footed animals are ſavage, or tame, according to their food; and it is ſaid, that ſome wild creatures have been rendered quite peaceable, and in a manner domeſtic, by giving them a vegetable diet. A humorous illuſtration of this may be drawn from the whimſical ſyſtem of Alma, by Mr. Prior; who ſuppoſes Alma, or the mind, to be ſeated in the ſtomach:

" I ſay, whatever you maintain
" Of Alma, in the heart or brain,
" The plaineſt man alive can tell ye
" Her ſeat of empire is the belly:
" From hence ſhe ſends out thoſe ſupplies
" That make us either ſtout or wiſe.
" The ſtrength of ev'ry other member
" Is founded on your belly-timber:
" The qualms and raptures of your blood
" Riſe in proportion to your food.—
" Your ſtomach makes your fabric roll,
" Juſt as the bias rules the bowl.
" That great Achilles might employ
" The ſtrength deſign'd to ruin Troy,
" He din'd on Lion's marrow, ſpread
" On toaſts of ammunition-bread:

" But

But let the fragrant nectar calm his mind,
And whiteneſs ſtill with innocence be join'd.

The briſtly boar, on the cold mountain's head,
The ſpotted tigreſs, in low valleys bred,
And all the monſters of the ſavage throng,
With their rude nipples, feed their infant-young.
And wilt thou, Woman! grac'd with gentleſt mind,
Become more fierce than this terrific kind?
Say, does thy infant likeneſs touch thee not,
When, with complaints, he ſtrains his little throat?
Will you not pity, and his wants relieve,
When ſtill he begs what none but you can give?

"But, by his mother ſent away,
"Among the Thracian girls to play,
"Effeminate he ſat, and quiet,
"Strange product of a cheeſe-cake diet.—
"The Youngſter who, at nine and three,
"Drinks, with his ſiſters, milk and tea,
"From breakfaſt reads till twelve o'clock
"Burnet and Heylin, Hobbes and Locke;
"He pays due viſits afternoon
"To couſin Alice, and uncle John;
"At ten from coffee-houſe or play
"Returning, finiſhes the day.
"But give him port and potent ſack,
"From milkſop he ſtarts up mohack, &c."

ALMA, Canto III.

Is not his being thine, his blood thy own,
And ſtand'ſt thou deaf and ſtupid at his moan?
Unhappy Boy! whoſe pleaſing burden ſeems
Too hard for thee, bewitch'd with other dreams.
Delight'ſt thou not his beauteous head to lay
On thy ſoft Breaſt, to ſee him ſmile and play?
Who elſe ſhould cheriſh thy neglected young,
Hear their firſt voice, and calm their liſping tongue?
Wilt thou to others, madly, thus reſign
The joyful cares, that ſhould alone be thine,
That hence thou may'ſt more youthful airs aſſume,
And keep thy boſom, as in virgin-bloom?

Bleſt is the Mother, from ſuch errors free,
That her own image, in her Child, can ſee;
Whoſe breaſt maternal cares alone can move,
Who finds her duty center'd in her love,
Obeys her huſband, ſlights all foreign charms,
And breeds her infant in her parent-arms.

Ver. 196. *And keep thy boſom, as in virgin-bloom?*] In the ſame manner Aulus Gellius, in the place already quoted: "Do you "then imagine that Nature gave women breaſts, like a ſort of "beautiful excreſcences, to adorn their cheſts, and not to nouriſh "children? Thus moſt of thoſe unnatural women endeavour to "dry up and quench that moſt ſacred fountain of the body, with "the hazard of turning the milk out of its courſe, and corrupting "it, as though it ſpoiled their beauty."

Then

Then you, to whom the fav'ring Gods have giv'n
A gen'rous mind, alone the gift of Heav'n,
Be nurſe yourſelf, and ev'ry ſinew ſtrain
To keep that offspring, which you bore with pain.
Learn of the Muſe (for I my work review,
Here end digreſſions, and my theme purſue)
Not to delay till time of birth draw near,
But watch the ſigns of life that firſt appear;
As, when the monthly tides forbear to flow,
The breaſts feel harder, and more tumid grow;
When ſtays too tight, and girdles ſtraight demand
The kind aſſiſtance of a ſlack'ning hand.
Each Mother, from this ſure preſage, may know
When the young fœtus firſt begins to grow;
Then let her for th' expected birth prepare,
And to preſerve her child bend all her care;
Leſt, this neglected, ſhe, who gave it breath,
Should prove the cauſe of its untimely death.

Ver. 216. *When the young fœtus firſt begins to grow*;] That is, in healthy women; for ſeveral diſorders may produce the ſame effects in thoſe of a weakly conſtitution. And, when any woman is in the leaſt doubtful with regard to her ſituation in this reſpect, ſhe ought, without delay, to conſult her attending phyſician; and, when aſſured of the reality of her pregnancy, to give up every other care, for the ſake of preſerving herſelf and her infant.

And, chief, remember not to gird too tight
Your ſwelling waiſt, tho' pleaſing to the ſight,
Nor, for a ſhape, within the ſtraighten'd womb,
Like Gallic mothers, the poor Child intomb;
Elſe of the fatal deed you'll ſoon repent,
And, for your infant's death, too late lament.
Hurt not yourſelf, leſt you ſhould hurt your Child,
And thus, ev'n ſhould it live, its health be ſpoil'd;
From ev'ry paſſion, that affects your mind,
The captive infant weal, or woe will find,
And of your health or ſickneſs, joy or pain,
Thro' all its future life the marks retain.
Be careful then each point of dreſs t' unbind,
While, in the womb, the fœtus lives confin'd;

Ver. 221, 222. ——— *remember not to gird too tight*
Your ſwelling waiſt, ——— This moſt neceſſary maxim ſhould always be put in practice. For nothing tends ſo much to produce weakly children, and to bring on abortions (which, beſides the loſs of the child, are conſtantly attended with more difficult recoveries than a natural lying-in) as the abſurd cuſtom, which young wives are apt to fall into, from an over-modeſty, eſpecially in their firſt pregnancies, of girding their waiſts as if they were ſtill virgins; by which means, the fœtus is not permitted to grow, nor the blood of the mother to circulate. And the effects of one ſuch miſtake will ſometimes continue a whole life-time, not only in ruining the conſtitutions of future children, but entirely preventing the mother from conceiving afterwards.

And

And ſince the body ſickens from the ſoul,
Nor, this diſeas'd, can ever that be whole,
Leſt vacant Nature prove a faithleſs guide,
And from her wonted office turn aſide,
Whence indigeſtion, whence crude juices riſe,
And mighty woes, by which your infant dies,
Subdue deſires, nor let your troubled mind
Immod'rate love, or fear, or ſadneſs, find:
Give not yourſelf ev'n to the nuptial-joy,
Or aught, that may your ſtrength or peace deſtroy;
Try, what you can, to lead a placid life,
To baniſh noiſe and paſſion, care and ſtrife;
From all that agitates due diſtance keep,
And let the ſoother of your ſoul be ſleep:

But,

Ver. 243. *Give not yourſelf ev'n to the nuptial joy.*] That is, immoderately; for the ſtate both of pregnancy and nurſing requires the completion of every wiſh more completely than any other ſituation in life; as will be ſhewn in the progreſs of the poem.

Ver. 248. *And let the ſoother of your ſoul be ſleep:*] As pregnancy advances, the fœtus, encreaſing in ſize, preſſes the ſurrounding blood-veſſels; and the blood, being thus more confined to the head and the upper parts of the body, brings on an inclination to ſleep; which, if not too much indulged, contributes, in no ſmall degree, both to the growth of the child and the eaſe of the mother. And here I cannot help taking notice of a moſt pernicious practice, which prevails in every town in Scotland, and perhaps,

But, ev'n in this, undue extremes are wrong,
And never ſhould your ſlumbers laſt too long;
Refreſh your weary'd limbs with ſoft repoſe,
When, heavy from fatigue, your eye-lids cloſe;
But riſe whene'er you feel recruited might,
Let morning toil put ev'ning ſleep to flight;

in ſome other countries, of ſetting pregnant women, and even nurſes, to keep ſhops: by which their minds as well as bodies are held in conſtant agitation; they are expoſed to cold, without the advantage of exerciſe, obliged to wake when they ſhould ſleep, and have not a moment that they can call their own. For the loſs of a ſingle cuſtomer to people accuſtomed to this way of life never fails to make them uneaſy, and inclines them to run every hazard, without regard to themſelves or their infants, rather than ſuch a diſaſtrous accident ſhould happen. Nothing contributes more to the deſtruction of families, and the conſequent diminution of the human ſpecies, than this abſurd cuſtom. And, from the additional expence attending abortions, and the rearing of weakly children, few of whom can be expected to arrive at the years of maturity, all the advantages, that even avarice can expect to derive from it, are more than tenfold compenſated. But thoſe, who may be obliged to ſubject their wives to any laborious employment unadapted to the ſtate of pregnancy ſhould be very cautious in chooſing them, in the moſt important article of health. Health and beauty are rarely disjoined: with theſe good-humour is commonly united; and it may be taken for granted, that a ſickly girl will become a peeviſh wife, an evil for which neither birth, nor fortune, can make any amends; beſides the hazard of loſing the children produced by ſuch an union; which, as has been obſerved in the preface, is the greateſt misfortune incident to humanity.

Let

Let reſt from labour, this from reſt proceed,
And, in their turns, the mutual helps ſucceed;
For ſleep, too much indulg'd, brings on diſeaſe,
And many miſchiefs flow from ſloth and eaſe;
Hence vitiated blood obſtructs the veins,
Hence wat'ry humours breed new woes and pains,
O'erflow the body with their chilling weight,
And dull the mind, and leſſen vital heat.
Have you not ſeen, from lakes and marſhy ground,
The ſtagnant wave ſpread noxious vapours round,
But running water, from the ſparkling rill,
Shine in the glaſs, and you with pleaſure fill?
The body thus, from exerciſe, acquires
New health, new ſtrength, and briſker vital fires.
Motion, and heat produc'd by notion, prove
The cure of all obſtructed paths, remove
Whate'er, of heavy or of uſeleſs, fills
The ſluggiſh veins, or ſtops the vital rills,
And make the pains of child-birth glide away,
When the young fœtus puſhes into day;
Nor can o'erflowing humour then detain
The ling'ring child, or render labour vain;
But ſleep and motion make the body pure,
Clear ev'ry paſſage, bring him forth mature,

Set open all his priſon-doors with eaſe,
And free the mother from her long diſeaſe.
But gentle be your toil, your motion light;
Elſe this, like ſleep indulg'd, may break your might.
Hence you muſt be the ſprightly dance forbid,
For which the fair of France ſo oft are chid;
For this the widow, maid, the matron ſage,
If young, or old, with equal paſſion, rage:
Such freedoms might perhaps, in former days,
Have been permitted, when, in all their ways,
Our ladies, like the Sabine dames of old,
Were ſtill diſcreet, as beauteous to behold;
Then wiſdom mix'd with mirth, and ev'ry fair
Partook diverſions with a modeſt air.
But theſe good times are o'er; each friſking dame
Will dance as drunk, and loſt is fear of ſhame:
Like Bacchanals they ſeem; nor was the feaſt
Of the lewd God e'er with ſuch madneſs grac'd;
Not all his vot'ries made ſuch noiſe around;
So mov'd their limbs, and ſhook the trembling ground.
Nor other are their tempting motions ſeen,
Than when to thee, Priapus, pow'r obſcene,
Were meaſur'd dances trod, lewd ditties ſung,
And ev'ry grove with tinkling cymbals rung.

* * *

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They hug the men; off their looſe garments fly;
Their naked beauties meet the wanton eye;
They (ſhameful to be told!) provoke deſires,
Scarce, in the dancing-room, reſtrain their fires,
But kiſs, embrace; and wives the ſcene enjoy,
That muſt, ere long, their babes unborn deſtroy.

From

Ver. 310. *That muſt ere long their babes unborn deſtroy.*] From the common accounts of the manners of the French ladies, they would not ſeem to be much altered for the worſe ſince the days of St. Marthe. The paſſion for dancing prevails equally in both ſexes; but it is likely the cuſtom of painting the face and neck was not then introduced, otherwiſe it would not have paſſed unnoticed in this ſevere ſatire on his country women: it is thus deſcribed by Dr. Smollett.

"I ſhall mention only one cuſtom more, which ſeems to carry "human affectation to the very fartheſt verge of folly and extra- "vagance; that is the manner in which the faces of the ladies are "primed and painted. It is generally ſuppoſed that part of the "fair ſex, in ſome other countries, make uſe of fard and ver- "milion for very different purpoſes; namely, to help a bad, or "faded complexion, to heighten the graces, or to conceal the "defects of nature, as well as the ravages of time. I ſhall not "enquire whether it is juſt and honeſt to impoſe in this manner "upon mankind. If it is not honeſt, it may be allowed to be "artful and politic, and ſhews, at leaſt, a deſire of being agree- "able. But to lay it on as the faſhion in France preſcribes to all "the ladies of condition, who indeed cannot appear without this

From ſcenes like theſe, ye pregnant mothers, run,
And, as ye prize your healths, take care to ſhun
The joys of Venus; curb each looſe deſire,
Leſt added fuel quench the former fire,
Leſt ye ſhould loſe the fruits of pleaſure gone,
And love itſelf undo what love had done.
Her ſuitors thus Penelope deceiv'd;
She loos'd by night what ſhe by day had weav'd.
Exceſs of dancing, and immod'rate love,
Still fatal to th' impriſon'd fœtus prove;
The mother too is puniſh'd for her crime,
She brings th' abortive birth before the time.
And ſure ſhe ſeems her due deſert to find:
But how could'ſt thou, nor cruel, nor unkind,

" badge of diſtinction, is to diſguiſe themſelves in ſuch a manner as to render them odious and deteſtable to every ſpectator, who has the leaſt reliſh for nature and propriety. As for the " fard, or white, with which their necks and ſhoulders are " plaſtered, it may be in ſome meaſure excuſable, as their ſkins " are naturally brown or ſallow; but the rouge, which is daubed " on their faces from the chin up to the eyes, without the leaſt " art or dexterity, not only deſtroys all diſtinction of features, " but renders the aſpect really frightful, or at leaſt, conveys no- " thing but the idea of diſguſt and averſion. Without this hor- " rible maſk no lady is admitted to court, or in any polite aſ- " ſembly."

Merit

Merit this fate from her, ere guilt you knew,
Poor babe! or this contagious world could view?
Perhaps (who knows th' o'erruling pow'r of Heav'n?)
The world's great empire had to you been giv'n:
You might have Nature's ſecret laws unveil'd,
The courſe of Suns and wand'ring orbs reveal'd;
In arts or arms a deathleſs name acquir'd,
Liv'd as you choſe, and been what you deſir'd,
Who, thro' your mother's guilt, have loſt your frame,
And, juſt exiſting, dy'd without a name.
Think, cruel woman! that thy bowels bear
The Lord of all beneath the ſtarry ſphere,
The ſacred likeneſs of th' eternal King;
To whom, whatever fans with rapid wing
The circumambient air, or upward flies
Amid the clouds, and nearer views the ſkies,
Inhabits earth, or ſwims the wat'ry way,
The great Creator gave, and bade obey.
And ſtriv'ſt thou not with all thy ſtrength and pow'r,
To keep thy truſt, and bleſs his natal hour?

Ver. 344. *To keep thy truſt, and bleſs his natal hour?*] The preceding paragraph merits the higheſt conſideration from every pregnant woman, in whoſe power it is, by proper management, to prevent abortion in almoſt every caſe.

For

For what remains, chuſe viands light and good,
And, choſen well, be ſparing of your food;
Leſt, to the beſt too conſtantly inur'd,
You bring new maladies ere old be cur'd;
Your ſtomach, lab'ring with the weight you bear,
Requires but little of ev'n the lighteſt fare:
Avoid too much of bitter, ſalt or ſour,
Nor fruits unripe, nor ſallads raw devour;
Yet, in whate'er you take, conſult your taſte,
The ſweeteſt food is eaſieſt to digeſt.
Chuſe you the ſofteſt; Cytherea's dove
Will pleaſe your palate, and your wit improve;

Uſe

Ver. 355, 356. ——— *Cytherea's dove*
Will pleaſe your palate, and your wit improve;] The fleſh of pigeons, being nouriſhing, ſtrengthening, ſomewhat binding, containing much volatile ſalt, and hence ſaid by ſome authors to be uſeful in curing convulſions, may be ſuppoſed to improve the mind as well as the body: though this is contrary to the obſervation of the learned Dr. Lemery, who ſays, that thoſe of a melancholic habit ſhould uſe them more ſparingly than any other perſons. The ſame author obſerves of turtle-doves, the food here recommended, "That they are the fineſt kind of pigeons; "that the cock is uſually of an aſh-colour, with a ring about his "neck: there are alſo ſome of them white, eſpecially in cold "countries. The turtle is either wild or tame: they love to "live in ſandy, rough, or mountainous places; and they keep "on the top of trees where they build their neſts; but frequently "come down into the plains and gardens to ſeek for food. Ariſ-

"totle

Uſe capons freely, partridges the ſame,
And that ſweet bird which we from Phaſis name;
Nor veal, nor lamb, nor chickens, I forbid,
Nor, till his horns are grown, the ſucking kid.

If

" totle obſerves, that they go into hot countries in the winter, " and cold ones in the ſummer. It is obſerved, that they live to " be eight years old, and that the cock is uſually longer lived " than the hen. The fleſh of the turtle is not ſo dry as that of " the wild pigeon. It is better taſted, and produces good " juice: when this bird is fat, tender, and young, it is delicate " food. Hence Martial ſays,

" Dum mihi pinguis erit turtur, lactuca valebis
" Et cochleas tibi habe; perdere nolo famem.

" Galen alſo much extolls the goodneſs of the turtle, and ſays " that it is a food that is neither too groſs, nor too ſlight, and " in a word very wholeſome."

Ver. 358. *And that ſweet bird which we from Phaſis name*;] Pheaſants, ſo called from Phaſis, a river of Colchis, where they were firſt diſcovered, and hence are called " Aves Phaſianæ" by Pliny, lib. x. cap. 48. Capons, partridges, and pheaſants, all partake of the ſame nature, though the pheaſant is the ſweeteſt, and moſt delicious.

Ver. 360. *Nor, till his horns are grown, the ſucking kid.*] Dr. Lemery obſerves that " A kid ſhould always be choſen under the " age of ſix months, ſtill ſucking, that has not been fed upon " herbs, whoſe dam is healthy, well-fed, and gives plenty of " milk; that, when it attains to the age of an he-goat, its fleſh " is of a rank, unpleaſant taſte and ſmell, and therefore not " much uſed for food." The fleſh of this animal likewiſe contains much volatile ſalt; and St. Marthe ſeems to prefer food of this

If theſe delight you not; if, prone to change,
Your appetite deſire a wider range;
Then rather from the ſea your viands take
Than from the ſlimy ſtream, or ſtanding lake;

For

this kind for pregnant women. Lemery tells us, on I know not what authority, that "A certain ancient wreſtler of Thebes accuſtomed himſelf to live upon goats fleſh, and that he excelled all others of his time in ſtrength: and this might be becauſe the goat, being a lively, nimble, and light animal, and conſequently containing many exalted principles, communicated thoſe very volatile and active principles to him." In the ſame manner theſe volatile principles may be communicated to the fœtus by the blood of the mother, and tend to form an active, lively child. The fleſh of the female goat, at whatever age, is of a different nature from that of the male, and diſapproved of by Plutarch, Ariſtotle, and Hippocrates.

Ver. 363, 364. *Then rather, from the ſea, your viands take*
Than from the ſlimy ſtream, or ſtanding lake;] As thoſe land animals which breathe the pureſt air are moſt vigorous, lively, and make the moſt wholeſome food; ſo fiſhes, to whom water impregnated with air anſwers the ſame purpoſe, are always more delicious, and better food, according to the purity of the element they breathe. Hence trout, gudgeons, and other ſmall fiſhes that delight in running ſtreams are preferable to pike, and thoſe found in ſlime, lakes, and the oozy beds of ſlow-moving rivers. The agitation of the ſea, that keeps this element always wholeſome for their uſe, and the quantity of ſalt they muſt there inhale, make ſea fiſhes; particularly the ſmaller kinds, of an eaſy digeſtion, and more fit for being changed into good nouriſhment for the fœtus. But, as St. Marthe obſerves, they ſhould only be

uſed

For fiſhes bred in ſwelling ooze, and mud,
Will dull your mind, and prove unwholeſome food;
Yet what clear brooks and running ſtreams ſupply,
Are fit to eat, and pleaſing to the eye.
To quench your thirſt, mix water with your wine,
'Tis good that both their friendly aid combine;
But let the wine be ſtill diluted well,
Leſt you encreaſe what thus you wiſh t' expel:
And oft may ſallads, herbs, and ripen'd fruits
As grateful prove, as each your palate ſuits;

uſed now and then for variety; and, according to Hippocrates, cod-fiſh and eels ſhould be eaten very ſparingly by all perſons, as the reader will find in the note on ver. 817, of Book III.

Ver. 369. *To quench your thirſt, drink water with your wine,*] This direction is no doubt very proper, and well adapted to the poet's own country-women, who take wine and water for their common drink. But in Great Britain, where this is not the caſe, good ſmall-beer may be uſed with ſufficient propriety, and, in many inſtances, will prove more grateful to the ſtomach.

Ver. 373, 374. *And oft may ſallads, herbs, and ripen'd fruits*
As grateful prove ——————————.]

Theſe may be taken at all times of pregnancy by every woman who inclines to them, and particularly in the laſt months, when encreaſing heavineſs, and ſometimes ſwelling of the limbs, indicate that liquids ſhould be ſparingly uſed. But the principal reaſon for adviſing them here ſeems to be, in order to prevent the immoderate uſe of wine.

Their

Their kindly juices, when the body's dry,
Will prove more cool, and better ſap ſupply:
But chuſe them well, and keep a meaſure ſtill,
Nor let your appetite o'ercôme your will:
We ſcarcely have a teeming female found,
Who could, in food or drink, her longings bound;
And ſuch is oft their monſt'rous hunger ſeen,
Not only fruits they chew, unripe and green,
But earth, and ſoot, and cinders take, for fôod,
And broken ſtones, and chips of rotten wood.
And thouſand other vicious viands chuſe,
Deſign'd by Nature for ſome diff'rent uſe.
Once I beheld, to glut her rav'nous maw,
A pregnant woman living chickens draw
Swift from beneath the creſted mother's wing,
Who ſcream'd in vain, nor could aſſiſtance bring;
Fiercely ſhe ſnatch'd them, flutt'ring as they ſtood,
Devour'd the fleſh, and drank the reeking blood:
Within her jaws the brood were heard to cry,
One half was ſwallow'd ere each bird could die;
Bones, feathers, garbidge in her mouth were ſeen,
And floating gore deform'd her breaſts obſcene.
Nor e'er the lioneſs, by famine ſtung,
To ſeize her helpleſs prey more fiercely ſprung

On

On Libyan plains, nor with more fury tore,
Nor blacker dropp'd her jaws with clotted gore.
Bright Phœbus! father of the tuneful throng,
To whom alone ſuch knowledge can belong,
Oh! ſay, what cauſes this fell fury breed,
And what the means of cure, that beſt ſucceed;

Ver. 400. *Nor blacker dropp'd her jaws with clotted gore.*] Whoever reads the preceding paſſage in the text will ſcarce be ſurprized at the ſtory, told by Mr. Addiſon, of a lady, who longed to partake with a flock of carrion-crows, whom ſhe ſaw feaſting deliciouſly on the fleſh of a dead horſe. And perhaps that in Perigrine Pickle may be taken from nature; where Mrs. Trunnion is repreſented as longing for a hair from the beard of her huſband; and, what was worſe, ſhe muſt have the pleaſure of pulling it out herſelf. There can be no reaſon to doubt the truth of the foregoing narration, ſince the poet declares himſelf an eye-witneſs:

Vidi ego quæ trepidis criſtatæ matris ab alis
Nequicquam arguto crepitantes gutture pullos
Corriperetque ferox, et crudos protinus artus
(Sicut erant) avido crudeliter ore voraret, &c.

Medical hiſtory affords many inſtances of ſuch unnatural deſires. And, however ſtrange theſe appetites may appear, they are frequently implanted not only in the minds of pregnant women, but of men labouring under an epilepſy, and other nervous diſorders; and the ſuppreſſion of them is, in all caſes, attended with danger to the patient; but more eſpecially in pregnant women, whoſe nerves are conſtantly irritated by the motion of the fœtus within; whoſe growth; and indeed whoſe exiſtence depends on keeping the mother at eaſe both in body and mind.

Leſt,

Leſt, from theſe longings, miſerable wives,
And babes unborn, together loſe their lives?
You too that, with unceaſing labour, earn'd
Your ſkill, and of Hippocrates have learn'd;
Ye happy few! to whom the God imparts
The laws of Nature, and the pow'r of arts,
The cauſe of ev'ry dire diſeaſe to know,
And bring relief t' afflicted man below;
Shut not your poet from your ſacred haunts,
To whom the God an equal ſuccour grants;
For both alike inſpiring influence feel,
Me Phœbus taught to ſing, and you to heal.
  Then, firſt, whatever lives, whate'er we find
To bear within an animating mind,
That ſprings from ſeed, or circles vital blood,
Preſerves its life by due ſupplies of food:
Thus parent-earth conveys, thro' ſpreading roots,
Her kindly moiſture into tender ſhoots.
And, if mild Suns and ſkies aſſiſt the plants,
Hence are ſupply'd all vegetable wants;
They ſuck the grateful juice, that ſlowly ſlides
Thro' ſlender tubes, and o'er their bodies glides:
Hence graſs is green, hence flow'rs are always fair,
Hence trees have leaves, and ſpread their arms in air.

But animals, by Nature taught to move,
Remain unfix'd, and ev'ry where may rove;
And ſince, all unconfin'd, they have their birth,
Suck not their nouriſhment from mother earth.
But roam at large to find ſupplies of blood,
And from uncertain ſources draw their food.
For them kind Nature bounteouſly took care
The belly, for a ſtore-houſe, to prepare;
Where gather'd foods they place, and all recruits
Of nouriſhment, that with their temper ſuits.
Hence veins, like roots, that pierce the parent-lap,
In winding tubes bear off the vital ſap,
Thro' ev'ry member pour the grateful ſtore,
And flagging life with healing blood reſtore;
Nor find abſorbing veins the means of reſt,
But, with inceſſant hunger, ſhare the feaſt;
To drain the ſtomach is their ſole employ;
To circulate new blood their only joy;
And ſuch their craving that, the food conſum'd,
Their empty mouths, to conſtant motion doom'd,
With painful ſuction the ſhrunk entrails draw,
The fibres irritate, and ſeem to gnaw,
Thus telling, that, without a new ſupply,
The whole diſtemper'd frame muſt ſhortly die.

The ſick'ning body feels the ſad complaint,
The blood decays, the failing members faint;
Within the ſtomach acrid humours breed,
Encreaſe the twinge, and give deſire to feed;
But, if or inward, or external cauſe
This humour from its nat'ral temper draws,
The fretted ſtomach ſtrange deſires will find,
And, with unnat'ral longings fill the mind.

Thus Nature, pregnancy begun, reſtrains
The monthly flux, and for the child detains;
The circling blood, that outward us'd to flow,
Gives him new ſtrength, and makes his body grow:
But, till the moon run thrice her Journey o'er,
The little embryo can't conſume the ſtore,

Ver. 456. *Encreaſe the twinge, and give deſire to feed.*] This account of the cauſes of Hunger is perhaps as ſatisfactory as any that can yet be given, even ſince the important diſcoveries of the circulation, and lymphatics. Hunger is commonly defined to be "A certain uneaſy ſenſation in the ſtomach; which induces us to "wiſh for ſolid food; and which likewiſe ſerves to point out the "proper quantity and time for taking it." A liquor, called the gaſtric juice, every where lubricates the inner coat of the ſtomach. This humour mixes with the aliment in the ſtomach, and helps to prepare it for its paſſage into the inteſtines; but, when the ſtomach is perfectly empty, this ſame fluid irritates the coats of the viſcus, and occaſions the ſenſation of hunger.

But part mounts upward in redundant tides,
O'erflows the veſſels, to the ſtomach glides,
Remains, and, mixing with the gaſtric juice,
Depraves its nature, and unfits for uſe.
Not other than ſhould Glanio's ſilver flood,
Repuls'd by ſwelling ſeas, and ſtill withſtood,
Back, thro' his channel, to the ſource return,
And fill with refluent waves his wat'ry urn;
Then burſt his banks, polluted billows yield,
And ſtain with ooze, and mud, th' adjacent field.
The ſtomach, thus with vicious juice imbu'd,
In pregnant women, from redundant blood,

Ver. 476. *And ſtain with ooze, and mud, th' adjacent field.*] One cannot help obſerving the propriety of the ſimiles in this poem, eſpecially when applied to ſuch intricate ſubjects, of which they ſerve to give the reader a much more complete idea. The original is flowing, and harmonious:

Non alitèr quàm ſi oppoſito pater obice Clanus
In caput ipſe ſuum refluat, vicinaque latè
Oblinat exundans informi jugera limo.

The Glanio, called by ſome Gariglano, is a river of Naples, riſing in the farther Abruzzo, and diſcharging itſelf into the Tuſcan ſea, between Seſſa and Mola. Running but a ſhort ſpace, and through a plain country, it was more proper for the preſent compariſon than rivers of a longer courſe, and deſcending from high mountains.

A new diſeaſe the teeming mother ſeeks,
We Pica name, called Citta by the Greeks:
For three long moons, the liquid unconſum'd
To change its place, and nature both is doom'd;
The gaſtric fibres burn with fierce deſire
Of food, and oft unnat'ral meats require.
Then (wonderful to tell!) if you deny
The ſtrange requeſt, nor with their wiſh comply,

Ver. 480. *We Pica name, call'd Citta by the Greeks:*] Κίττα, "Cieta," is the Greek name for a magpie, as Pica is the Latin. And this name was given to the longings of pregnant women, either becauſe they long for different ſorts of food, as this bird is covered with different-coloured feathers; or, according to ſome, becauſe a magpie is liable to the ſame longings as a woman. Goræus in Κίττα. Alſo, becauſe both are equally given to chattering. Pliny calls it "malacia," from μαλακος, "weak;" becauſe women, in a ſtate of pregnancy, are more weak, and helpleſs than at other times. Goræus tells us, that, "This diſorder "chiefly affects women from the end of the ſecond, to the be-"ginning of the fourth month of pregnancy; when part of the "noxious humour being expelled by vomiting, the reſt is ab-"ſorbed, and the fœtus, encreaſing in bulk, becomes capable of "conſuming all the redundant blood in the veſſels of the mo-"ther." This diſorder conſiſts both in a deſire of unuſual things to eat and drink, and in being ſoon tired of one, and wanting another. Chlorotic girls, men troubled with ſuppreſſed hemorrhoids (which, in ſome meaſure, reſemble the monthly flux of a woman) are ſubject to this complaint, and relieved by promoting the reſpective evacuations. Alſo thoſe who labour under an acute fever.

Avenging

Avenging Nature, from unknown deſigns,
With ſpots and marks the fœtus' body ſigns,
With ſtains indelible, that never can
Wear out, thro' life, in woman, or in man.
And! (ſtranger ſtill) while in the mother's breaſt
This paſſion ſways, and rages o'er the reſt,
Whatever place ſhe ſcratches, or beſmears,
A mark, in the ſame part, her infant bears:
Hence oft unſeemly moles and freckles grow
On virgin-boſoms white, beſides, as ſnow;
O'er beauteous bodies wens and tumours ſteal,
And, for the mothers' guilt, the daughters feel.
But ſince, O Muſe! in part, you underſtand
The wond'rous works of Nature's various hand,
The cauſe of theſe ſurprizing ills reveal,
Nor, from your poet, what you know conceal.
When violent the likeneſs is impreſt
Of the wiſh'd object, on the mother's breaſt,
Thither the whole collected ſpirits run,
To that they turn, to that they bend alone;
And, from the touch imparted to the ſkin,
The blood conveys it to the child within;
While, latent in the womb the child abides,
The mother's blood thro' his thin veſſels glides,

Feeds both alike, diffuſing o'er the whole,
And both are fill'd with one informing ſoul;
But he, the weakeſt, feels her fatal flame
Of longing, moſt to agitate his frame;
His ſofter ſkin receives this ardent fire,
And takes, like wax, the form of her deſire.

Inſpire me next, ye ſacred Nine! to tell
What means, what art, may this diſtemper heal;
What beſt prevent theſe miſchiefs, that annoy
The mother's life, and oft the babe deſtroy.

It much concerns all pregnant, if they burn
With lovers' flames that, tho' ſuppreſs'd, return,
Not to conſume with unindulg'd deſire,
But yield, with caution, to the raging fire.
For, from the wiſh obtain'd, the body feels
A new complacence, that each illneſs heals:
Hence long'd-for food ſhakes off uneaſy weight,
And o'er the limbs diffuſes native heat,

Ver. 516. *And takes, like wax, the form of her deſire.*] That marks and ſpots on the human body ariſe from the imagination of the mother, is a long and commonly received opinion; and muſt be adopted till a better is ſubſtituted in its place, of which there ſeems no great likelihood. This being one of the arcana of nature, which, it is more than probable, will be for ever concealed from human eyes. I have not been able to find a more rational account of it, than what is given in the text.

That

That ſtirs crude humours, opens all the pores,
Expels the ſluggiſh juice, and health reſtores.
Then, ſince all pregnant ſtomachs chiefly long
For acrids, bitters, and for acids ſtrong,
Why let them, cautious, uſe themſelves to them;
They ſcour the bowels, and correct the phlegm.
Of theſe let capers claim pre-eminence;
Let verdant olives their ſharp juice diſpenſe;
In bright pomegranates, of the punic kind,
A grateful pulp lurks underneath the rind:
With fruits, like theſe, you ſafely pleaſe your taſte,
And let the Cretan apple crown the feaſt.
If drugs you wiſh for, you may uſe them too,
But have a wiſe phyſician in your view;
Conſult with him, when you with longings burn,
And hold old women's idle tales in ſcorn.
By ſuch prevailing arts you'll work your cure,
And wait the future birth, from ill ſecure.

Ver. 340. *And let the Cretan apple crown the feaſt.*] No method has yet been diſcovered for curing this diſorder, except indulging the cravings of the appetite. All that can be done is to try to direct it a little, as in the text. And where the fruits here mentioned cannot be had, oranges, lemons, any ripe fruit, or vegetable bitter may be ſubſtituted in their place.

Then, when the nine revolving moons are run,
When now the long-expected hour comes on,
Invoke Lucina's aid, with potent voice,
And let a ſkilful midwife be your choice;
That death, nor danger, may the birth attend,
But former pains in coming pleaſures end.
Let her, with hand and voice, aſſiſt your throes,
With oft-repeated touches ſoothe your woes,
On your ſmooth belly rub diſſolving oils,
Relax the ſeats of joy by gentle wiles,
Unlock the ſecret bars with vapours bland,
And, for the child, the ſtraighten'd doors expand.
Then, whether on a bed your limbs repoſe,
Or in a chair you wait the coming throes,
(For either way is good), be not diſmay'd,
Nor of the fierceſt pain at all afraid;
Let not your ſtrength of mind to theſe give way,
But conquer ſtill, leſt you the birth delay.

Ver. 549. *Invoke Lucina's aid, with potent voice,*] This is a metaphorical phraſe, to ſignify that, when the time of lying-in approaches, every woman ſhould give up all other cares for the preſervation of herſelf and her child. And it is then, in a more particular manner, the duty of her huſband, and her relations to give her all poſſible aſſiſtance, that ſhe may be relieved from her helpleſs ſituation.

If,

If, in your limbs, ſuch vigour yet remains,
Stand up, for ſtanding will aſſiſt your pains,
* * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * *
But ceaſe not you, your weary'd limbs to ſpread,
To bend your knees, or on the chair, or bed;
And graſp ſome ſtrong ſupport with all your pow'r,
T'encreaſe your efforts in that painful hour.
Such are your woes till you behold your ſon!
And ſuch the hazards helpleſs infants run!
This our firſt mother's mad ambition drew
On all ſucceeding; this is what ſhe knew,
When hapleſs ſhe, by thirſt of knowledge led,
Brought wrath from Heav'n on her defenceleſs head.
The new-created world was inſtant curs'd,
She doom'd to many woes, and this the worſt,
Ev'n by th' all-pow'rful King, at whoſe command
Sprung forth the ſkies, the ocean, and the land.

Ver. 574. *And ſuch the hazards helpleſs infants run!*] The directions given in the text are commonly ſufficient in a natural labour. To have entered more deeply into the ſubject would have not only rendered the poem diſagreeable, but ſpun it out to an immoderate length. The various methods of relieving women in difficult labours muſt be left to proſe authors, who have given themſelves entirely to the ſtudy of midwifery.

The

The ſacred ſource of all; whoſe wond'rous might
Gave birth to Time, and fill'd the Sun with light,
The ſpangled Heav'ns with conſtellations ſet,
Self-balanc'd Earth by her internal weight,
Beſtow'd the whole on man, made him the lord
Of all produc'd by the creating Word,
That lives on earth, or ſwims the rolling ſea,
Beaſts, birds, and fiſhes, ev'ry plant and tree.
Then gave, beſides, to crown the joys of life,
The woman for his miſtreſs, friend, and wife;
The faireſt of the fair creation, ſhe,
Too happy man! was form'd alone for thee.
In the bright regions of th' extended Eaſt
A garden roſe, with bow'rs of roſes grac'd,
With trees adorn'd, with fruits, with flow'rets crown'd,
In Eden plac'd, and o'er the world renown'd.

Ver. 596. *A garden roſe, with bow'rs of roſes grac'd,*] This is probably the firſt attempt to ſhew the account, given in ſacred writ, of the Creation, the Garden of Eden, and the Fall of Man, in a poetical dreſs; and certainly it could not have been more naturally introduced than in a poem, where the author was led, by his ſubject, to mention the pains and dangers of child-bearing, and thus induced to tell what was the firſt occaſion of this univerſal calamity; which no young woman hopes, and indeed which few wiſh to eſcape.

There

There gentle Zephyrs fann'd, with balmy wing,
The fragrant air, and brought perpetual ſpring:
The ſhades were cool, the leaves for ever green,
Each Sun was bright, and ev'ry ſky ſerene.
Our anceſtor, to this delightful ſeat,
Alike from ſtorms defended, and from heat,
The great Creator led; he bleſs'd the man,
And with all-cheering accents thus began:
Go, brighteſt work of this Almighty Hand,
Poſſeſs theſe flow'ry fields at our command;
Inhabit here, confeſs the pow'r of Heav'n,
And freely feed on what to thee is giv'n;
The plants and trees will own thy nurſing care,
And grateful nouriſhment for thee prepare.
But, as thou prizeſt life, at our decree
Forbear the tempting fruit of yonder tree;
'Tis knowledge call'd, will pain and woe produce,
And death is mingled with the fatal juice.
So ſpake th' all-bounteous King, and ſhew'd around,
The fruits, the flow'rs, and all th' enamell'd ground,
Beſtow'd on man; he nam'd them one by one,
And, of the whole, deny'd but this alone;
Whoſe unpermitted fruit ſad knowledge gives,
And ſheds the ſeeds of death on all that lives.

The

The ſire obey'd, by Heav'n itſelf inſpir'd,
By Nature led, and by the mandate fir'd:
He found his fair aſſociate, liv'd with her
In all the joys, that love and peace confer,
In pleaſures pure, and, ſo complete their bliſs,
Their wiſhes one, they but one ſoul confeſs;
Their only care to praiſe th' eternal King,
From whom life, joy, and all their bleſſings ſpring.
No guilt they knew, nor pain, nor anxious fear;
Nor waſting care, nor gloomy death, was there.
Their minds ſerene gave their pure bodies reſt,
And equal pleaſure reign'd in ev'ry breaſt;
Till the malignant fiend, poſſeſs'd with hate,
And baleful envy, ſaw their happy ſtate,
By arts infernal made their joy to ceaſe,
Deſtroy'd their bliſs, and robb'd their ſouls of peace.
The dæmon watch'd them in th' unguarded hour,
Seduc'd their minds, and gain'd them to his pow'r.
As when a leader would, by fraud, obtain
A fort, attack'd by ſtrength of arms in vain,
With eyes obſerving he begins to wind
Around the walls, the weakeſt place to find,
Surveys the works, and brings, with cautious art,
His ſoldiers to the moſt defenceleſs part.

So

So the fell dæmon, our inſidious foe,
Attempts the weakeſt of the two to know,
Then with deceitful malice laid his plan,
And, in the woman, firſt attack'd the man.
An earthly form he ſtraight reſolves to take,
And hides his cunning in a creſted ſnake;
Not that ferocious kind, by lake or fen,
That feed on poiſons in the hollow den,
Whoſe hiſſings, as their livid bodies ſwell,
Inform the traveller where dangers dwell;
But thoſe more bright, who, twiſting o'er the graſs,
Their harmleſs lives in wanton gambols paſs:
In ſuch a ſerpent lurks the foe conceal'd,
And to the woman wond'rous charms reveal'd.
Full in her ſight he ſkims along the ground,
Draws her attention, as he plays around,
Diſplays, before the Sun, each op'ning fold,
And floats redundant, like a wave of gold.
Him, as ſhe follows with tranſported eyes,
Still circling on, the fatal fruit he ſpies;
Then, from the ground, with ſpires unfolded ſprung,
Mounts up the tree, and 'mid the branches hung,
The human voice, with artful cunning, feigns,
And, with theſe tempting words, our mother gains.

What

What cauſe, what error, fooliſh woman, draws
You from obedience to great Nature's laws?
Why ſhould you ſhun this tree, you daily meet,
Or of its fragrant fruit forbear to eat?
Aſpire you not to knowledge it will give?
To know is not to die, but more to live.
Say, could th' Almighty Sire, by whom was giv'n
Whatever lies beneath th' expanſe of Heav'n,
Each bird, each beaſt, each plant, and blooming flow'r
To thine alone, and to thy huſband's pow'r,
Deny what grateful earth produc'd for thee,
Or give the garden, and refuſe the tree?
Strange doctrine this! that you, tho' form'd divine,
Tho' lords of all, muſt your juſt rights confine,
Muſt be unbleſt, ev'n in this happy ſtate,
And to a tree ſubject your future fate!
This fruit, once taſted, ſhall enlarge your will,
Inſtruct you to diſtinguiſh good from ill,
Illume your minds with ſcience all divine,
And make you, like the powrs' of Heav'n to ſhine.
Its wond'rous virtue your Great Maker knows,
But this unjuſt reſtriction envy ſhews;
The Deity looks down, with jealous eye,
And fears leſt you, with him, in knowledge vie.

Diſmiſs

Diſmiſs your terror, ſcorn the words he ſpoke,
And free your necks from this uneaſy yoke.
Behold you not the loaded branches bend,
Each verdant bough in grateful cluſters end?
The laughing apples, dreſt in flow'r of youth,
Spring of themſelves, to your deſiring mouth.
Refuſe not then t' accept the fragrant load,
But pull, and eat, and know, and be a God.
He ceas'd. The woman heard the words he ſaid,
Forgot her Maker, and the fiend obey'd:
She ate, ſhe glutton'd on the food, poſſeſt
With all the longings of a female breaſt,
And thus, betray'd by her impure deſire,
Began what pregnant mothers yet require.
Nor ceas'd ſhe thus; but, at that luckleſs time,
Made her fond huſband partner of her crime:
She call'd; he came, partook with equal blame,
And bore an equal ſhare of guilt and ſhame.
The miſerable pair the fruit devour'd,
And drew the wrath of Heav'n's avenging Lord;
The Pow'r Omnipotent, who gave them breath,
Conſign'd them o'er to woe, to ſin, and death.
Hence they were both from Paradiſe expell'd,
And found, for fruits and flow'rs, a barren field;

The

The man was doom'd to earn his bread with toil,
To turn with ſharpen'd ſhares the rugged ſoil;
Pain, ſickneſs, hunger, their ſad fall attend,
Ten thouſand miſchiefs o'er their heads impend;
The thought of death haunts each deſponding breaſt,
And makes them envy ev'n the meaneſt beaſt.
In vain the loſs of Paradiſe they mourn,
In vain look back, not fated to return;
Dire thunders roll'd, deſcending angels came,
And guard the ſacred doors with ſwords of flame.
Then lightnings flaſh'd, tremendous clouds appear'd,
And, from high Heav'n, a dreadful voice was heard,
Condemning them, and all their future race,
No more t' inhabit the delightful place:
The children ſuffer for the parents' crime,
And down deſcends the fatal curſe with time.
For this each woman bears her mighty woes,
Her painful longings, and her child-bed throes;
She, cauſe of theſe dire ills, muſt hence be torn
With pangs encreaſing till her babe be born:
Oft as ſhe teems, muſt thouſand woes attend,
That only with the coming infant end,

That make her wretched o'er the race of earth,
And damp the pleaſure of th' expected birth.

Ver. 742. *Epiſode of Adam and Eve.*] That Milton, whoſe learning was only exceeded by his genius, had read this poem, I think, cannot be doubted. Whether he made any uſe of the preceding epiſode, when writing his incomparable Paradiſe Loſt, I ſhall not pretend to determine. Moſt probably he had not: and though I do not wiſh to make the leaſt compariſon betwixt a ſhort ſtory of this kind, and any part of his divine poem, yet it is curious to obſerve the ſimilarity of idea in one line,

"Libratámque ſuo fundâſſet pondere terram;"

of which the following, in Milton, might paſs for a tranſlation,

"And earth, ſelf-balanc'd, on her center hung."

The ſame ſimilarity occurs in the deſcription of the ſerpent, who is repreſented by both authors as being of the moſt beautiful ſpecies; as firſt ſhewing himſelf by ſporting on the graſs, and then leading the way to the tree of knowledge. The ſpeech to the woman in both, being drawn from the ſame ſacred original, muſt likewiſe have a mutual reſemblance; only St. Marthe confines to one ſpeech, what Milton extends to a dialogue. The idea that Eve was afflicted with the longings incident to females is peculiar to our author, and naturally ariſes from the ſubject of which he had been treating. Whether it be juſt or not, and whether the mother of mankind was pregnant at the time of eating the forbidden fruit, I leave to the wiſer and more learned part of the fair ſex to determine. At the ſame time, I may be allowed to remark that the probability ſeems in favour of St. Marthe; for, if ſhe had not, it was ſtill in her power to prevent the evils threatened to her poſterity, by what, in the opinion of many, renders a matron illuſtrious; namely, living a life of perpetual chaſtity; in which, for the ſame reaſon, ſhe might have perſuaded her huſband to join.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK OF THE PÆDOTROPHIA.

PÆDOTROPHIA;

OR,

THE ART OF

NURSING AND REARING CHILDREN.

BOOK II.

ARGUMENT OF BOOK II.

THE ſecond book treats very fully of the management of healthy children from the birth to the time of weaning, in the important articles of ſuckling, other kinds of diet, clothing, air, exerciſe, and the choice of a nurſe, where the mother is unable to perform this office herſelf. No mention is made of the method of bringing up children by the hand; that unnatural cuſtom being, perhaps, not in uſe in the days of our author. A very pretty epiſode is introduced of the death of the only male heir of Francis II. duke of Brittany, which occaſioned the acceſſion of that province to the crown of France; and, according to St. Marthe, was brought on by an error into which too many parents are apt to fall; of keeping their children too warm, and excluding the external air. The book concludes with ſome account of the diſtracted ſtate of France in thoſe times, and of the ſituation of the poet himſelf; in which he laments the death of one of his friends, by the name of Damon, and recommends his own poems to the care of poſterity.

PÆDOTROPHIA;

OR,

THE ART OF

NURSING AND REARING CHILDREN.

BOOK II.

BUT now the helpleſs infant leaves the womb,
That, nine long moons, had been his living tomb;
And, as the ſign of our firſt mother's ſins,
With cries, and ſoft complaints, his life begins.
Then

Ver. 4. *With cries and ſoft complaints, his life begins.*] Pliny, who probably was unacquainted with the Chriſtian Religion, or

Then you, to whom the tender cares belong,
Or maids, or nurſes, round the child-bed throng,
Make haſte; and ſince both wife and infant claim
An equal ſuccour, let them find the ſame.
While, for the wearied mother, ſome prepare
The bed, let others make the child their care,
In cloths well-warm'd involve his tender limbs,
And, for the bath, infuſe the tepid ſtreams
In proper veſſels; ſome the cradle make,
And all the houſe the joyful toil partake.

You

the Hiſtory of the Old Teſtament, gives the following reaſon for the firſt cries of an infant: "Being happily come into the world, "he lies with his hands and feet bound, a weeping creature, "though born to command others; and begins his life by ſuf- "fering, for one fault only, namely, becauſe he is born." Hiſt. Natur. lib. vii. in Proem.

Ver. 13. ——— *ſome the cradle make,*] It is now cuſtomary, in many families to uſe beds inſtead of cradles. Whether this be preferable to the old method, experience alone can determine. But I apprehend a cuſtom that has been in uſe, among all nations, for the laſt three thouſand years at leaſt, ſhould not be haſtily given up. And, for uſing a cradle, I ſhall give the following reaſons from the learned Van Swieten: "As "the fœtus, hanging in the uterus of the mother from the um- "bilical cord, is eaſily ſhaken this way and that, whilſt the mo- "ther moves her body; hence it has been, not without reaſon, "believed, that new-born children delight in ſuch an oſcillatory "motion;

You too, the wiſeſt of attendants there,
Now, ſkilful midwife, ſhew yourſelf ſincere;
Be vigilant, and near the infant's loins,
Divide the cord, that with the navel joins,
That now, nor blood conveys, nor vital heat,
But hurts the feeble body with its weight.
'Twas uſeful ere the birth, while quick'ning food
Thro' its firm veſſels to the fœtus flow'd,
Gave ſtrength and vigour to his growing heart,
And bore the mother's juice to ev'ry part:

" motion; for which reaſon they laid children upon cradles, that " they might enjoy this gentle exerciſe, and be more and more " ſtrengthened. Daily experience teaches us that the worſt-tem- " pered children are ſoothed by this gentle motion, and at laſt " ſink into a ſweet ſleep. But it is requiſite that that ſhaking of " the cradle ſhould be gentle and equable. For which reaſon " Moſchion has ſaid, 'Let the cradles either hang by cords, or ' have their feet and ſides ſo contrived, above and below, as to be ' eaſily moved to either ſide.' " The cradles that hang by cords " are the beſt of all, as they may by a ſlight force be moved " equably, and without any noiſe. At the ſame time the motion " communicated to theſe cradles is imperceptibly diminiſhed, and " at laſt ceaſes without any concuſſion." Van Swiet. in Boer- haav. Aphor. 1353. Hence the method uſed by the Highlanders of Scotland ſhould be preferable to the cradles, or beds, in which children are laid, in more faſhionable places. They put the in- fant in a baſket, called a *creel*, ſuſpended by cords; which ſwings from ſide to ſide, with the leaſt motion of the hand.

But ſoon becomes a rude ſuperfluous maſs,
Thro' which nor nouriſhment, nor ſpirits paſs,
When now the child beholds the chearful day,
And ſeeks his food a preferable way.
But leſt the flux of blood his ſtrength exceed,
And waſte the ſpirits that his life ſhould feed,
Whence his exhauſted vigour ſoon may fly,
And, yet, but ſcarcely born, the infant die,
With duſt of maſtich ſweet take care to ſtir
The fineſt powder of more fragrant myrrh;
Let theſe united fill the recent wound,
And, with ſoft wool the ſhorten'd cord be bound.

By

Ver. 36. *And, with ſoft wool the ſhorten'd cord be bound.*] The practice of tying the umbilical cord with a woollen thread ſtill continues, and with very good reaſon; becauſe, being ſofter, it does not fret the ſkin like linen. Maſtich and myrrh are no doubt ſufficiently harmleſs, but in moſt caſes unneceſſary. To this I ſhall add the following directions from the laſt-quoted author. "When the child is born, it is ſtill tied to the placenta "by the umbilical cord; which connexion ſhould be diſſolved, "for hitherto it partook of one common life with the mother; "but, as ſoon as the umbilical cord is cut, it has nothing in "common with its mother, but lives a life of its own. For this "reaſon, Levret has judiciouſly adviſed neither to bind, nor cut "the navel-ſtring, except the child has firſt breathed. If the "child have a ſwelled pale face, and ſhould not breathe, or "breathe but little, the umbilical cord ſhould be immediately cut,

"though

By this, as we in ancient ſtory find,
The male and female twins were once conjoin'd;
Their two-fold bodies thus together grew,
And ſeem'd but one, tho' Nature made them two;
But, the connexion broke, ſurpriz'd they ſee
That each had ſep'rate joints and members free.
Such is the human lot, of nothing ſure,
And none are from ſuch accidents ſecure.
'Tis uſeful too t'obſerve, with cautious eye,
The ſigns, on which all prudent minds rely,

" though not tied, that a certain quantity of blood may be diſ-
" charged, in order to relieve the lungs now loaded with blood,
" and not yet dilated by a free reſpiration, otherwiſe there would
" be danger of ſuffocation. But as ſoon as the child begins to cry
" the navel-ſtring is to be tied. But the navel-ſtring is tied at the
" diſtance of four, five, or ſix fingers breadth from the umbili-
" cus, that room may be left for a new ligature, if the firſt
" ſhould ſlip; or if, being tied too ſtrongly, it ſhould cut the
" umbilical veſſels; the conſequence of which might be a hæmor-
" rhage. Therefore this caution alone is required, that the cord
" ſhould not be cut at a place near the umbilicus: I have known
" it the cuſtom in ſome families to tie the navel-ſtring at the diſ-
" tance of ten or twelve fingers breadth, and not to cut that part
" of it, which was beyond the ligature; but to apply it rolled up
" in a linen rag to the body of the child, till the whole fall.
" This rag, being of a ſize any way conſiderable, cauſes ſome
" inconvenience, but no miſchief." Van Swiet. in Boerh. Aphor.
1340.

That

That may foretell long life, or early death,
To the young infant, juſt endow'd with breath.
From languid cries, one knows not to expreſs,
But you their meaning, by experience, gueſs;
From frequent fits, demanding all your care
(Nor can you be too much of theſe aware)
More than conjectures riſe, that he was form'd
From ſeed invalid, with bad juices warm'd,
His mother's vitiated blood partook,
When ſhe the proper regimen forſook,
Was too confin'd within his living tomb,
Or got ſome hurt in iſſuing from the womb.
And theſe preſaging omens knowledge lend,
That inſtant dangers o'er his head impend.
But now take care to wrap, with friendly hands,
His infant-members in ſurrounding bands,
And ſtill be mindful of th' external air:
In winter, by the chimney, place your chair;
In milder ſeaſons, and in ſultry heat,
Let cooling zephyrs breathe around your ſeat,
While the reviving child ſome cordial ſips,
Infus'd by you within his op'ning lips;
Such as the pow'rful drug, that bears the name
Of Pontus' warlike king, renown'd in fame,

Who rivall'd Rome, made long her legions yield,
And ſcarce was forc'd to quit the doubtful field.
But, of all antidotes, the beſt is wine,
That chears the heart of human, and divine.
This let him ſip, and add your fragrant breath,
To call his ſpirits from the verge of death;
Oft as he faints, let tepid vapours flow
Along his face, or in his noſtrils blow:
Perhaps this method may prevail the beſt
To raiſe new vigour in his infant breaſt
Wherefore,

Ver. 72. *And ſcarce was forc'd to quit the doubtful field.*] Mithridates, King of Pontus, inventor of the famous medicine called from him Mithridate, conſiſting of a great number of heterogeneous ingredients, and formerly eſteemed not only as the greateſt of cordials, but as an antidote againſt all poiſons. It is now, in a great meaſure, exploded; and the Theriacas of the London and Edinburgh Diſpenſatories ſubſtituted in its place. But it is likely that wine, recommended in the next paragraph, will be thought a preferable cordial, and may be given with much greater eaſe and ſafety to new-born infants than any ſtrong heating medicines of this kind.

Ver. 79. *Perhaps this method may prevail the beſt*] In the ſame manner Dr. Underwood, in his treatiſe on the Diſeaſes and Management of Children, which, as it is the lateſt, is alſo the beſt book on the ſubject. Speaking of infants born very weakly, and with little appearance of life, he ſays, "I have depended above "all upon blowing into the mouth, which I am ſatisfied "may

Wherefore, when his exhauſted ſpirits fail,
Ere you begin to breathe the healing gale,
With flow'rs, and gums, and ſpices ſcent the room,
With fineſt cinnamon your mouth perfume;
If aught more pleaſing be, 'twill aid the cure,
And chew'd, make breaths more ſweet, and air more pure.
If theſe ſucceed not, if his little frame
Become more weak, and fits remain the ſame,
You ſure may judge, that inſtant death hangs o'er
His head, and dooms him to the fatal ſhore:

" may be more effectually done, by the mouth of the aſſiſtant be-
" ing placed immediately upon the child's, than by means of a
" blow-pipe; at the ſame time preventing a premature return of
" the air, by the fingers of one hand placed at the corners of the
" mouth, and thoſe of the other, on each ſide of the noſe." Underwood on the Diſeaſes of Children, vol. II. p. 184, note.

Ver. 86. *And chew'd, make breaths more ſweet, and air more pure.*] This direction is very neceſſary; as the aromatic flavour of gums and ſpices gives an agreable ſtimulus to the breath of the perſon who blows, that ſooner reſtores the circulation in the veins of the ſickly infant. Dr. Underwood adviſes in the note above quoted, p. 186, that, if all means fail, inſtead of wrapping the child in flannel, it ſhould be expoſed to ſudden and ſevere cold; by which, he ſays, he once ſucceeded after the life of the infant had been deſpaired of. Monſieur Levret preſcribes ſhaking, chafing the child, ſtirring the jaws and noſtrils with a feather, putting ſalt upon the tongue, &c. L'art des accouch. p. 210.

Your

Your cares to ſave him will, in vain, be ſpent,
And hopes deluded prove the laſt event.
But if the child be vig'rous, and deſire
The nouriſhment, that health and ſtrength require,
For nothing ſpare, but ſtill to him attend,
And all your labours will in pleaſure end.

Then firſt, ſince blood and juice impure diſtain'd
His infant-frame, while in the womb detain'd,
To cleanſe his purple ſkin the bath prepare,
And foul, and ſqualid waſh away with care;

Ver. 92. *And hopes deluded prove the laſt event.*] Dr. Underwood obſerves, in the next page of the ſame note; "Amongſt other "ſymptoms of ſome irrecoverable injury a child may have ſuf-"fered in the birth, is that of a diſcoloured and often fetid or "bloody water forcing out of the noſe, after the lungs have been "two or three times artificially inflated."

Ver. 100. *And foul, and ſqualid waſh away with care;*] "The "whole body of a child, juſt born, is covered with a ſlippery "glue, the quantity of which varies in different children; for "which reaſon the ſkin is rubbed with ſoft ſpunges in a warm "bath, that it may ſhine; then the whole ſkin looks red, as if "there were ſomething of St. Anthony's fire upon it; and after "ſome days, it is cuſtomary for the epidemeis (the outer ſurface "of the ſkin) to be ſcaled. The redneſs of the ſkin appears as "plainly in a Negro, as an European; and it is vulgarly thought "the ſkin will be the brighter, and the fairer afterwards, the "redder it has been in the child, when juſt born." Van Swiet. in Boerhaav. Aphoriſm. 1340.

Thus

Thus ſhall his face with native brightneſs ſhine,
And be, indeed, the image of divine.
But you forbear what, fame reports, of old
The Germans us'd, a race inur'd to cold,
To war, to labour from the cradle bred,
And, like themſelves, their infants far'd and fed.
The new-born child, yet reeking from the womb,
They took to what oft gave him to the tomb;
Leſt he ſhould from his father's ſtrength decline,
They plung'd him ſhiv'ring in the freezing Rhine;
Not other than, were flung into the ſtream
A maſs of iron hiſſing from the flame;
And taught him thus, from childhood, to defy
The cold and froſt of an inclement ſky,
The force of dreary winters to deſpiſe,
And hardieſt of the human race to riſe.
But, who could this tremendous bath endure,
And thus their bodies from diſeaſe ſecure,

Ver. 110. *They plung'd him ſhiv'ring in the frozen Rhine*;] See Tacitus de moribus Germanorum. This method, as I have been informed, by an eye-witneſs, is uſed to this day, in the Orkney-Iſlands, doubtleſs with great hazard, to weakly infants. The practice of waſhing new-born infants with cold water is juſtly diſapproved of by Dr. Underwood, vol. II. p. 109.

Had

Had ſurely ſprung from rocks, or harder earth
Than to Caucauſean mountains e'er gave birth;
From ſnow-white hills they drew not vital ſap,
Nor were they foſter'd on a woman's lap:
Such the fell tigreſs breeds on Ganges' ſhore,
And thus, in caverns, nurſes what ſhe bore.
But this ferocious mode forbear t' obey,
And learn to bathe the child a gentler way.

Ver. 125. *But this ferocious mode forbear t' obey,*] Nobody has condemned the waſhing of new-born infants with cold water in more ſevere terms than St. Marthe; and the beauty of his verſes give an additional ſtrength to every expreſſion. To what is ſaid in the text, I beg leave to add the following from the author juſt now quoted, who makes a juſt and proper diſtinction, betwixt the cold bathing of children juſt born, and of thoſe ſeveral months old, which will be mentioned afterwards. "To ſee a lit-"tle infant, three or four days old, the offspring perhaps of a "delicate mother who has not ſtrength even to ſuckle it, waſhed "up to the loins and breaſt in cold water, expoſed for ſeveral mi-"nutes, perhaps in the midſt of winter (when children are more "inclined to diſeaſe than thoſe born in ſummer), itſelf in one "continued ſcream, and the fond mother covering her ears un-"der the bed-clothes, that ſhe may not be diſtreſſed by its cries, "has ever ſtruck me as a piece of unneceſſary ſeverity, and fa-"vours as little of kindneſs as plunging an infant a ſecond or "third time into a tub of water, with its mouth open, and gaſp-"ing for breath in the old faſhioned mode of cold bathing: both "of which, often induce cramps and pains in the bowels, and "weakneſs of the lower extremities, but rarely an increaſe of "ſtrength." Underwood, vol. II. p. 192. et ſequ.

The

The Germans grown more wiſe, as more refin'd,
And doom'd, no more, to ignorance of mind,
For ages have their barb'rous cure deſpis'd,
And all condemn what their rude ſires devis'd.
A method, how ſuperior! learning gave,
To bathe the infant in the tepid wave;
And ſome, with herbs of fragrance, mix the ſame,
Nor ſhould the Muſe, no judge, this uſage blame.
If force, in bringing forth, his frame diſtreſs'd,
If hurts, or bruiſes have his joints oppreſs'd,
Add ſoft'ning roſes, and, the pride of ſpring,
Sweet-ſcented chamomile take care to bring;
Anoint with healing oils, and from the huſk
Free the rich eſſence of perfuming muſk:
Or uſe what elſe, may his young limbs relieve,
Aſſuage his pains, and make him ceaſe to grieve.

Ver. 142. *Aſſuage his pains, and make him ceaſe to grieve.*] Though warm water, by itſelf, is commonly found ſufficient for the firſt bathing of infants, there is no doubt but the medicine preſcribed in the text may be added, when the child is weakly, or has got any hurt; and for this reaſon a phyſician ſhould be always in the houſe, to examine the child, and overſee the firſt bathing. Dr. Underwood adviſes, that the waſhing ſhould be repeated for two or three days, and that the water ſhould be mixed with ſoap, if any very glutinous ſubſtance adhere to the ſurface of the ſkin.

Meantime

Meantime be mindful, with ſoft hands, to clear
His eyes, his noſtrils, and each little ear,
To cleanſe his mouth, and ope, with gentle ſtrife,
The tender paſſes of beginning life.
And when, freſh from the bath, his pliant limbs
Are warm, and ſoften'd by the tepid ſtreams,
Obedient to your wiſh, they bend with eaſe,
And take, like yielding wax, what form you pleaſe;
Then make the crooked ſtraight, and keep in view,
They'll ſtill retain the form impreſs'd by you.
Thus, as we read, Prometheus form'd of old
A man, infuſing ſpirit in the mold
He made, with artful hands, of ſofteſt clay,
While, on the ground, the poliſh'd figure lay.
But this, neglected now, is try'd in vain,
When ſtrength begins, and limbs are bent with pain.

Remember

Ver. 150. *And take, like yielding wax, what form you pleaſe;*] In the ſame manner Van Swieten: "When the child remains in "the bath it ſhould be carefully examined, whether any defect "appears upon it; alſo, whether the paſſages of urine and ſtool "are diſengaged; if it has voided both ways, there is no danger "to be apprehended; if not, theſe parts ſhould be examined "while the child is bathed." In Boerh. Aphor. 1340.

Ver. 158. *When ſtrength begins, and limbs are bent with pain.*] To deſcribe the various deformities of children, with all the me-

Remember too, that only, by degrees,
His tender ſkin endures the cooling breeze:
Expoſe not, recent from the womb, the child,
Except to gentle heat, and ſeaſons mild;
Leſt ills ſucceed, leſt penetrating cold
Benumb his limbs, and of his joints take hold.
As when a Libyan traveller muſt defy
Th' inclement ſeaſons of an arctic ſky,
Unus'd to face the bluſt'ring North and Weſt,
He wraps his body in a woollen veſt,

thods of relieving them, would have required a volume, and therefore the poet has contented himſelf with mentioning them in general; nor, indeed, could they have been properly treated in a poem. They muſt be left to proſe-authors, who have made this ſubject particularly their ſtudy; and to artiſts accuſtomed to make bandages, truſſes, or what elſe may be neceſſary for correcting ſuch natural defects; only it may be obſerved, that, the ſooner ſuch inſtruments can be applied, there will be the more reaſon to hope for relief, and the leſs danger to the child. The readers, deſirous of information on this ſubject, may conſult Dr. Andry, on the Deformities of Children.

Ver. 163, 164. ——— *leſt penetrating cold*
Benumb his limbs, and of his joints take hold.] It may be obſerved, that a child ought not to be expoſed to any thing that may violently, or too ſuddenly affect the ſenſes; on which account, Moſchion and Albinus have well adviſed, that it ſhould not be expoſed either to great heat or cold, nor to a ſtrong light, "nor odours of any kind, however grateful to adults." Underw. vol. II. pp. 182, 183.

Head,

Head, limbs, and feet, defends with cautious art,
In double folds involving ev'ry part;
So, from relaxing baths, ſtill keep in mind
That you more open ev'ry pore will find,
And more unfit to bear the cooling air:
For this, in powder, fineſt ſalt prepare,
T' anoint his ſkin, and all his joints around,
Conſtringing thus what bathing had unbound.
Nor then forget that wrappers be at hand,
Soft flannels, linen, and the ſwaddling band,
T' enwrap the babe, by many a circling fold,
In equal lines, and thus defend from cold.

But

Ver. 174. *For this, in powder, fineſt ſalt prepare,*] Galen adviſes that the whole body of a child, newly-born, ſhould be ſprinkled over with ſalt, that whatever is glutinous may be more effectually rubbed off. De Sanitat. tuend. lib. I. cap. 7. The reaſon of this precept is, as in the text, to render the ſkin more denſe and ſolid; perhaps the method recommended by Dr. Underwood may be preferable; to mix ſalt in the bath.

Ver. 180. *In equal lines, and thus defend from cold.*] The antient method of ſwathing children with tight bandages is now juſtly laid aſide; it is, no doubt, highly proper, indeed abſolutely neceſſary, to keep up a due degree of warmth on their tender bodies, which are the more ſuſceptible of cold from having lately quitted ſo warm a habitation; but this can eaſily be done without rollers, which, by preſſing too hard on the ſoft blood-veſſels, ei-

But now the child, by theſe long toils oppreſs'd,
Requires compoſure, and refreſhing reſt;
And ſince dire dreams, and fancy'd ſhadows haunt
The minds of thoſe, who feel an inward want;
Since reſt from hunger flies, let pleaſing food
Lull his young veins, and calm his flying blood:
But what you give be light, and tending ſtill
To cleanſe his bowels, rather than to fill;
Prefer what ſeems moſt fit for either uſe,
And, of the beſt, is that nectareous juice,
Thoſe birds of early ſpring, the buzzing bees,
Collect from fragrant flow'rs, and blooming trees.
Nor ſuch could e'er Hymettus' ſummits yield,
Nor Hybla's mountains, and more fertile field:
Nor half ſo rich the juice of Indian canes,
That, o'er the world unceaſing honour gains,
As that delicious honey, always us'd
In our extended country, and produc'd

ther impede or entirely ſtop the circulation; beſides, as Dr. Gregory well obſerves, the ſtate of infancy and childhood is impatient of reſtraint in this reſpect, through the reſtleſs activity, incident to youth, which makes it delight to be in perpetual motion, and to ſee every thing in motion around it.

By

By thoſe, who from illuſtrious Narbo came,
And ſtill retain his genius as his name:
Such precious nouriſhment no where you meet,
So fair in colour, or in taſte ſo ſweet;
No ſugar is ſo good, no fruit ſo fine,
No milk ſo rich, nor nectar more divine.

The

Ver. 199. *By thoſe, who from illuſtrious Narbo came,*] The inhabitants of Narbonne, in Languedoc, ſo called from Narbo Martius, who ſettled a Roman colony there, about 60 years before the conſulate of Julius Cæſar. This Conqueror encreaſed it with a colony of the Decumani, or the tenth legion; and from him it was called Colonia Julia Paterna. See Suetonius in the Life of Tiberius. This place is now dwindled to a ſmall town, containing about 8000 inhabitants, three-fourths of which are prieſts and women; the ſtreets and buildings are mean and ruinous; but it ſtill retains its antient reputation for producing excellent honey.

Ver. 204. *No milk ſo rich, nor nectar more divine.*] Dr. Lemery obſerves, that the whiteſt honey is the beſt; and that of this, the kind brought from Languedoc, and called Narbonne honey, is more delicious than any other; becauſe the bees of that country more particularly ſuck the flowers of roſemary, which grow plentifully there, and, by reaſon of the heat of the ſun, have much virtue in them. In antient times, when there was no ſugar, honey was much more uſed in food, and more valuable than at preſent; hence Virgil calls it, "cæleſte donum;" and Pliny, "divinum nectar," as in the text. Either on account of the great virtues aſcribed to it, or becauſe the ancients imagined the mat-

The body purg'd, a gentle ſleep ſucceeds;
A cradle ſoft and well-prepar'd he needs;
There lay him down, and, while he reſts, take care,
You neither make too cold nor hot the air:
From cold will coughs and rheumatiſms ſpring,
And heat indulg'd exhauſted ſpirits bring.
Extremes in ev'ry caſe are wrong, and muſt;
Still in a medium you more ſafely truſt:
But this few female minds have known to uſe,
And ev'ry liberty are apt t' abuſe.

ter whereof honey is immediately made to be nothing but a dew that deſcends from heaven upon plants; hence, it is frequently called dew in this poem. According to Laertius, Pythagoras, who lived to be ninety years old, attained to that great age, from feeding on honey alone; of which he was ſo ſenſible, that he adviſed his followers to do the ſame. Pliny likewiſe tells us of one Vedius Pollio, in the time of Auguſtus, who lived to be an hundred years old, with ſcarce any infirmity; and, when the Emperor aſked him how he came to be ſo ſtrong in body and ſound in mind at ſuch an age; he anſwered, it was *intus melle, extus oleo*; "by uſing honey within, and oil without." Hybla, in Sicily, and mount Hymettus, in Attica, have been celebrated, by almoſt every poet, for producing excellent honey. And every perſon knows the propriety of giving it to new-born children.

Miſguided

Miſguided fondneſs makes our nurſes err
By heating infants, and excluding air;
Hence are their limbs relax'd, their ſpirits weak;
Hence oft the thread of life itſelf will break;
And thus the widow'd mother vainly mourn
Her blaſted hopes, that can no more return.

Some ages ſince, when mighty Francis reign'd
In ſpacious Anjou, and much honour gain'd
In peace and war; a lovely boy was born
To him, who long without an heir had worn

Ver. 216. *By heating infants, and excluding air;*] This practice is equally dangerous, if not more ſo, with expoſing them to too much cold, eſpecially in a warm climate, where the natural heat of the air inclines to putreſcent diſeaſes; at the ſame time much caution is neceſſary, on this head, in a country where the weather is unſettled, and the wind conſtantly changing; and the needful medium is only to be attained by parents ſuperintending the nurſery themſelves. From this, and many other paſſages in this poem, it may be obſerved, that the hot regimen introduced afterwards, and ſo pernicious in acute fevers, and other diſtempers, particularly the ſmall-pox, was condemned by judicious phyſicians in the time of St. Marthe.

Ver. 221. *Some ages ſince, when mighty Francis reign'd*] Francis the Second, duke of Brittany; whoſe daughter and heireſs, Anne of Brittany, and afterwards queen of France, annexed that dukedom to the kingdom.

The ducal crown of that fam'd race, who came
From ancient Brutus, and yet bear his name;
Where winding Loire his rapid waters guides
Thro' flow'ry meads, and ſwells in ſilver tides;
Then leaving Angiers tow'rs, and circling walls,
Swift, to the ſea, the ſpreading current falls.
The parents, joyful from th' unhop'd ſucceſs,
Invoke high Heav'n the beauteous babe to bleſs;
Beneath their gifts depend the loaded ſhrines,
Each gilded fane with flaming incenſe ſhines;
An equal joy the prieſts and people ſhare
In this young prince, the long-expected heir
Of him who wore their crown, and might, with fame
To future times preſerve their ſtate, and name.

Ver. 229. *Then leaving Angiers tow'rs, and circling walls,*] Angiers, the capital of Bretagne, is ſituated on the Loire, the fineſt river in France, and frequently mentioned by Julius Cæſar by the name, "Liger." The river divides it into two equal parts, called the high and low town; the city and ſuburbs conſiſt, at preſent, of ſixteen pariſhes, and contain about 36,000 inhabitants; the cathedral is a venerable and antient ſtructure, in which lies interred the renowned Margaret, daughter of René, king of Sicily, and queen of Henry VI. king of England; the walls, with which king John, of England, ſurrounded Angiers, in 1214, remain nearly entire, and are of great circumferences.

But,

But, while the parents, blinded by their love,
Who beſt could rear the child together ſtrove;
While, thus miſguided, ſedulous they try
From cold to ſave him, and a wintry ſky,
The hapleſs infant, kept in conſtant heat,
Deny'd freſh air, and ſtill immers'd in ſweat,
Soon breath'd his laſt; and they the death lament
Brought on by what, they hop'd, would fate prevent.
From his exhauſted frame the ſpirit flew,
And, with his life, their boaſted hopes withdrew:
No ſon have they to hand their glory down,
To wear, in future times, the ducal crown;
One maid alone remains, who muſt be led,
In time, to grace a foreign prince's bed;
For, by the Salic laws, obſerv'd o'er all,
No Gallic ſceptre can to females fall;

And

Ver. 254. *No Gallic ſceptre can to females fall*;] Voltaire, ſpeaking of the Salic law, has the following remark: "There is "no opinion ſo ſtrange but the ſacred books have been called in "to countenance it; thus the partizans of the Salic law have this "paſſage, *that the lilies neither toil nor ſpin*; and their inference is, "that females, whoſe buſineſs is to ſpin, were not to reign in "the kingdom of the lilies; yet the lilies do not work, and a "prince muſt; the leopards of England, and the towers of Caſ-"tile, as little ſpin as the French lilies; yet females reign in "both

And they, by heat, and ill-directed care,
Deſtroy'd the babe, who ſhould have been their heir.
While heat, exhauſting, tainted his young blood,
Nor reſt ſucceeded, nor deſire of food;
But, from the ſtomach, thro' his tender veins,
Corrupted fluids brought unceaſing pains;
And while the parents mourn'd, with fruitleſs cries,
The ſoul departing ſought her native ſkies.

Old Ocean ſaw, from forth his neighb'ring deep,
His beauteous eye-lids cloſe in endleſs ſleep;
And, while the mother's ſhrieks and father's ſighs
Fill the wide plains, and on the winds ariſe,
His ſympathetic groans are heard around,
And ſeas and ſhores return the mournful ſound.

" both theſe kingdoms. Beſides, the arms of the king of France " never had any affinity with lilies; it was manifeſtly the end of " a halbert, ſuch as deſcribed in the uncouth lines of Guillaume " de Breton,

" Cuſpidis in medio uncum emittit acutum."

" The arms of France are an iron point in the middle of the hal- " bert. Not only females were excluded, but even the repreſen- " tatives of a female." Voltaire's Additions to his General Hiſtory.

Diſſolv'd

Diſſolv'd in tears, around his iſles he rode,
And theſe lament, infected by the God.
Th' Armoric nymphs, with equal grief, deplore
The public loſs, and weep along the ſhore;
In fun'ral ſongs they mourn the beauteous dead,
Till thus, inſpir'd, ſpake one prophetic maid:
Why, ſiſters, thus unceaſing ſorrows vent,
And ſwell the floods with tears, and vain lament?
Attend my fateful words, inſpir'd by theſe
Cœrulean dames, who haunt the rolling ſeas;
Full well you know that oft, from higheſt heav'n,
For preſent evil future good is giv'n;
And, for this fatal loſs, in peace and wars,
Th' Armoric name may riſe above the ſtars,
Our ſwelling ſeas with new ſucceſs be crown'd,
And more than Adria's mighty wave renown'd.
A time ſhall come when ANNA, beauteous heir
Of theſe dominions, good as ſhe is fair,
To grace a bed illuſtrious ſhall be ſeen,
Our princeſs now, but then of France the queen,
Be for the monarch judg'd an equal ſpouſe,
And add new honours to the royal houſe:
From that bleſs'd union laſting peace ſhall ſpring,
The rival nations own one gracious king,

Great

Great Valois' blood in Britiſh channels run,
And all be govern'd by her warlike ſon.
From him, a race of glorious kings ſhall come,
Abroad reſpected, as rever'd at home,
In future times for arts and learning fam'd,
And, great in war, as mighty Cæſar nam'd,
Like old Auſonia's chiefs extend their ſway,
And make, like them, the ſubject-world obey;
Then we, with France, ſhall equal honours claim,
And, as we join the toil, ſhall ſhare the fame,
Nor, tho' we thus from ſov'reign pow'r muſt fall,
Be thought inferior to the ſons of Gaul.

She ſaid; and, from her words, the virgins find
Their griefs diſpell'd, and pleaſure fill the mind;
While, ſunk in duſt, the luckleſs infant lay,
His body wither'd, and his ſoul away,
Like ſome fair plant, deſtroy'd by ſleet and ſhow'r,
When, juſt from earth, emerg'd the blooming flow'r.

Wherefore,

Ver. 294. *And all be govern'd by her warlike ſon.*] Her ſon-in-law, Francis I. who married the daughter and only child of this princeſs, whom ſhe had by Louis XII. her ſecond huſband. The line of Valois ended in Henry III. who died without heirs.

Ver. 310. *Epiſode of the duke of Anjou.*] This Epiſode is naturally introduced to ſhew the dreadful conſequences that too frequently

Wherefore, leſt equal griefs diſturb your joy,
And ill-tim'd care your infant-babe deſtroy,
Indulge his tender limbs with gentle ſleep,
Nor from him quite refreſhing zephyrs keep;

frequently follow from that error into which all parents are apt to fall, by keeping their children in a room with a great fire, and covered with a load of bed-clothes. The god of Ocean, the Armoric nymphs lamenting the death of the infant-duke, and the prophecy, are in the true ſpirit of ancient poetry. Of the death of this child, not having, at preſent, an opportunity of conſulting Mezeray's hiſtory, I can give no farther account than what the reader will find in the text, which is indeed ſufficient of itſelf. The ſurviving heireſs, Anne of Brittany, was, according to Voltaire, one of the fineſt women of her time, and courted by the duke of Orleans, afterwards Louis XII. whoſe paſſion ſhe favoured. But, after the death of her father Francis, ſhe was, for reaſons of ſtate, betrothed to Maximilian King of the Romans. He had actually married her by proxy: and the count of Naſſau had, in the name of the king of the Romans, put one leg into the Princeſs's bed, according to the cuſtom of thoſe times, when, to ſave her country from deſtruction ſhe was obliged to marry Charles VIII. the young king of France. This Prince, to whom ſhe had no children, proved an unfaithful huſband, and exhauſted by diſeaſes, contracted from his numerous amours, died in the twenty-eighth year of his age; and was ſucceeded by her firſt lover the duke of Orleans, whom ſhe married, and had, by him, one daughter, who was afterwards the queen of Francis I. as mentioned before, which completed the union of France and this province. According to all accounts Anne of Brittany was not only extremely handſome, but one of the beſt and moſt accompliſhed women of her age.

And

And then let the providing mother try
To close, in equal rest, her wearied eye;
Fatigu'd with parent-labours and long woes,
Let her compose her mind to soft repose,
Preparing thus the food within her breast,
The child will call for, when refresh'd with rest;
And, mind she still, her own is far the best.
But, 'tis unsafe to give the grateful meal,
Till pleasing sleep her loosen'd members heal;

Then,

Ver. 323. *Till pleasing sleep her loosen'd members heal*;] All authors on this subject agree, that, after the child has got some gentle purgative, of which honey is among the best, he should be indulged with a few hours sleep, as well as the mother, both being equally fatigued with what they have lately undergone. Thus Van Swieten: "After an abstinence of a few hours, the new-born child has occasion for food; wherefore, if milk is denied, a different sort of food ought to be given. They give it pap made of milk or broth; but these are unfit for it, being altogether different from the food which was used by the child whilst it remained in its mother's womb. A few hours before, it lived upon its mother's humours; humours of the like nature are ready in the breasts prepared in the mother's body, for the use of the new-born child, who longs for these, and knows how to suck, though taught by nobody.

"A wise physician, after delivery, procures the woman delivered a gentle sleep; by which, when she has been delivered, there is nothing to be apprehended. The first milk is not thick, but

Then, if her breaſt maternal love contain,
Nor o'er her mind unnat'ral darkneſs reign,
She ſure will feed the pledge herſelf, nor curſe
The crying infant with a venal nurſe;
Whoſe foreign blood but ill the want ſupplies
Of what th' ungrateful mother now denies:
What tenderneſs can e'er from her be known,
Who, for another's child, neglects her own?
Yet if or weakneſs, or ill health, deny
The pleaſing duty, Nature bids her try;
If fever, pain, her feeble frame aſſail;
If aught contagious in her blood prevail;
Or if the child be ſick, and ſhe ſuſpect
That his diſorder may herſelf infect,

but diluted and thin, and different from that which at the time of the milk-fever will be gathered in the breaſts. That firſt milk gently purges, and cleanſes the firſt ways. The celebrated Monro (Medical Eſſays, Vol. II.) admires the wiſdom of the Creator, who ſupplies children, newly-born, with a thin diluted milk, which purges gently; and, the firſt ways being well cleanſed, gives another three or four days after more thick, and more nouriſhing. Wherefore I always took care that the children ſhould ſuck their own mother's milk after ſhe had been refreſhed with a gentle ſleep: I always gave the ſame advice to others; nor did they ever repent of having followed it."

Then

Then ſeek a nurſe: attend the Muſe's voice,
And ſhe, fond mothers, will direct your choice.
Chuſe one of middle age, nor old, nor young,
Nor plump, nor ſlim her make, but firm and ſtrong;
Upon her cheek, let health refulgent glow
In vivid colours, that good-humour ſhew:
Long be her arms, and broad her ample cheſt;
Her neck be finely turn'd, and full her breaſt:
Let the twin hills be white as mountain-ſnow,
Their ſwelling veins with circling juices flow,
Each in a well-projecting nipple end,
And milk, in copious ſtreams, from theſe deſcend:
This the delighted babe will inſtant chuſe,
And he beſt knows what quantity to uſe.
Remember too, the whiteſt milk you meet,
Of grateful flavour, pleaſing taſte and ſweet,
Is always beſt; and if it ſtrongly ſcent
The air, ſome latent ill the veſſels vent:

Ver. 346. *Let the twin hills be white as mountain-ſnow,*] It is likely many readers will think, that the qualifications, here mentioned, are as neceſſary in the choice of a wife as of a nurſe; and not without reaſon. For the woman poſſeſſed of them has every appearance of being not only an agreeable companion for life, but free from barrenneſs, and promiſes to be the mother of a numerous and healthy offspring.

Avoid

Avoid what, on your nail, too ropy proves,
Adheres too faſt, or thence too ſwiftly moves:

Remark

Ver. 357. *Adheres too faſt, or thence too ſwiftly moves:*] To the directions given in the text I ſhall add the following from the laſt-quoted learned and judicious author. "If a mother ſhould "not be able to give her child ſuck, on account of a diſeaſe, "weakneſs, or any other cauſe, or ſhould be unwilling to do it, "then the beſt way is to chuſe a nurſe for the purpoſe. The "firſt requiſite in a nurſe is perfect health; for this reaſon "phyſicians carefully enquire whether any diſeaſe can be diſco-"vered in them. If the colour of the ſkin be good, the eyes "lively, the gums of a good colour and firm, the teeth ſhi-"ning and well-conditioned, the ſkin every where unblemiſhed; "if no ill ſmell exhales from the mouth, noſtrils, or ſkin; then "we may be certain of perfect health. At the ſame time the "child ſhe ſuckles is examined, whether it be in health, or has "acquired its due growth; for from thence a judgement is formed "of the good effects of the milk.—From the twenty-fifth to the "thirtieth year is conſidered as the beſt age for a nurſe. But I "have known nurſes of twenty years of age, who were very "robuſt, in perfect health, and who acquitted themſelves in this "office with great ſucceſs. The form of the breaſts is approved "of, when they are not flaccid, but tight, elaſtic, and of a mo-"derate bulk. The nipples are commended for their red co-"lour, their firmneſs, and for their riſing ſufficiently above the "diſk of the breaſts, ſo that the child may be able to catch them "with eaſe. It is likewiſe requiſite that they ſhould be of a "moderate ſize; for, if too big, they obſtruct the motion of the "tongue required for ſwallowing: and, if too ſmall, the child "will find it more difficult to hold them in its mouth, and while "it attempts to ſuck they will eaſily ſlip away. It is beſt of all

Remark that ſhe, nor with a fœtus teem,
Nor to have borne her child too lately ſeem,
Nor yet too long; and, to nurſe well your boy,
She muſt not quite forget the marriage-joy:

Yet

" that upon a ſlight compreſſion of the breaſt, eſpecially about " the circle of the nipple, the milk ſhould ſpurt out eaſily, as " from a number of little cocks. But, if theſe cocks ſhould be " rather broad ſo as to let out the thick milk, as it were through " a pipe, Aëtius thought there would be danger of ſuffocation. " The age of a nurſe he has fixed, that ſhe ſhould neither be " under twenty, nor above forty years of age." Van Swiet. in Boerhaav. Aphor. 1354.

Ver. 361. *She muſt not quite forget the marriage-joy*:] Though ſome over-nice ladies may be apt to ſtart at this line, yet it is certain that a nurſe requires the completion of every deſire no leſs than if ſhe were pregnant, in order to be kept in health, good ſpirits, and ſo to give proper nouriſhment to the child. There never was a truer maxim than that laid down in the firſt Book:

" — From the wiſh obtain'd, the body feels
A new complacence, that each illneſs heals."

Van Swieten is of the ſame opinion with regard to a nurſe; and a living author, eminent both as a writer and a phyſician, has the following obſervation: " if the milk is good, it is ſweet- " iſh to the taſte, and totally free from ſaltneſs; to the eye it " appears thin, and of a blueiſh caſt. And as to the cuſtom, " with many, of abſtaining from venery while they continue to " ſuckle a child, it is ſo far without reaſon to ſupport it, that " the truth is, a rigorous chaſtity is as hurtful, and often more

" perni-

Yet be ſhe chaſte, nor ſluttiſhly inclin'd;
A ſightly dreſs denotes a chearful mind.
But you perhaps, by other cares beguil'd,
Wiſh, to the nurſe's houſe, to move the child;
Becauſe, by his continu'd cries at home,
Your ſleeps are broken, and your joys o'ercome.
But if or love, or tenderneſs, be left
Within your mind, nor you of good bereft,
Of the forſaken babe take ſo much care,
Yourſelf to ſee him plac'd in proper air;
Nor be the needful charge to others giv'n,
To guard him from th' inclement blaſts of heav'n:

" pernicious than an immoderate venery." Motherby's Medical Dictionary, article, Lactatio. To this may be added the general directions given by Celſus; but, from the nature of the ſubject, they ſhall be left untranſlated:

" Concubitus vero neque nimis concupiſcendus, neque nimis " pertimeſcendus eſt. Rarus, corpus excitat, frequens ſolvit. " Cum autem frequens, non numero ſit, ſed naturâ, ratione ætatis, et corporis, ſcire licet, eum non inutilem eſſe, quem corporis neque languor, neque dolor ſequitur. Idem interdiu pejor, tutior noctû: ita tamen, ſi neque illum cibus, neque hunc cum vigiliâ labor ſtatim ſequitur. Hæc firmis ſervanda ſunt: cavendumque ne in ſecundâ valetudine adverſæ præſidia conſumantur."

Celſus de Medecina, Lib. I. cap. 1.

Let not his temporary home partake
Infectious vapours from the ſtagnant lake,
Or ſlimy marſh, that to the ſkies exhale
In clouds of miſt, and taint the balmy gale.
Nor let your child a ſituation find
Unpierc'd by warming rays, and cooling wind;
By hills ſurrounded in ſome hollow vale,
But view the ſun, and pureſt air inhale.
That pleaſes beſt, beneath an open ſky;
A plain expos'd to ſouthern winds, and dry;
To which bright Phœbus' morning beams are led,
When juſt emerging from his wat'ry bed;
And, on the windows of your infant's room,
Play the firſt rays, diſpelling miſt, and gloom.

Ver. 387. *Play the firſt rays, diſpelling miſt and gloom.*] The directions, in the text, with regard to giving out the child are ſo full, that ſcarce any thing more need be ſaid on the ſubject. I ſhall therefore only add the following obſervation from Van Swieten: "the prudence of nurſes of a more advanced age (that "is, above thirty) has been commended, and perhaps this cir-"cumſtance ought to be taken into conſideration: but nurſes "do no more than give ſuck to the children of Kings, all other "cares are left to women of approved fidelity: amongſt private "perſons, if a nurſe is at the ſame time to take care of the child, "ſuch as have borne ſeveral children are, *cæteris paribus*, pre-"ferred to thoſe who have borne but one, provided they be in "the prime of life." In Boerh. Aphor. 1354.

But

But whether you, fond mother, give the food,
Or call a nurſe, to mix her foreign blood,
Abſtain from love, and wine; nor, either find
Fatigue, or waſting care t' exhauſt the mind.
Yet give not way, too much, to ſloth and reſt;
Let mod'rate labour brace your looſen'd breaſt:
Soon as Aurora calls you from your bed,
Till rooms are clean'd, and cloths for breakfaſt ſpread,
Frequent the garden-walks, and flow'ry green,
When ſuns are bright, and morning-ſkies ſerene;
Nor be the nurſe, brought in, afraid to make
The beds, and of the ſervants' toil partake;
To ſift the bran from wheaten flour; to knead
With naked arms, and clean, the wholeſome bread;
To comb the wool, or twiſt the linen-thread.

But

Ver. 390. *Abſtain from love, and wine*; ———] That is, immoderately. Whatever heats the blood too much is improper for a nurſe: and Dr. Underwood well obſerves, that "ſhe muſt "be perfectly ſober, and rather averſe from ſtrong liquors, which "young and healthy people ſeldom need in order to their having "plenty of milk."

Ver. 402. *To comb the wool, or twiſt the linen-thread.*] Air and exerciſe are particularly neceſſary for a nurſe, to prevent her body from being weakened by the conſtant evacuation occaſioned by the ſucking of the child, and thus preſerve the demulcent nature

But when you gird for work, and ſhut the ſpring
That future nectar to the child will bring;
Leſt he ſhould loathe the ſweetly-flowing feaſt,
With well-warm'd water, from each empty'd breaſt,
And ruddy nipple, waſh away whate'er
Of ſtains or foulneſs may to them adhere,
And careful ſtill, in ſome fit veſſel pour
The firſt, the worſt of your ambroſial ſtore.
Milk this yourſelf: for, what comes from within,
And touches long the ſurface of the ſkin,
Remov'd from vital heat, tho' fragrant juice,
Will mould, corrupt, and prove unfit for uſe.
Inſtruct him too (for he has yet to learn,
Like thoſe more old, his needful food to earn)
How beſt to ſuck: when you your toil renew
Full on his mouth diſtil the balmy dew;

of the milk, that it may be always converted into proper nouriſhment.

Ver. 410. *The firſt, the worſt of your ambroſial ſtore.*] This maxim is not ſo much attended to, as it ſhould be; and it is more particularly neceſſary for thoſe, who may happen to nurſe weakly children, unable to conſume all the milk collected in their breaſts. Hence Aëtius has ſaid that too great a quantity of milk might be collected in large breaſts, corrupt by ſtagnating, and prove hurtful to the child. Lib. IV. cap. 4.

Allure

Allure him to partake the ſtreams, that flow
From the twin fountains, ſwell'd with liquid ſnow;
And, in ſhort time, himſelf will fondly chuſe
Your boſom, and the kindred Nectar uſe.
But, at the firſt, while ſmall and weak his jaws,
Balk not his hopes, when he the nipple draws;
But ſqueeze your breaſt with gentle preſſure ſtill,
And bring him cloſe, and give the child his fill.

Yet let him not, too much, the fountains drain;
Sometimes indulge the feaſt, ſometimes reſtrain;
Juſt at his mouth the nipple take away,
And raiſe his hunger by a ſhort delay:
So Rhodian huntſmen, as in ſong we meet,
Or thoſe, on the white ſhores of lofty Crete,
Train'd, for the rapid chace, in days of old,
On hills and dales, the Falcon ſwift and bold:
They ſhew'd him food, then what they ſhew'd deny'd,
Gave by degrees, and thus to nurſe him try'd;
Left the voracious bird the meal ſhould waſte,
And ſwallow down, eer he could know the taſte.

Ver. 430. *And raiſe his hunger by a ſhort delay*:] This cannot be done with ſickly infants; but, when the child is vigorous and lively, it is uſual with nurſes to divert them various ways; and the child himſelf frequently plays with the breaſt ſome time before he begins to ſuck.

Think well, beſides, what his young frame may bear;
For ſtrong, and weak, muſt different methods rear:
If healthy, copious nouriſhment is good;
If ſick, or feeble, ſpare the grateful food;
Nor will your babe, in the firſt moon, deſire
So much, as thoſe ſucceeding ſtill require;
When firmer joints, and limbs more vig'rous, tell
The growing ſtomach craves a plenteous meal.
And I, for ſuckling, no fix'd hour preſcribe;
This Nature teaches beſt the nurſing tribe:
Let her your miſtreſs be; and when, with cries
The hungry child demands his due ſupplies,
Forbear not you the wiſh'd relief to bring,
But, for his uſe, unlock the ſacred ſpring;
Nor then be loth your ſnowy breaſt to bare,
That he may ſuck, and ſtreaming fragrance ſhare.
But, in ſhort time, the growing babe will need
Not on th' ambroſial juice alone to feed.
When twice four times the moon has fill'd her orb,
And ſhooting teeth the ſwelling gums diſturb,

Ver. 454. *That he may ſuck, and ſtreaming fragrance ſhare.*] In the ſame manner Dr. Underwood: "children ought to be fre-"quently hungry, and as often ſupplied with light food, of "which milk is the moſt nutritive that we are acquainted with." Vol. II. p. 218.

Reſtrain

Reſtrain the flowing feaſt; let ſolid food
And milk alternate give ſupplies of blood:
But uſe not heavy or digeſtleſs meat;
Be light, and eaſy, ſtill whate'er he eat,
Leſt, from the ſtomach, his yet ſlender veins
Imbibe diſeaſe, impurities, and pains;
Or leſt his veſſels, overcharg'd with blood,
Detain the ſpirits in the viſcous flood;
Whence languor, o'er his body, might come on,
And you be forc'd to give him milk alone.

Ver. 460. *And milk alternate give ſupplies of blood*:] It is cuſtomary with many to give different food along with the milk long before the beginning of the eighth month, and even before the end of the firſt. But of all miſchiefs a nurſe can do, nothing exceeds overloading the ſtomach of an infant, that never fails to generate worms, acidities, indigeſtion, and a long train of bowel-complaints. Dr. Underwood thinks there is no occaſion for any other food except the mother's milk till the fourth or fifth month: and Buffon tells us, that in Holland, Italy, and the Levant, children are fed with milk alone till they are one year old. I have myſelf heard ſome experienced women ſay, that it was time enough to give a child food when he had teeth to eat it; which agrees with the obſervation of the learned Primeros: "ante dentium eruptionem non conveniunt cibi ſolidi-"ores. Ideo natura, quæ nihil fruſtrà facit, et non deficit in "neceſſariis, dentes ipſis denegavit, ſed lac conceſſit, quod "maſticatione non eget."

And

And viands ſweet, tho' pleaſing to the taſte,
To all are noxious, from too full a feaſt:
For nature is herſelf by them deceiv'd,
And of her wonted faithfulneſs bereav'd;
Seiz'd with a luſt of food, unfelt before,
She loads the ſtomach with the ſick'ning ſtore,
That undigeſted lies; whence juices crude,
And vicious blood, in ev'ry vein intrude.

For ſweetmeats always change t' ungrateful bile,
And gen'rate creeping worms, obſcene, and vile,
Unleſs with moderation us'd; and none have found
A juſt proportion, or their wiſh to bound.
But infants chief the tempting food require,
And eat beyond their ſtomachs' due deſire.

When now you change, and give but half the breaſt,
Food, moſt reſembling milk, is ſtill the beſt:
Nor is it good too ſuddenly to uſe
Viands, quite diff'rent from the kindred juice,

Ver. 482. *And eat beyond their ſtomachs' due deſire.*] Hence we may obſerve how prejudicial it muſt be to mix the food of an infant with a large quantity of brown or white ſugar, as is commonly done; and by this means making it neceſſary to give him rhubarb, manna, and other traſh; which ſpoils his ſtomach, even before he is capable of receiving ſolid food.

Unleſs

Unleſs you know their nature to correct,
And form the medium his deſires expect.
Hence nurſes give, nor ſhall the Muſe diſſuade,
Broth by itſelf, or often mix'd with bread:
But what affords the fineſt vital ſap
Is ſoft panada, milk, or water-pap;
Which diligent the nurſe, diluting well
With either liquid, bread, or flour, or meal,
Stirs o'er the fire, and boils the pleaſing diſh,
Till brought to what conſiſtence ſhe may wiſh;
Then frequent, with her finger, tries its heat,
Dips in the ſpoon, when he may ſafely eat,
Blows, with her breath, in lifting from the cup,
And puts within his lips the grateful ſup.

Nor leſs are nurſes us'd to chip the bread,
T' infuſe in broth, with which the child is fed,
To mix with milk, ſometimes with butter boil,
Or add the Grecian nut's delicious oil;

Till,

Ver. 500. *And puts within his lips the grateful ſup.*] "I have "found a greater number of infants well nouriſhed by the "French roll boiled in water to a jelly, and afterwards diluted "with milk, than by any other kind of pap." Underw. Vol. II. p. 237.

Ver. 504. *Or add the Grecian nut's delicious oil;*] Oil of Almonds. I have not found this recommended by any other author. And

in

Till, ſtrength encreaſing as the body grows,
The ſtomach meals of ſolid fleſh allows:
This, thinly ſlic'd, when from the breaſt he comes,
Will forward teeth, and exerciſe his gums.

But, when ſometimes you ſpare the fragrant flood,
And now, from other ſources, bring his food,
Take care to give, from each, a full ſupply,
But truſt not always to his infant cry;
Which nor from thirſt, nor hunger, conſtant ſprings,
But oft from gripes, that indigeſtion brings.
Oh! be not tempted by his artleſs ſmiles,
Or fondneſs, that a mother's mind beguiles,
To load his ſtomach with digeſtleſs meats,
But keep a medium in whate'er he eats;

in general it will prove not only very purgative, but too difficult of digeſtion. Broth is perhaps the moſt proper of all food for children; and it is remarked by Dr. Hugh Smith, in his letters to married women, that the gravy of beef or mutton, not over-roaſted, and without fat, properly diluted with water, is the moſt wholſome and natural, as well as nouriſhing broth, that can be made.

Ver. 508. *Will forward teeth, and exerciſe his gums.*] This, a cruſt of bread, or a piece of liquorice-root, is much more proper for teething-children, than glaſs, coral, or any other hard ſubſtance.

Leſt

Leſt that wherewith great Parent-Nature ſtrives,
(The better nurſe) to lengthen infants' lives,
And make their bodies grow, you miſapply;
And the poor child in dang'rous ſickneſs lie,
From painful vomitings, and other woes,
To which o'erloaded ſtomachs ſtill diſpoſe.

Wherefore, at proper times, 'twixt ev'ry meal,
Obſerve, if his diſtended belly ſwell;
And riſing tumours, or extending ſtains,
Denote o'erflowing juices in his veins;
Then, tho' continu'd cries declare his need,
Obey the ſymptoms, and forbear to feed,
Till well-aſſur'd, by ſigns remark'd before,
That Nature has conſum'd her preſent ſtore.

And

Ver. 524. *To which o'erloaded ſtomachs ſtill diſpoſe.*] In the ſame manner Dr. Underwood: "So many little infants fall a ſacrifice "to the uſe of indigeſted food under the age of ſix months, be-"ing carried off by vomiting, purging, or fits, that whoever "would preſerve them over the moſt dangerous period of in-"fancy cannot too cautiouſly attend to their diet at this time." Vol. II. p. 242.

Ver. 532. *That nature has conſum'd her preſent ſtore.*] So the laſt-quoted author: "it were well if the fond mother, and all well-"inclined nurſes, had more juſt ideas of the manner in which we

And mod'rate cryings oft come not in vain;
They ſtir a dull, and cleanſe a wat'ry brain,
Dilate the breaſt, when lungs diſtended pant
With ſluggiſh juice, and briſker ſpirits want;
Reſtore the living heat, the ſtomach move,
Give new deſires, and appetite improve.

" are nouriſhed; and eſpecially, that it is not from the great " quantity, nor from the quality of the food ſimply conſidered. " They may ſurely be led to conceive, that our nouriſhment " ariſes from the uſe the ſtomach makes of the food the body re- " ceives, which is to paſs through ſuch a change called digeſtion, " as renders it balſamic, and fit to renew the maſs of blood, " which is daily waſting, and conſuming. An improper kind, " or too great a quantity taken at a time, or too haſtily, before " the ſtomach has duly diſpoſed of its former contents, prevents " this work of digeſtion, and, by making bad juices, weakens " inſtead of ſtrengthening the habit; and, in the end, produces " worms, convulſions, rickets, king's-evil, ſlow fever, and ma- " raſmus, or general conſumption." Vol. II. p. 216. At the ſame time, as Celſus well obſerves, " optimum verò medica- " mentum eſt, opportunè cibus datus." " The beſt medicine is " food given at proper times."

Ver. 538. *Give new deſires, and appetite improve.*] Cryings, when not too ſevere, in ſome meaſure ſupply the want of exerciſe to young infants. And perhaps a child begins its life with cries, becauſe the lungs, which were in a collapſed ſtate while it remained in the womb, are by this means dilated both to admit the air, and to forward the circulation of the blood through the pulmonary veſſels, and all the upper part of the body, and head; which laſt is always larger, in proportion, in a new-born infant, than in thoſe come to maturity.

Yet,

Yet, leſt his tender veins be overſtrain'd,
His art'ries break, or he too much be pain'd,
Let ſongs and ſoothing words aſſuage his woes,
Compoſe him, in your arms, to ſoft repoſe,
Then lay, for ſleep, the ſlumb'ring infant, ſoon,
And rock the cradle to ſome pleaſing tune.
But now be careful leſt too long he ſleep;
Leſt, o'er his limbs, invading torpor creep,
And the ſweet poiſon breed, in ev'ry vein,
O'erflowing moiſture, that no art can drain.
Hence, in the mornings, when ſoft ſlumbers end,
Ere he be dreſs'd, ſome bathing recommend;
That,

Ver. 544. *And rock the cradle to ſome pleaſing tune.*] This is ſo neceſſary, that of two nurſes equally qualified, ſhe who can ſing beſt ſhould always be preferred. She is beſt fitted for amuſing the child; with her it will be moſt lively, and, when ſhe can lay it aſleep by an agreeable ſong, ſhe will not readily fall into the error of rocking the cradle too hard; which, as Dr. Underwood remarks, ſhould never be moved as if the child were travelling in a mail-coach.

Ver. 550. *Ere he be dreſs'd, ſome bathing recommend*;] Cold bathing may be uſed with ſafety and benefit after the child comes to be three or four months old; as it tends to promote perſpiration, to make the limbs ſtronger, and the child ſooner able to walk. Yet I may be allowed to remark; that it does not encreaſe

That, waſhing all contracted ſtains away,
May give new ſpirits with the riſing day,
Extend the pores ſuperfluous juice to ſweat,
And make him place more firm his infant-feet.
Yet ceaſe not you to dance him in your arms,
For exerciſe will beſt preſerve from harms:

Amuſe

encreaſe the growth, perhaps rather tends to leſſen it; and, except there be ſigns of a relaxed habit, may generally be omitted; and if uſed conſtantly, like other remedies, loſes its effect by becoming habitual. Dr. Underwood juſtly obſerves, that "it may "be known to agree with children, when they come out of it "warm, lively, and their ſtrength encreaſes on the uſe of it; "on the other hand, if they come out cold, diſpirited, and ſeem "rather to loſe ſtrength, it may be as often prejudicial." The ſame author adviſes, "that a child be put only once under the "water, at each time of bathing, and to be taken out as ſoon as "poſſible. It ſhould be received in a blanket, and wiped dry "with a cloth in the moſt expeditious manner; and, as ſoon as "it can be dreſſed, ſhould partake of ſuch exerciſe as may be "beſt ſuited to its age: but by no means be put into bed. There "will need no great attention to its being wiped perfectly dry; "as a child will be leſs liable to take cold from a few drops of "ſalt-water being left upon it than by being long uncovered in "ſome parts of its body, in an over-caution to wiping it dry;" To this may be added the very uſeful maxim of Hippocrates; that the water ſhould neither be warm nor cool to extremity. And in winter the cold ſhould always be a little taken off, eſpecially the two or three firſt days.

Ver. 555. *Yet ceaſe not you to dance him in your arms,*] It has been obſerved in the laſt note that exerciſe ſhould always be uſed after

Amuſe him often with ſome blithſome tale,
And take him out to breathe the balmy gale,
When air is pure, when clouds, when vapours fly,
And fanning weſt-winds ſport along the ſky;
That he, delighting in the pleaſing ſight,
May frequent view the glorious fields of light,
May be accuſtom'd to th' enliv'ning rays,
That, o'er the world, the golden ſun diſplays,
And learn betimes his Maker to adore,
Admire his mighty works, and own his pow'r.
But leſt the Muſe, with uſeful knowledge fraught,
Should of her leſſon leave a part untaught,
'Tis time to ſhew the careful mother, when
To ſhut the fountains, and the child to wean.
But ſuch the changing lot of man below,
That none, for this, a certain rule can know:
The beſt-laid plans oft moſt deceitful prove,
And fate and fortune all our hopes remove.
But, would the fav'ring gods permit the muſe
To guide the nurſe, and fitteſt time to chuſe;

after bathing; and the firſt exerciſe a child gets is to be dandled in the nurſe's arms. It is uſual and proper to take him out in the forenoons, eſpecially in good weather; at which time St. Marthe chiefly recommends it.

She ſhould not of her pleaſing office tire,
Nor with a fœtus teem, nor win her hire,
Nor die, nor feel diſeaſe, nor from the boy
Withdraw the breaſt; nor other cares employ
Her heart, and foſt'ring hand, till twice the ſun
His annual journey round the globe had run;
When, growing with his age, his frame requires
Some diff'rent food to fan the vital fires;
And the fair fluid ſhould give place at length,
To nouriſhment more ſuited to his ſtrength.

But ah! my child, what pain, what grief of mind,
And what diſtreſs of body muſt you find;

Ver. 581, 582. ——— *till twice the ſun*
His annual journey round the globe had run;] Dr. Aſtruc and other French phyſicians give the ſame advice. But, as mentioned in the text, this muſt depend on circumſtances; and probably many readers will think two years as much too long as ſix months, the common time now allotted for ſuckling, is too ſhort. Perhaps the medium propoſed by Dr. Underwood may be the beſt, namely, that the weaning ſhould take place at the age of twelve-months; and, he obſerves, that healthy women, who ſuckle their own children do not uſually become pregnant again, before that time. He likewiſe mentions that the child ſhould be in good health, particularly with regard to its bowels, and have cut at leaſt four teeth. This can eaſily be waited for; and a few weeks, or even a month or two, make little difference.

What

What floods of tears will deluge from your eyes!
How heav'n reſound with moans, and infant-cries!
When all you fondly lov'd is from you tore,
And ſtill you ſeek what you can have no more!
Not other than ſhould dang'rous war demand,
From the bleſt union of the nuptial-band,
A youth laid recent by his lovely bride,
Scarce in her arms, and panting at her ſide;
So would ſhe part unwillingly, ſo mourn
The loſs of bliſs, that might no more return;
So ſtrive to hold him in her fond embrace,
Cling round his waiſt, and hang upon his face;
So miſerably grieve, ſo pour her moans,
So weep, lament, and fill the ſkies with groans.
But learn, fond boy, to ſuffer: ſuch the woes
That heav'n's high will, and fix'd decrees impoſe
On man's unhappy race; thus are they born,
And years encreaſing give but time to mourn.
Thus, if thou could'ſt remember, fate began
Thy infant-life, and ſhew'd thy dawn of man;
When, the tenth moon begun, you fill'd the room,
With cries, in ſpringing from the weary'd womb,
Preſaging ills, that o'er your head impend,
And only, with your lateſt hour, can end.

But now the nurſe, to give your ſorrows reſt,
Flies from your ſight, and ſeldom ſhews her breaſt.
Some, to the child, will verdant olives bring,
Which he miſtakes for the delightful ſpring;
But, ſoon diſguſted, thinks the juice grown worſe,
And loaths alike the nipple, and the nurſe;
And ſome, with gall, anoint each ruddy bud,
That he may turn from the polluted flood.
But, leſt encreaſing ſtrength forſake his limbs,
Give other food, and hide the flowing ſtreams:
Yet, in his infant-years, obey the muſe,
And wine's inflaming juice to him refuſe.

Ver. 620. *That he may turn from the polluted flood.*] The common method of weaning children now is to give them an opiate at bed-time, and perhaps it may be ſometimes neceſſary. But if the child be healthy, and of a proper age, this may frequently be brought about without any aſſiſtance, except an encreaſe of the ordinary food.

Ver. 622. *Give other food, and hide the flowing ſtreams:*] Dr. Underwood obſerves, "that the child ſhould be fed the laſt "thing before the nurſe goes to bed, which may be generally "done without waking it, and, while the child ſeems to enjoy "this ſleepy meal, it becomes a moſt pleaſing employment to a "nurſe, and much more to a mother, from obſerving how greed-"ily the child takes its food, and how ſatisfied it will lie, for "many hours, on the ſtrength of this meal." Vol. II. p. 256.

But

But ſparkling water, from the lucid rill,
Will grateful prove, within the ſtomach kill
All noxious humours, ſwiftly glide along
The ſlender veins, and make your child more ſtrong.
His body now with vigour will abound;
His limbs be better knit, and print the ground
With

Ver. 629. *His body now with vigour will abound*;] "Exerciſe "tends to puſh forward the blood through the ſmall veſſels, and "to unfold them in the manner nature has deſigned that they "ſhould be extended, in order to promote the growth of the in-"fant, while it preſerves the blood in a proper degree of fluidity, "and promotes all the ſecretions." Underwood.

To the directions already given, both in the text, and notes, with regard to the management of ſucking-children, I beg leave to add the following, ſaid to be the reſult of long experience.

A child, when it comes into the world, is almoſt a round ball; it is the nurſe's part to aſſiſt nature in bringing it to a proper ſhape; the child ſhould be laid (the firſt month) upon a thin matraſs, rather longer than itſelf, which the nurſe will keep upon her lap, that the child may always lie ſtraight, and only ſit up as the nurſe ſlants the matraſs. To ſet a child quite upright, before the end of the firſt month, hurts the eyes, by making the white part of the eye appear below the upper eye-lid. Afterwards the nurſe will begin to ſet it up, and dance it by degrees. The child muſt be kept as dry as poſſible.

The cloathing ſhould be very light, and not much longer than the child, that the legs may be got at with eaſe, in order to have them often rubbed in the day, with a warm hand, or flannel; and in particular the inſide of them.

With firmer ſtep: then, as yourſelf may teach,
He'll ſoon acquire the rudiments of ſpeech;

And

Rubbing a child all over takes off ſcurf, and makes the blood circulate; the one breaſt ſhould be rubbed with the hands one way, and the other the other way, night and morning at leaſt.

The ankle-bones, and inſide of the knees ſhould be rubbed twice a day; this will ſtrengthen thoſe parts, and make the child ſtretch its knees and keep them flat, which is the foundation of an erect, and graceful perſon.

A nurſe ought to keep a child, as little in her arms as poſſible, leſt the legs ſhould be cramped, and the toes turned inwards. Let her always keep the legs of the child looſe. The oftner the poſture is changed the better.

Toſſing a child about, and exerciſing it in the open air in fine weather is of the greateſt ſervice. In cities, children are not to be kept in hot rooms, but to have as much air as poſſible.

Want of exerciſe is the cauſe of large heads, weak and knotted joints, a contracted breaſt, which occaſions coughs, and ſtuffed lungs, an ill-ſhaped perſon, and waddling gait, beſides a numerous train of other ills.

The child is to be kept perfectly clean, by conſtantly waſhing its limbs, and likewiſe its neck, and ears; beginning with warm water, till by degrees it will not only bear, but like to be waſhed with, cold.

Riſing early in the morning is good for all children, providing they awake of themſelves, which they generally do; but they are never to be waked out of their ſleep; and, as ſoon as poſſible, to be brought to regular ſleeps in the day.

When laid in bed, or in a cradle, they are always to be laid ſtraight.

Children, till two or three years old, muſt never be ſuffered to walk long enough at a time to be weary.

Girls

And what, with broken words, he aims to know,
Inſtruct him well, and names and manners ſhow.

And

Girls might be trained to the proper management of children, if a premium were given in free ſchools, work-houſes, &c. to thoſe that brought up the fineſt child to one year old.

If the mother cannot ſuckle the child, get a wholeſome chearful woman, with young milk, who has been uſed to tend young children. After the firſt ſix months, ſmall broths, and innocent foods of any kind may do as well, as living wholly upon milk.

A principal thing to be attended to is, to give young children conſtant exerciſe, and to keep them in a proper poſture.

With regard to the child's dreſs in the day, let it be a ſhirt; a petticoat of fine flannel, two or three inches longer than the child's feet, with a dimity top (commonly called a bodice-coat) to tie behind; over that a ſurcingle made of fine buckram, two inches broad, covered with ſatin, or fine ticken, with a ribbon faſtened to it, to tie it on; which anſwers every purpoſe of ſtays, and has none of their inconveniences. Over this put a robe, or a ſlip, and frock, or whatever you like beſt; provided it is faſtened behind, and not much longer than the child's feet, that their motions may be ſtrictly obſerved.

Two caps are to be put on the head, till the child has got moſt of its teeth.

The child's dreſs, for the night, may be a ſhirt, a blanket to tie on, and a thin gown to tie over the blanket.

The above judicious remarks are copied from the edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, now publiſhing, article Nurſing. A note on the margin refers, for them, to the ſixth volume of the Annual Regiſter, where they are *not* to be found. And, though I am as ſenſible of the utility of that extenſive work as any of its readers can be, I cannot help obſerving that ſuch inaccuracies occur but too frequently. Perhaps the foregoing

And, ſince all human happineſs depends
On that, to which the mind enlarging tends;
If you delight a proſp'rous child to ſee,
With honour thriving, and from danger free,
Direct this emanation of divine,
Leſt his unguarded youth to vice incline.
And that you may, with more ſucceſs, o'ercome
The ſeeds of ſin, imbib'd ev'n in the womb,

directions may be in the New Annual Regiſter, which I have not at preſent an opportunity of examining.

I cannot diſmiſs this ſubject, without repeating the benevolent hint, ſuggeſted by Dr. Buchan in his Family Phyſician for the encreaſe of population; and which, as Dr. Underwood well obſerves, might have very conſiderable effects by the aſſiſtance of people of fortune. Dr. Buchan's words are: "if it were made "the intereſt of the poor to keep their children alive, we ſhould "loſe very few of them. A ſmall premium given every year to "each poor family, for every child they have alive at the year's "end, would ſave more infants lives than if the whole revenue "of the crown were expended on hoſpitals for that purpoſe. "This would make the poor eſteem fertility a bleſſing, whereas "many of them think it the greateſt curſe that can befall them." To this Dr. Underwood adds, that "he has known them ex-"preſs great thankfulneſs when their children were dead." The reaſon of which in ſome meaſure may be, that it is frequently mentioned as a matter of reproach to a man in low circumſtances, that he has a large family. And in this country, it is uſual with ſuch perſons to conſult apothecaries, quacks, and old women, for medicines to make their wives barren.

Urge

Urge him when ſlow, exhilarate when ſad,
Check if too forward, or inclin'd to bad,
But ſtill by gentle means, and uſe not force;
Leſt he, too much diverted from his courſe,
And ſtill compell'd, ſhould loſe both health and growth,
Turn heavy, negligent, and ſink in ſloth.
—If diſcord, raging round, and fierce in arms,
Forbid me not to court the Muſes' charms,
I may perſiſt to touch the tuneful ſtring,
And ſoon the mind, as now the body, ſing,
Inſtruct to form the manners and the heart,
And guide to manly age our better part.
This, that great ornament of modern times,
So oft delighted with my humble rhimes,
My Scaliger demands; who, bright in fame,
Like his illuſtrious Sires, has gain'd a name;
With him my early youth in virtue join'd,
The ſame our ſtudies, and the ſame our mind;

Ver. 645. *But ſtill by gentle means, and uſe not force*;] From this we may obſerve that the ſuperior learning of the ſixteenth century was not owing to any rigorous diſcipline, uſed in ſchools, as has been erroneouſly thought by ſome; but from the encouragement given to the learned, which the religious wars made indiſpenſably neceſſary, that both parties might be able to contend in writing, and diſputation, as in the field.

Nor

Nor leſs our friendſhip, as our lives prolong;
And both are charm'd alike with ſacred ſong.
Perhaps, when peace reſumes her pleaſing reign,
And ſheds new bleſſings, I may try the ſtrain,
If health and eaſe the fav'ring gods afford,
And the fair ſiſters to my vows accord;
The ſacred nine, who round my cradle ſtood,
And bath'd me young in the Pierian flood;
A ſubject unattempted yet by all
The tuneful ſons of wide-extended Gaul;
And thus to me new laurels may belong,
Tho', trembling, I ſhall try ſo bold a ſong.
But, 'mid th' alarms of war, what fav'ring muſe
Can, o'er the mind, inſpiring beams diffuſe?
Soon as unproſp'rous CHARLES receiv'd the crown,
From royal anceſtors deſcending down,
Sad omen of his reign! he ſhook with fears,
And ſtain'd the ſceptre with foreboding tears:
Then,

Ver. 678. *And ſtain'd the ſceptre with foreboding tears:*] Voltaire, who it generally attentive to little circumſtances, has taken no notice of this. He tells us that Charles IX. having entered upon his fourteenth year, held his bed of juſtice, not in the parliament of Paris, but of Rouen; and what is very extraordinary, his mother (Catharine de Medicis) reſigned the reins of government

Then, from the caverns of eternal night,
The fell Tiſiphone ſprung forth to fight;
In all her rage the dreadful fury roſe,
Diffuſing diſcord, war, and laſting woes;
Confuſion follow'd, tumult, grief, and care,
And of afflictions I have had my ſhare.
So hard the times, ſo chang'd the courſe of things,
And ſuch the curſe inteſtine Diſcord brings,
That ev'ry bard, neglecting Phœbus' charms,
Forſook their rhimes, and ſought renown in arms.
Alas! what ſeas of blood have mark'd our crimes!
What genius dy'd in theſe diſtreſſing times!
When, oft reviv'd by hopes of coming peace,
And truſting treaties, that our ills would ceaſe;

ment to him upon her knees. At the ceremony of the King's majority there happened a very odd and unprecedented affair. Odet de Chatillon, biſhop of Beauvais, had turned proteſtant, like his brother, and married; the Pope ſtruck him out of the liſt of Cardinals, and he himſelf deſpiſed the title; but, to bid defiance to the Pope, he aſſiſted at the ceremony in a Cardinal's habit; his wife ſat down in the preſence of the King and Queen, as the lady of a peer of the realm; and ſhe was called indifferently Madame la Comteſſe de Beauvais, and Madame la Cardinale. France abounded with ſuch irregularities. The confuſion of civil broils had ſubverted all order and decency. Voltaire's General Hiſtory.

All fraudful found, the fatal broils return'd,
And war, and diſcord, with new fury burn'd.
So, from behind the clouds, in winter-days,
The ſhort-liv'd ſun exerts his feeble rays;
As thoſe diſpell he hangs in doubtful ſight,
And, for a while, diffuſes languid light;

Ver. 694. *And war, and diſcord, with new fury burn'd.*] The miſeries of France in the reign of Charles IX. are thus deſcribed by the ſame author. "The whole kingdom was laid waſte. It "was not like a war, in which one prince draws his forces "againſt another, and is either victorious, or ruined at once: "there were as many belligerent powers, as towns; fellow-citiz- "ens, and relations cutting one another's throats: the catholic, "the proteſtant, the free-thinker, the prieſt, the burgher, none "of them were ſafe in their beds: the lands lay fallow, or were "tilled with the ſword in one hand, and the plough in the other. "They concluded an involuntary peace; but peace was only "another name for war; and every day diſtinguiſhed by mur- "ders and aſſaſſinations." The ſame ſtate of things continued during the reign of his ſucceſſor Henry III. And when this Prince having, at length, joined the King of Navarre, afterwards Henry IV. was every where victorious and on the point of putting an end to the league, he was baſely aſſaſſinated, in the thirty-ſeventh year of his age, by one Clement, a monk. And to ſuch a height had fanaticiſm arrived, that the murderer was ſuppoſed to be inſpired, and his picture placed on the altars with this inſcription, "St. James Clement, pray for us." In like manner the aſſaſſination of the great Henry IV. was called *a virtuous, generous, and heroic act.* Additions to the General Hiſtory.

But

But ſoon returning darkneſs intervenes,
Conceals his beams, and brings the former ſcenes.
  But why, O! why, ye pow'rs that rule the juſt!
To whom, for life, for happineſs, we truſt,
Has war's deſtructive fury, from my heart,
For ever torn my ſoul's far better part,
The pleaſure of my eyes, alike renown'd
For conſtant friendſhip, and with virtue crown'd?
My DAMON, whom I lov'd ſo long, ſo well,
In flow'r of youth by impious diſcord fell.
Oh! name for ever dear; where art thou fled?
And is my DAMON number'd with the dead?
My hopes are loſt, my comforts gone with thee,
And life itſelf has now no charms for me.
Ah! ſee you not my ſoul oppreſs'd with grief,
To which nor time, nor place can bring relief?
My failing members faint, ſcarce make their way,
And, ere old age come on, my locks are grey:
That lyre you prais'd, to which for you I ſung,
Now lies neglected, ſilent, and unſtrung;
If e'er I ſing, 'tis but to eaſe my pains,
To mourn your fate, in ſad funereal ſtrains;
Nor raging Mars, nor Diſcord's dreadful breath
Diſtreſs my mind, like your untimely death.

As when the ſkies lament, in wintry ſhow'rs,
The loſs of ſummer fruits, and vernal flow'rs;
If one fair plant is in ſome garden ſeen
To ſpread its honours in immortal green,
Unhurt by howling winds, and rotting rain;
All run to view the glory of the plain;
To that they bend, to that their eyes they bring,
And hail the image of returning ſpring:
So, free from vice, in this flagitious age,
You ſtood the wonder of the great and ſage,
And urg'd by truth, as far remov'd from crimes,
Renew'd the virtuous deeds of ancient times.
And, when plac'd high by mighty kings, you gain'd
Their gracious favour, and your worth maintain'd,
Above all paſſion, pride, and ſervile fear,
Still as you roſe, you took your friend more near;
Own'd me your friend, the deareſt of your heart,
And of your fortune gave me then a part.
By you protected, my aſpiring mind,
That long to diff'rent ſtudies had inclin'd,
Conceal'd, a while, within th' Aonian woods,
Beneath green ſhades, and by inſpiring floods,
Became delighted, tho' to cares unus'd,
With uſeful bus'neſs, nor my place refus'd.

Hence

Hence I forſook Poictou's delightful plains,
My native city, and my kindred ſwains,
Brought my unwilling houſe-hold gods along,
Exchang'd, for public cares, the charms of ſong,
Engag'd in mightier toils, before untry'd,
And fix'd, with pleaſure, by your friendly ſide.
Look down, bleſt ſhade! forgive the parting tear,
And that fond love for native plains I bear;
Yourſelf, with equal joy, and ſweet content,
Thought of the place, where your firſt years were ſpent.
Oh! may I ne'er forget the pleaſing earth,
The hallow'd ſhades, from which I drew my birth;
Nor let it e'er repent me of the day,
I firſt beheld the ſun's enliv'ning ray.
Tho' great Macrinus, now the Muſes' pride,
Grown old in ſong, and long with honours try'd,

Ver. 746. —— *nor my place refus'd.*] Treaſurer of France.

Ver. 761. *Tho' great Macrinus* ——] Macrinus, ſo called by Francis I. (with whom he was a great favourite) from his extraordinary learneſs, is ſaid by ſeveral authors to have been the beſt poet of the ſixteenth century. His real name was John Salmon. Salmoni Macrini Poëmata were printed by Gryphius of Lyons, 1537.

Has

Has ſung your praiſes to th' Æolian lyre,
Inſpir'd with ancient Latium's ſacred fire,
That, o'er all modern poets, ſits ſublime,
And equals Horace in immortal rhyme;
Yet ſhall my humbler harp be tun'd anew,
To vent my ſorrows, and to weep for you;
Unleſs preventing heav'n forbid my lays,
And angry fates cut ſhort my future days.
Yet let me not be credulous, nor hear
My country's voice with too delighted ear,
But think ſhe ſoothes me, when ſhe deigns to tell
That in harmonious numbers I excell;
If, or by Celtic ſtreams, I touch the ſtring,
Or oft frequent Auſonia's ſofter ſpring.
But thou, to whom belong the poet's lays,
Who flatter'ſt not, and whoſe report is praiſe,
Divine poſterity! thy ſuccour grant,
Which ev'ry living bard muſt ſhortly want:
Accept what Phœbus, and the Nine, by me,
With ſtill-propitious omens, give to thee;
Preſerve my name, in all ſucceeding times,
And guide my willing lays to diſtant climes.

Ver. 784. *Epiſode of Damon, &c.*] The concluding part of this book is perhaps the fineſt part of the whole work, conſidered

as

as a poem, independent of the uſeful maxims conveyed in it. The compliment paid to Scaliger, the lamentation for Damon, with the beautiful ſimile of the flower; the manner in which the author introduces his own ſuperiority as a poet, and the addreſs to poſterity in the end, are deſerving of the higheſt commendation, and ſufficient to immortalize his name, although he had written nothing beſide. The original may be compared with the fineſt parts of Ovid; and the reader of taſte, who gives it an attentive peruſal, will eaſily join in the exclamation of Ronſard from Virgil:

—— Deus, Deus ille, Menalca.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK OF THE PÆDOTROPHIA.

PÆDOTROPHIA;

OR,

THE ART OF

NURSING AND REARING CHILDREN.

BOOK III.

ARGUMENT OF BOOK III.

THE third and laſt Book treats of the Diſeaſes of ſucking infants, the cauſes and cure of which are particularly deſcribed; and it will be found that almoſt every remedy mentioned in it is ſtill in uſe, and approved of by the ableſt practitioners. The book begins with a new invocation to Apollo, which ſo ſerious a ſubject required; then ſome general reflections on the unhappy ſtate of France in thoſe times; and after that the deſcription of diſeaſes: viz. I. Diſorders of the Umbilicus. II. Of the Tongue. III. The Ranula. IV. The Aphthæ, or Thruſh. V. Teething. VI. Diſorders of the Bowels. VII. Worms. VIII. Eruptions on the Skin. IX. The Small-Pox; in which the poet laments the death of two children of his own, brought on by the now juſtly exploded hot regimen, which he condemns in the ſtrongeſt terms, and adviſes the cool treatment at preſent in uſe among all phyſicians. X. The Epilepſy; which is introduced by an epiſode of Hercules, and the daughter of Pæon, or the ſun. And the whole concludes with good wiſhes for the proſperity of Henry III. his Queen, and the country.

PÆDOTROPHIA;

OR,

THE ART OF

NURSING AND REARING CHILDREN.

BOOK III.

THE Muſe proceeds, in hopes of future praiſe,
To ſing diſtempers of our early days,
T' explore the cauſes, and point out the cure
Of ills, that infants from the birth endure.

To teach fit remedies, and all the tribe
Of woes, and dire diſeaſes, to deſcribe,
Is her laſt labour, and muſt ſurely claim
Her utmoſt care, leſt ſhe decline in fame:
Yet ſuch their number, none the whole can know,
Nor can we bring relief to ev'ry woe:
Hence thoſe moſt frequent I ſhall only trace,
Nor with uncertain wing purſue the chace;
Leſt, like a Mariner, in ſeas unknown,
The Muſe by raging winds and waves be thrown
On latent rocks, directing planets miſs,
And thus be ſwallow'd in the vaſt abyſs.
O! bright Thymbræus, if thy preſence fill
The ſacred cliffs of thy maternal hill;
If on her ſummits you delight to walk,
Or in the human form, familiar talk,
As when of old the warbling lyre you ſtrung,
And on the laurell'd ſhores of Peneus ſung;

Great

Ver. 22. *And on the laurell'd ſhores of Peneus ſung*;] Peneus, a celebrated river of Theſſaly, whoſe banks were on each ſide ſhaded with laurel. Hence it was feigned that this river wiſhed to protect the goddeſs Latona, when ſhe was about to bring forth Apollo; and when all the rivers, mountains, and iſlands of Greece, afraid of incurring the wrath of Juno, fled at her approach: as the reader will find in the tranſlation of the fourth hymn

Great Sire of verſe, and of the healing art,
Inſpire my voice, and ev'ry ſkill impart;
For thee glad earth her verdant offspring yields,
For thee freſh flow'rs adorn the fragrant fields;
Diſeaſe before thee flies, the ſick amend,
And health and pleaſure on thy ſteps attend:
O! Father, leave a while thy lov'd abodes,
The plains, the mountains, and the walks of gods;
Aſſiſt thy ſon t' explore great Nature's ways,
Direct my flight in this uncertain maze;
Illume, with all thy light, my glowing lines,
Exalt the Muſe intent on deep deſigns;
Inſpire to finiſh what before I ſpoke,
Nor be diſpleas'd that I ſo oft invoke.
Behold applauding fathers round me throng,
And pious mothers crowd to hear the ſong:
Who feels paternal love its uſe perceives,
And crowns the Poet's brow with oaken leaves,

Whoſe

hymn of Callimachus. Alſo, that Daphne, flying from Apollo, was here changed into a laurel. Ovid. Metamorph. Lib. I.

The river Peneus runs between the famous mountains Olympus and Oſſa.

Ver. 40. *And crowns the Poet's brow with oaken leaves.*]

——— quernâque intexunt fronde coronam.

Whoſe lays, inſpir'd by Phœbus' balmy breath,
May ſave their offspring from diſeaſe, and death.

Leſt

From this paſſage it would appear, that the cuſtom of giving garlands of oak, as a reward of merit, is no new thing in France. The ſenſe of the original here is ſo plain that a ſchool-boy could not miſtake it; and though I had determined not to ſay any thing farther of the former tranſlation of this poem than what may be found in the preface, I cannot help obſerving how miſerably that tranſlator has miſrepreſented this line, which, giving information of a cuſtom peculiar to France, ſhould, on no account, have been altered from its original ſignification. It is thus tranſlated:

"And crown, with *grateful Bays*, the Poet's brow."

I have remarked, in my notes on the firſt hymn of Callimachus, that, in the tranſlations of ancient poems, all references to cuſtoms and hiſtorical facts ſhould never be omitted. And yet this is an error which runs through all Engliſh poetical tranſlations that I have had occaſion to ſee, except thoſe of Pope and Dryden alone. Three or four inſtances of it might be produced from the tranſlation of the firſt Ode of Horace by Mr. Francis, and many from other parts of the ſame book. By this means thoſe pieces, which ſhould throw light on the manners of former times, only involve them in greater obſcurity, or at beſt give no true information to the reader. The preſent paſſage may be illuſtrated by a verſe of the popular ſong ſung in Paris, on the firſt anniverſary of the late revolution:

"Sans doute on fera moins de cas,
"Et des cordons, et des crachats;

"C'eſt

Leſt diſcord our exhauſted country drain,
Nor one to till her fertile fields remain,
The Muſe attempts her loſſes to reſtore,
To give new ſons for thoſe who fell before;
And, by preſerving well our infant-race,
Our fury may to milder thoughts give place.
But, while the great confound, with lawleſs pow'r,
All right and wrong, and oft themſelves devour,
Incite the blinded populace t' engage
In mortal combats, with unceaſing rage;
If Gaul muſt only ſcenes of blood afford,
If all are doom'd to periſh by the ſword;

" C'eſt ce qui les déſole;
" Mais les Lauriers, mais les épis,
" Les feuilles de Chêne ont leur prix;
" C'eſt ce qui nous conſole."

Which may be thus tranſlated:

The purple zone muſt ſurely fail,
The ſilver ſtar no more prevail,
And hence begins their woe;
But each a garland now receives
Of laurels, corn, or oaken leaves,
And thence our pleaſures flow.

And, indeed, every reader of the leaſt claſſical learning muſt know, that the ancient civic crowns were, for the moſt part, garlands of oak.

Why

Why ſhould the Muſe attempt, with ſtudious care,
Young innocents for ſlaughter to prepare,
Who, tho' preſerv'd in infancy from harms,
Muſt ſhortly die by Diſcord's dreadful arms?
If, when grown up, on mutual deaths they ruſh,
And thus the hopes of their fond parents cruſh,
Nor nurſe, nor mother, ſhould appear in Gaul,
But war and fierce deſtruction ſwallow all!
Yet, ſure, for us remains a happier fate,
And I, true bard, foretell our changing ſtate.
I ſee, I ſee, long-wiſh'd-for peace return,
With joyful times, when we no more ſhall mourn:
Great HENRY comes, illuſtrious, mild, and ſage,
To fill the throne, and bring a golden age;
From Heav'n itſelf the youthful Prince deſcends,
Diſpels our ſorrows, and our troubles ends;
Then let the Muſe her uſeful theme purſue,
And with delight the grateful toil renew.

But,

Ver. 62. *But war and fierce deſtruction ſwallow all!*] In this paragraph the poet tells the humane deſign of writing his poem; namely, to turn the thoughts of his countrymen from thoſe deſtructive civil wars which depopulated the country, brought on all the miſeries mentioned in the note on v. 694, of book II. and made France one continued ſcene of deſtruction for upwards of thirty years.

But, ah! what dire diſtreſſes throng around,
Of diff'rent ſhapes, and various natures found!
Not other than on Libya's burning lands,
Where winding Bagra cleaves the barren ſands,
Numidian hunters oft, of old, beheld;
If o'er the deſert ſhores, and herbleſs field

Ver. 76. *Where winding Bagra cleaves the barren ſands,*] Bagra, called by ſome ancient authors Bragada, and by the moderns Mergarada, or Magerada, an African river near Utica, where Attilius Regulus is ſaid by Pliny, Lib. VIII. Cap. 14. to have killed a ſerpent an hundred ells long. The combat betwixt the Roman army and this terrible monſter is particularly and beautifully deſcribed in the ſixth book of Silius Italicus. The ſerpent put them to flight, killed a great number, and had almoſt reſcued Africa from the invaſion; when his back was broke by a huge ſtone, thrown from one of thoſe engines uſed in battering towns; which diſabling him ſo that he could not ſtir from his place, he was attacked with darts and javelins; and his head at length daſhed to pieces by another ſtone. Moſt modern hiſtorians have treated this narration as entirely fabulous, ſuppoſing no ſuch monſter could exiſt, or that it could only have been a crocodile: but, ſince the diſcovery of ſerpents of equal magnitude in the Eaſt-Indies, I can ſee no reaſon to doubt of its truth. On the contrary, it ſhould teach us not haſtily to diſcredit what we find in ancient authors, merely becauſe it does not coincide with our own ideas. And we find the teſtimony of ſeveral ancient hiſtorians, particularly of Herodotus, thought nothing but fiction to become more credible, as ourſelves advance in knowledge.

They

They took their doubtful way; or frequent ſtood
Within the boſom of ſome diſtant wood:
Then thouſand monſters on the ſight appear,
Some ſcarce perceiv'd, and ſome approaching near;
There ſtalks the brinded king with fiery glare,
There the fell tigreſs ſprings aloft in air;
Here burſts the ſpotted pard, with ardent ſpeed,
And marks, with bloody paws, the pathleſs mead;
The dragon huge his painted creſt diſplays,
Unnumber'd ſerpents ſhoot along the maze:
The huntſman turns around, with fear oppreſs'd,
And various thoughts revolving in his breaſt;
Amaz'd he ſtands, to ſee the coming woes;
So thick they ſwarm, he knows not half his foes,
Nor, ſuch the hiſſings, roars, and mingled cry,
What he ſhould boldly fight, or trembling fly.
So ſtands the Muſe, encompaſs'd round with harms,
Nor knows where firſt or laſt to point her arms;
So faſt they crowd, no entrance ſhe can find,
And doubt divides her fluctuating mind.
As bees purſue whate'er their ſenſes greet,
And ſuck the juice from the firſt grove they meet;
So muſt ſhe now irregularly trace
The firſt diſtemper ſhe may chance to face:

And

And ſince, amid this undiſtinguiſh'd crowd,
We know not what may taint an infant's blood,
Nor what diſeaſe, or pain, come from within,
All method laid aſide, I thus begin.

Not to detain you from my uſeful ſong,
And, leſt my introduction prove too long,
Tho' from the belly of the new-born child,
The cord be cut, you may be ſtill beguil'd;
The part remaining may affect, with pain,
His tender frame, and make him oft complain.
The recent wound, the ligature too ſtrait,
May fill his body with inflaming heat,
Whence frequent weepings, wheezing coughs ariſe,
And his diſeaſe encreaſes with his cries.
To the griev'd part collected humours flow,
Make all around with painful ſwellings glow;
The blood rolls rapid, in too briſk a tide,
And riſing fever muſt the child abide.
For when kind nature there directs the courſe
Of vital fluids, with redoubled force,
Attempting to remove th' obſtructing cauſe,
The crimſon current oft forgets her laws,
Adheres to what ſhe wiſhes to expell,
And, ſtill increaſing, make the part to ſwell;

The

The balmy floods to ſharper humours turn,
And fret the ſkin, and make the wound to burn,
Excite new tumults in his infant-veins,
And thus inflame, inſtead of eaſing pains.
While, in the womb, the feeble captive lay,
He threw, by this, redundant juice away;
And Nature, that ſhe might his health reſtore,
Would ſtill purſue the path ſhe trod before.
But the ſore navel lets no humour paſs,
And ſwells with water, clear as melted glaſs.
Hence, if aught hurtful ſhall retard its cure,
(And many woes muſt human-kind endure,)
The chryſtal tube its turgid veins extends;
With painful ſtretching from the child depends,
Afflicts his tender body with its weight,
And ſeems a growing rupture to the ſight.

Where-

Ver. 130. *And thus inflame, inſtead of eaſing pains.*] This is exactly the theory of inflammation given by Boerhaave and Van Swieten; to which is now added Dr. Cullen's well-known ſyſtem of Spaſm. And I cannot help remarking, that St. Marthe, in a dozen Latin verſes, gives a complete idea of what Van Swieten extends to a volume.

Ver 142. *And ſeems a growing rupture to the ſight.*] Theſe diſorders of the umbilicus rarely occur, unleſs ſome very great miſ-

Wherefore, t' avert this miſerable ill,
Our learn'd phyſicians, with united ſkill,
Adviſe that Celtic Spikenard well be bruis'd
With powder'd roſin, turpentine, infus'd
In oil of Grecian nuts; then ſpread around
The glowing pipe, and plac'd within the wound,
Where its demulcent virtue will aſſuage
The pain, and riſing inflammation's rage.

But

miſmanagement has taken place, particularly if the ſtring has been cut too near the belly, or the body of the child enwrapped too tight; both which ſhould be carefully avoided.—Since writing the above, I have had occaſion to ſee a very troubleſome caſe of the diſorder mentioned. The part ſuppurated, and was obliged to be dreſſed, for a fortnight at leaſt, firſt, with bread and milk poultices, and then with ſcraped lint, and a digeſtive. The cauſe ſuppoſed to be, cutting the umbilical cord too ſhort.

Ver. 149, 150. *Where its demulcent virtue will aſſuage The pain,*] The remedy here recommended, take away the ſpikenard, is no other than yellow baſilicon, invented by Mithridates, king of Pontus, to cure the wounds of his ſoldiers, and called from him Βασίλικον, or the King's ointment. This valuable ointment has been uſed by all ſucceeding ages, though its ingredients have been changed at leaſt a hundred times ſince the days of that prince. Perhaps the oil of almonds might ſtill be an improvement on it. Of Spikenard there are two kinds, the Celtic, and the Indian; the firſt grows

But others burn, in ſome ſtrong-ſcented flame,
Old linen rags; then careful from the ſame
Collect their aſhes in a proper vaſe,
And ſprinkle round, and on the navel place.
And ſome the bitter ſeeds of lupins take,
Mix with red wine, a ſtrong infuſion make,
Soak flaxen ſtupes in the diſcutient juice,
Bind o'er the wound, and thus the cure produce.

grows in the Alps, and the ſecond in the Eaſt-Indies. The Celtic Nard is a ſmall ſpecies of valerian with uncut, oblong, obtuſe, ſomewhat oval leaves; and it is the leaves that St. Marthe ſeems to recommend as an ingredient in his ointment. The roots of both ſpecies are now only in uſe, and never but as an ingredient in the Mithridate and Theriacas. Of the plant which grows from the Indian Nard, we have no particular account. See Lewis's Materia Medica; and the new improved edition of his Diſpenſatory.

Ver. 158. *Bind o'er the wound, and thus the cure produce.*] The aſhes of linen rags are ſtill uſed by midwives, on the fourth or fifth day, after the birth, when the remaining part of the umbilical cord, being ſhrunk and dried, commonly falls off. An infuſion of the ſeeds of lupins in red wine is a good diſcutient, and well adapted to prevent an inflammation. They are likewiſe recommended as a remedy againſt worms; were uſed by the Greeks in common food; and Galen recommends them as very wholeſome.

Nor

Nor be you more unmindful of his tongue,
Than of the tender part we now have ſung;
For, of the gifts conferr'd by bounteous heav'n,
None more excelling has to man been giv'n.
Beſides, when from the breaſt he ſips the dew,
And oft attempts his pleaſure to renew,
If an impediment, or double fold,
Prevent its office, that it take no hold;
Or, if the ligament beneath detain
Its point, he ſtrives to ſtretch it forth in vain;
The member, thus unfitted for his uſe,
Its taſk refuſes, nor can draw the juice:
Tho' the twin fountains ſwell, and ſeem to burſt,
The hapleſs infant languiſhes with thirſt,
Condemn'd to faſt, like Tantalus of yore,
Amid the fragrance of his balmy ſtore.
So let a ſurgeon, in the practice try'd,
With ſome fit inſtrument the knots divide;
Or, in his abſence, let your midwife bring
Her ſciſſars, and cut thro' th' impeding ſtring;
But be th' inciſion made with gentleſt hand,
As his young frame and feeble tongue demand;

And let who'eer performs take care to ſhun
The ſwelling veins, that thro' this member run.
Nor leſs our care muſt that diſorder claim,
To which a fierce Barbarian gave the name,
The Ranula; for, like a frog it ſeems,
If you deprive him of his leaping limbs;

Ver. 181, 182. ——— *take care to ſhun*
The ſwelling veins, that thro' this member run.] This maxim deſerves great conſideration; and it is ſurprizing that ſuch accidents do not more frequently happen, as it is a practice with ſome midwives to divide the frænum, or membrane below the tongue, in every caſe, without minding whether the operation be neceſſary or not. One fatal inſtance is mentioned by Van Swieten, from Dionis, of a new-born heir to a rich family, in cutting whoſe frænum the ſurgeon, unknown to himſelf, opened a ſublingual vein. As he ſaw the child ſuck the breaſt with eaſe, he went off unconcerned. The nurſe laid the child, who was, as ſhe thought, ſatiated with milk, in the cradle; it continued to move its lips juſt as if it ſucked, which is common enough with children; ſo that nobody apprehended any ill conſequence from thence: but it began to turn pale, grow weak, and died ſhortly after. When the body was opened, the ſtomach was found full of blood. Many ſimilar caſes occur in medical hiſtory. In Boerhaav. Aphoriſm. 1354.

Petit likewiſe mentions an unhappy caſe of a child, who was ſuffocated by ſwallowing his tongue, after the diviſion of the frænum. Orthopédie, Tom. II. p. 139.

And

And of all woes that infancy can feel,
This proves the worſt, and moſt deſtructive ill:
Beneath the tongue a fiery tumour burns,
And cank'ring ſpreads, and to an ulcer turns;
Brings pain and fever, threatens inſtant death,
And, if uncur'd, ſoon robs him of his breath.

Ver. 188. *This proves the worſt, and moſt deſtructive ill:*] The ſtate of infancy is liable to ſo many terrible diſorders, that I know not if one can be called worſe than another; for even the ſlighteſt may end in death, and thoſe, thought the moſt dangerous, may frequently be cured. At any rate the Ranula is not very common in this country; and Dr. Underwood obſerves that it is moſtly an endemic complaint; alſo that, "according to the ancients, it is an inflammatory tumour of the parts under the tongue, particularly the veins. When large, it is uſually ſoft, and contains a fluid, and ſometimes ſtony concretions, owing to an obſtruction in the ſalivary ducts. In this caſe it needs only to be opened, and cleared of all the concretions." Vol. II. p. 117. It ſometimes ulcerates, as mentioned in the text, but oftener preſents a ſpecies of that ſoft and lax ſwelling called Oedema. I have not been able to diſcover by what barbarian it was called Ranula; unleſs St. Marthe mean by a barbarian "Rana," a frog, to the ſhape of which the tumours bear ſome reſemblance. But it muſt have ſome other etymology, being called by Hippocrates Ὑπογλωσσις, or the diſeaſe below the tongue; which by all his tranſlators, as far back as the time of Celſus, has been rendered Ranula, though this does not, in any manner, convey the meaning of the Greek term. Both this, and the diſorder mentioned in the next paragraph, may be reckoned ſpecies of the Aphthæ.

Reſembling this, is that diſeaſe which comes
With burning knobs upon an infant's gums,
Spreads o'er the cheeks, the neck, ſometimes within
The mouth, diffuſes oft along the chin
Its purple ſpots, with acrid humour ſwims,
Whence fever heats, and pains torment his limbs.
Nor differing far is what, from inward cauſe,
With inflammation dire afflict his jaws;
Each fell diſeaſe with equal ſigns appears,
And to the roots of his ſoft tongue adheres,
To thoſe ſmall glands, we from the Latins name
Tonſillæ, and this ill is call'd the ſame.
Theſe evils ſpring from vitiated blood,
And this ariſes from improper food;
From milk impure that, changing into bile,
Redounds, corrupts, affords unwholeſome chyle,
Which fills with acrid ſalt the fretted veins,
Diſcharges on the mouth, and breeds the pains.
Wherefore the nurſe muſt with herſelf begin,
Muſt cleanſe the fluid coming from within,
And, that ſhe may the wiſh'd aſſiſtance bring,
Expel the poiſon from the fragrant ſpring.

For

For this fit phyſic is the ſureſt guide,
To make the fever thro' the bowels glide;
Nor be ſhe ſlow the remedy t' endure,
That, from her breaſt, the child may draw his cure.
But, when the fever burns with ardent heat,
To calm its rage, and bring a gentle ſweat,
Give juice of citrons from th' Idalian wood;
The grateful acid purifies his blood;
And oft his ſtomach with that liquor fill,
Which fair pomegranates, ripen'd well, diſtill;
Boil too the pleaſing ſap of eaſtern canes
With plenteous water, with ſoft oil that drains
From the cœrulean violet, produce
The well-made compoſition for his uſe;
And, ere it cool, anoint his ſwelling cheek,
His throbbing temples, and his painful neck,

Or

Ver. 215. *For this fit phyſic is the ſureſt guide,*] Some gentle laxative ſhould be given, both to the nurſe and the child, the moment this dangerous complaint appears; which, by cleanſing the milk, and cooling the body of the infant, will frequently carry off the diſorder, without any conſiderable eruption appearing in the mouth.

Ver. 232 *And pour a little in his aching ears*]. This fragrant and balſamic formentation will be found of great ſervice in abating

Or where beſides the ſpreading heat appears,
And pour a little in his aching ears.
Nor leſs the Muſe preſcribes for this diſeaſe
What, tho' more ſimple, oft gives greater eaſe,
New milk with barley flour, ſtirr'd o'er the fire,
And boil'd together, thick as you deſire,
Spread on a cloth, and, to remove the harm,
O'er all his chin apply'd the poultice warm.

But you, with heavier ſorrow, ſoon will mourn,
If theſe abſceſſes, ſuppurating, turn

the fever and inflammation of the mouth, which frequently ſpreads along the cheeks, and makes the thruſh a very dangerous diſeaſe. The juice of citrons and pomegranates, and of all acid fruits, tend to cleanſe the mouth, allay the inward heat, all extremely neceſſary in this diſorder. In chuſing fruits for the acute fevers of infants, the maxims of Celſus ſhould always be remembered. "Bonus ſuccus eſt ex pomis quiſcunque neque "acerbus neque acidus eſt." "Thoſe fruits are good, which "are neither too bitter, nor too acid." Lib. II. cap. 20.

Ver. 238. *O'er all hir chin apply'd the poultice warm.*] The propriety of poultices in inflammations of the mouth is well known; and they are the more neceſſary the greater degree of it appears outwardly. They both alleviate the external heat; and by making a revulſion draw part of the noxious humours from within. Hence the propriety of applying them to the feet in the ſmall-pox and other eruptive fevers. The ſimple remedies here adviſed, remembering always to keep the belly open, will generally be found as effectual, and much leſs hurtful to the ſyſtem than the chymical ones now in uſe.

Cor-

Corroding ulcers, o'er the palate creep,
And with fell itchings eat the fauces deep,
Unleſs you haſte the mortal ſeeds to kill
Of the dire woe, and ſtop the ſpreading ill.
Tho' diff'rent cauſes this ſad plague may bring,
It flows too often from the milky ſpring,
That breeds ſharp whey; and, when the infant draws,
The frequent flux corrodes his tender jaws;
Or from his indigeſting ſtomach comes
A burning vapour on the mouth, and gums;
And many methods cure the wounded part:
For great is the reſource of human art.
But let the nurſe a mod'rate diet uſe
To cleanſe the fountains, and correct the juice:

Ver. 242. *And with fell itchings eat the fauces deep,*] This is commonly called canker of the mouth; and, if not timely prevented, may frequently degenerate into gangrene. It ſometimes makes its appearance in the mouth; at others, about the time of teething; which age, as the reader will find in the next paragraph, St. Marthe thinks it chiefly attacks.—"It likewiſe "appears when children are ſhedding their firſt teeth, and the "ſecond are making their way through the gums, which are "covered with little foul ſores, and will ſometimes extend to the "inſide of the lips, and the cheeks." Underwood, Vol. II. p. 34.

This cauſes vicious blood more balmy grow,
Amends the milk, nor makes it leſs to flow.
Or try t' oercome the raging ulcer's force,
That ſheds black poiſon in its dreadful courſe,
By pounded violets, that well you ſtir
With Gallic honey, and Orontian myrrh;
Thin galls allay the pain the child endures,
And bark of Nabathæan incenſe cures.
But theſe diſtempers chief infeſt the age,
When growing teeth muſt all your care engage.

Ver. 260. ——————*Orontian myrrh.*] The Orontes is a large river of Syria, riſing in mount Libanus, and diſcharging itſelf by Antioch into the ſea, on the banks of which numbers of thoſe trees are found that diſtil the beſt ſpecies of myrrh.

Ver. 262. *And bark of Nabathæan incenſe cures.*] The bark of the tree, which ſweats the Arabian gum, and ſo called from Nabatene, another name for Arabia Felix, from Nabaioth, the eldeſt ſon of Iſmael. The remedies mentioned, being mildly detergent and aſtringent, are well calculated to ſtop the progreſs of this frequently fatal complaint. If they ſhould fail, Peruvian bark muſt be uſed, according to the directions that will be given by the attending phyſicians. Gall-nuts, ſo judiciouſly adviſed in the text, have been ſaid to produce cures even when the Peruvian bark has failed; and a mixture of galls with a bitter and aromatic has been propoſed as a ſubſtitute for it.

When

When theſe are doom'd to ſhoot, a while, in vain,
And pierce the gums with unremitting pain,
Sharp humours flow from ſuch inteſtine wars,
Nor can the points aſſiduous break the bars,
But tear their latent way, like ſmother'd fire,
And vex the ſwelling jaws with tortures dire.

How great, alas! appears the wrath of Heav'n!
And is it thus our teeth muſt ſtill be giv'n?
Thoſe uſeful inſtruments, that cheriſh life,
That break our viands with unceaſing ſtrife,
And for the ſtomach grateful food prepare,
Elſe of the hallow'd bleſſing none could ſhare.
The crying child indeed his fingers brings
Within his mouth, whence humour conſtant ſprings,
To preſs the gums, that ſwell with gnawing pain,
And ſtrives to aid himſelf, but ſtrives in vain.

Ver. 270. *And vex the ſwelling jaws with tortures dire.*] Dr. Cadogan, on nurſing children, p. 31, would make us believe that teething, though frequently fatal to infants, is no diſeaſe. It were much to be wiſhed that experience confirmed the truth of this obſervation. If it be no diſeaſe of itſelf, it is at leaſt the cauſe of many, which ſometimes no art can cure. The ſtate of dentition is one of the moſt dangerous periods of life, and requires moſt particular attention; though I cannot agree with the remark of Dr. Arbuthnot, that every tenth child dies of it.

The

The nurſe muſt try to give the wiſh'd relief,
Elſe all his labour but augments his grief;
Anoint his fingers with the brain of hares,
Or dew, the bright Sicilian bee prepares.
Thus he, by gentle friction, will aſſuage
With ſoft'ning juice the inflammation's rage,
Till, by degrees, the growing tooth make way,
Atchieve an op'ning, and ſpring forth to day;
O'er the red gum appears the gift divine,
As works of iv'ry ſet in coral ſhine,
Which ſome Dædalean hand, in ev'ry part,
Has poliſh'd well, and join'd with curious art.
But, if the pain encreaſe, bathe well his head
With tepid milk, and ſweets that roſes ſhed,

Ver. 283, 284. *Anoint his fingers with the brain of hares,*
Or dew, the bright Sicilian bee prepares.] The brain, and fat of hares, and honey, are ſaid by ſome authors to be of great ſervice in ripening an abſceſs. Hence they may be uſeful in ſoftening the gums; and the detergent and balſamic qualities of honey keep the mouth clean, and prevent it from ulcerating. Whether there be any virtue in Sicilian honey, for anſwering this purpoſe, ſuperior to the Narbonne honey, ſo much commended in the ſecond book, I ſhall not determine.

To-

Together mix'd; his temples then infold
In ſofteſt flannel, to prevent the cold.
Yet all your efforts but encreaſe the ſtorm,
Unleſs the looſen'd belly well perform
Its office, and diſcharge th' obſtructing load:
For this, mix liquid honey with his food;
For, of the laxatives that art beſtows,
That Earth produces, or from Æther flows,
None have been found ſo fitted to expell
Bad humours, and to make an infant well,
If, at his faſting mouth, the ſtore he find,
Or have it, like an acorn, from behind.
But, if you want of the nectareous dew;
To cleanſe his bowels, and his health renew,
Let the attentive nurſe take in her hand
Althæa roots, that grow on marſhy land,

Ver. 296. *In ſofteſt flannel, to prevent the cold.*] Difficult teething ſhould be treated like any other other local inflammation; for which reaſon warmth, and frequent fomenting the head, are of much ſervice; and the pain may be often relieved by bleeding behind the ears. But it is very neceſſary, in this climate, to guard againſt cold, after uſing the two laſt-mentioned remedies.

Or ſtalks of beets, whoſe courſe ſhe may direct
Within the rectum, and with eaſe inject.
But ſince from this diſeaſe proceeds at length
Uncommon looſeneſs, that exhauſts the ſtrength;
To brace his bowels then, your infant needs
Cyperus brown, mix'd with white poppy ſeeds,
And myrtle-berries, ſtill to Venus dear,
That warm the ſtomach, but cold ſeaſons fear.
Pound theſe together, and, when fitly bruis'd,
Be all, a proper time, in milk infus'd;
The grateful liquor will new health produce,
And o'er his ſlender body ſtrength diffuſe.

But,

Ver. 312. *Within the rectum, and with eaſe inject.*] Experience daily teaches the neceſſity of keeping an open belly in the time of dentition, and in all inflammatory diſorders. The ſtalks and roots mentioned in the text make very good ſuppoſitories, eſpecially if rubbed over with honey. If theſe fail of the deſired effect, ſome opening medicines ſhould be adminiſtered: and Dr. Underwood obſerves, that a conſiderable degree of looſeneſs is uſeful. The roots of Althæa, or marſh-mallow, are well known to all practitioners; and beets may be found in every garden.

Ver. 322. *And o'er his ſlender body ſtrength diffuſe.*] Habitual looſeneſs often proves more troubleſome than its oppoſite, being not ſo eaſily removed. The ſimple ſtomachic emulſion, recommended

But, if excruciating gripes begin
To rend the bowels, and to gnaw within;
T' allay the torments, and the woe prevent,
With well-warm'd water the griev'd part foment;
Or elſe anoint with oil of fragrant dill,
Or, what the flow'rs of chamomile diſtill,
Or from old olives runs, plac'd o'er the fire:
Theſe work the cure, when pains their uſe require.

For

mended in the text, may be of great ſervice, eſpecially in a diſeaſe where, as Dr. Underwood remarks, diluting drinks ſhould frequently be given. And they become the more neceſſary, if the child do not ſuck, which often happens from the inflammation of the mouth. Cyperus is a plant of the gramini-folious kind; the roots of which have been generally brought from Italy; but it is found wild in ſome marſhy places in England, and has been accounted a good ſtomachic, and carminative. The myrtle, ſo much celebrated by poets, and ſacred to Venus, becauſe its berries were ſuppoſed to excite certain paſſions, is a native of Italy, and cultivated in our botanic gardens. It is a mild aſtringent; but both theſe plants are now little uſed in medicine: not becauſe they want the virtues aſcribed to them; but becauſe remedies change like faſhions; and the old ones are laid aſide for the ſake of trying new ones, ſuppoſed to be endowed with the ſame properties, in an equal or ſuperior degree.

Ver. 330. *Theſe work the cure, when pains their uſe require.*] Fomentations and warm bathing are often moſt effectual in removing

For thro' the pores inſinuates the heat,
And reaching, by degrees, the tender ſeat
Of this diſeaſe, collected cold expells,
With wind, that latent in the bowels dwells,
Removes at once th' effect, th' offending cauſe,
And makes the humours yield to milder laws.

Why ſhould the Muſe, in doleful notes, deſcribe
The plague of worms, and trace the loathſome tribe,
That breed with equal ſigns, more fix'd remain,
And fret th' inteſtines with as pungent pain?
For when the child exhauſts the milky flood,
Too largely feaſting on the grateful food,
The juice, corrupting, to the coats adheres
Of his thin bowels, heavy ſlime appears;
And, tho' long time in theſe the mucus dwell,
Not all his force the crudities expel.
Then prudent Nature other arts aſſumes;
What ſtill remain within ſhe there conſumes,

moving gripes. The oils of dill, and chamomile, being ſtrongly aromatic and carminative, are likewiſe very proper for anointing the belly. Recent oil from old olives, and prepared as here directed, has, I believe, been little uſed in this country: but it doubtleſs deſerves a trial.

And,

And, for this purpoſe, in the fluid forms
A race deteſted of internal worms;
That creep along the narrow channels, ſpread
O'er all the matter whence themſelves were made;
There, twiſting round in loathſome heaps, devour
The parent-ſlime, and thus the bowels ſcour.
So the gay butterfly in ſpring receives
His birth from op'ning flow'rs and ſhelt'ring leaves,
Then ſoars, on painted wings, amid the ſkies;
But, oft returning from the heights he tries,
Devours what gave him to the golden rays,
And thus the good receiv'd with ill repays.
But when the noiſome plague have ſwallowed all
The nouriſhment, that in their way can fall;
When want begins, this way and that they bend
Their heads for food, and finding nothing rend
Their empty'd caverns, far remov'd from ſight,
And vex his entrails with unceaſing bite.
Plain are the ſigns that this ſad ill denote;
Strong-ſcented breath aſcending through his throat;
Sometimes the feeble pow'rs of life give way,
He dozes, faints, or darts a trembling ray
From languid eyes; diſturb'd is every ſleep,
He ſtarts, awakes, when they begin to creep;

Short

Short huſky coughs the lab'ring lungs moleſt,
And grievous itchings oft the noſe infeſt.
Wherefore you muſt, t' avert this direful woe,
By ſome fit means expell the latent foe:
And warming bitters beſt deſtroy the brood,
For they deteſt all aromatic food;
Uſe chief the chaffy ſeed, renown'd in fame,
That from the worms themſelves derives its name:
This you may give, in apple-pulp with eaſe,
Or mix'd with gruel, or what food you pleaſe.

Ver. 374. *And grievous itchings oft the noſe infeſt.*] Theſe are the moſt common ſymptoms of worms in young children; to which I ſhall only add, that a dark hollow circle frequently appears round the eyes, and that the cough is an almoſt conſtant ſymptom, when the diſeaſe is of long ſtanding, and has much injured the health. Underw. Vol. I.

Ver. 380. *That from the worms themſelves derives its name:*] Semen Santonicum, commonly called worm-ſeed, from its anthelmintic virtues. It grows on a ſpecies of mug-wort found in Saintonge, in France, the country of the ancient Santones, and hence the name Santonicum. The kind uſed in Britain is commonly brought from the Levant; but that ſold in the ſhops is ſaid, many times, not to be genuine. It has been celebrated in all ages for expelling worms, for which it is particularly adapted, being at once bitter, aromatic, and purgative.

With

With gall of bulls, and Cummin's pallid ſeed,
A plaſter make, and o'er the belly ſpread;
This proves a certain cure, nor need I mind
What other we from old phyſicians find.

Why ſhould the Muſe rehearſe, in flowing ſtrains,
Each fell diſeaſe, that gives an infant pains?
So vaſt their number, and ſo thick they throng,
That ev'n their names would form inceſſant ſong:

Ver. 385. *This proves a certain cure* ————.] This, or a ſimilar remedy, has been adviſed by all ſucceeding phyſicians; and Dr. Underwood preſcribes much the ſame, only changing the plaſter into an ointment. Cummin ſeeds are chiefly imported from Sicily and Malta. They are accounted good carminatives and ſtomachics; but are now, in a great meaſure, laid aſide, on account of their diſagreeable flavour. Their principal uſe is in external applications, as a warm diſcutient, antiſeptic, and anthelmintic; for which purpoſe they are ſo ſtrongly recommended by St. Marthe. And ſince he declares, from his own experience, as one would think, that this plaſter, with ſemen ſantonicum taken inwardly, prove a certain cure, I can ſee no reaſon why they ſhould not be perſiſted in, inſtead of peſtering the child with chymical remedies; which, though they may prove equally effectual, muſt be much more pernicious to the bowels. It is well obſerved, by Dr. Underwood, that "throughout the cure, and afterwards, the diet ſhould be ſtrictly attended to, and all fat and greaſy aliments abſtained from. The child ſhould live upon milk, broths, and meats of eaſy digeſtion, with toaſted bread and honey, *inſtead of butter, which is exceedingly pernicious.*" Vol. I. p. 155.

From one ſcarce ended, ſee! another grow,
And toil ſucceed to toil, and woe to woe.
Nor, were the Nine to grant a thouſand tongues,
A thouſand mouths, a thouſand breathing lungs,
Could I recount the woes, that ſtill moleſt
An infant's bowels, and diſturb his reſt;
That lie in ambuſh, which no art can ſhun,
And threaten death ere life be well begun.
Hence painful vomitings, dry coughs we find,
And frightful dreams, that vex his feeble mind;
Hence reſtleſs watching, tho' the child you keep
In quiet, ſtill prevents refreſhing ſleep.
The ſnowy fountains all theſe evils bring,
When, gorg'd with milk, he ſurfeits on the ſpring;
Nor can the weak ſtomachic pow'rs digeſt
The load, collected from the nurſe's breaſt,

But

Ver. 406. *The load, collected from the nurſe's breaſt,*] Hence we may obſerve how dangerous it is to give a ſucking infant great quantities of panada, broth, and bread, &c. as is commonly done; and eſpecially when labouring under any acute diſeaſe, of which teething may be reckoned one. The diet of the nurſe ſhould likewiſe be carefully attended to, for which Dr. Underwood gives the following directions: "an invariable attention "ſhould be paid to natural conſtitution and habit; due allow-"ance being made for theſe, it may be ſaid that milk, broth, and "white

But in the bowels crudities remain;
Whence airy vapours mounting to the brain,
In fancy'd ſemblance, and deluding ſhades,
Some frightful dream his infant mind invades,
And from the brain, by nature ſoft and cold,
They come not back, but take a laſting hold,
In bleak and heavy ſhow'rs condenſing there,
As clouds are form'd of rain, and thicken'd air;
At length abſorb'd, o'er all his head diffuſe;
Part on the jaws deſcends in fluid ooze,

" white ſoups, plain puddings, fleſh meats of eaſy digeſtion, and " a due mixture of vegetables, with plenty of diluting drinks, " and ſuch proportion of more generous liquors (ſpirits excepted) " as the variety of circumſtances ſhall direct, will be a proper " diet for ſuckling women. Reſpecting vegetables particularly, " the ſtricteſt regard ſhould be had to conſtitution and habit. " Wherever vegetables, or even acids, uniformly agree with the " ſuckling parent, or nurſe, I believe a healthy child will never " ſuffer by their partaking of them, but, on the contrary, the " milk, being thereby rendered thin and cooling, will prove " more nouriſhing and ſalutary, in conſequence of being eaſier " of digeſtion." Vol. II. p. 252. To this I ſhall only add, that in general, the diet of a nurſe ſhould be the ſame as when ſhe was pregnant; which has been amply diſcuſſed in the firſt book; and that a proper attention to diet and regimen will, even in the moſt weakly children, remove coughs, vomitings, and the long train of bowel complaints to which infancy is ſubjected more effectually than any other remedy. It is all the cure that St. Marthe propoſes.

And part, returning, ſhakes his tender breaſt
With conſtant coughing, that denies him reſt.
Wherefore reſtrain the flowing ſtreams a while,
And try ſome means his hunger to beguile;
The cauſe remov'd, th' effect will ſhortly ceaſe,
And pain, and woe give way to health and eaſe.
Why ſhould the weary'd muſe attempt to ſpeak,
How oft the rectum thro' its bounds will break,
When a continu'd flux the parts unlooſe,
And the next muſcle, made unfit for uſe

Ver. 419. *Wherefore reſtrain the flowing ſtreams a while,*] This direction ſhould be particularly attended to, eſpecially when the milk is returned curdled, and is much better than torturing the child with emetics, which are often unneceſſarily adminiſtered; and giving one always paves the way for another, unleſs a proper change of diet take place at the ſame time. Coughs, that commonly proceed from an over-fulneſs of blood in the lungs, which is always encreaſed by the diſtended ſtomach, preſſing on the large blood-veſſels behind it, and thus impeding the circulation, require the ſame remedy.

Ver. 424. *How oft the rectum thro' its bounds will break,*] This complaint, commonly called "Prolapſus ani," is not very frequent unleſs children are born with it, or weakened by long continued looſeneſs, as mentioned in the text. It is, for the moſt part, the internal coat of the bowel that comes down; this coat being longer than the others, and full of folds.

By

By the relaxing moiſture, now denies
Its office, nor to bind the body tries?
Aſtringents mild will this diſeaſe prevent,
And, when it threatens ſlipping, oft foment
With warm decoctions; but you chief ſhould try
To make the gut within its confines lie,
By ſofteſt preſſure of ſome gentle hand,
As his young frame, and tender ſkin demand.
Nor ſhall I mention ſcales, and ſcurfs that ſpread,
In time of ſuckling, o'er an infant's head,
Deform his face, with putrid matter flow;
Above his lips, or ſqualid mouth may grow
In cruſts unſeemly, that unite in one,
Swell ev'ry place, and o'er his body run.

Ver. 429. *Aſtringents mild will this diſeaſe prevent,*] The beſt aſtringent is a decoction of oak-bark, with the dregs of red wine, and a little allum; and, if neceſſary, this may be uſed as an injection.

Ver. 432. *To make the gut within its confines lie,*] This is generally done, without much difficulty, by a little ſoft preſſure; and the fomentations and injections ſhould be applied immediately after replacing the gut; then, compreſſes of cotton, or ſoft tow, wrung out of the dregs of red wine, and ſprinkled with fine powder of myrrh, frankincenſe, and dragon's blood, ſhould be bound over the part, with a linen bandage, ſo as to make a firm compreſſion, and frequently repeated. This ſoon completes the cure, and proves as effectual in adults, as in children.

For, of themſelves, they frequently withdraw,
Or, ſhould they not, by Nature's kindly law
Become of uſe, and from the wat'ry brain
Draw humours forth, and make the body clean.
But let the Muſe deſcribe the puſtules dire,
That, breaking out from ſome contagious fire,
Riſe o'er the ſkin, and outward bend their courſe,
Compell'd by raging fever's rapid force,
The face, the joints, the ſnowy limbs deform,
And leave long tokens of th' internal ſtorm;
If, o'er the body rais'd, diſtinct their name,
They ſwell, and ſhine, like ſpires of ruddy flame;
Or confluent o'er the ſpotting infant flow,
From gelid humour, that moves dull and ſlow,
Whence they, ſuppreſs'd, riſe not above the ſkin,
But make the fever more to rage within;

Ver. 444. *Draw humours forth, and make the body clean.*] Notwithſtanding this, theſe ſcales and ſcurfs, which are commonly confined to the head, and therefore called, "Tinea capitis," are very diſagreeable to the eye, and make the child liable to other diſeaſes. They commonly proceed, either from a ſcrophulous habit, or from not keeping the infant properly clean. Wherefore, they ſhould be waſhed every day with lime-water, and a decoction of the woods given internally; to which, if it does not purge of itſelf, ſome gentle laxative ſhould be added. Several phyſicians think that they may be healed up, without any internal medicine.

But

But puſtules flat, or tall, that firſt were red,
In proper time, when o'er the body ſpread,
Turn white, mature, ſubſide, and laſt appear
Compacted cruſts, that to the ſkin adhere.
For two the ſpecies of theſe morbid hills,
But ſmall the diff'rence 'twixt the ſiſter-ills;
And Exanthemata, the Grecians name,
Both kinds, whoſe ſymptoms are ſo much the ſame.

What

Ver. 463, 464. *And Exanthemata, the Grecians name,*
Both kinds, ——————————.] This term is now applied to all eruptive fevers, as well as to the ſmall-pox; which, as Dr. Mead obſerves, are not ancient diſeaſes but firſt deſcribed by the Arabian phyſicians; and he endeavours to fix the very year in which they made their appearance, as follows: "The chief of the Arabian phyſicians was Rhazes, who "lived about the beginning of the tenth century. We have a "large volume of this great man, publiſhed under the title of his "Continent, a treaſure of Phyſick, which ſeems tohave been com-"piled from his common-place book. In this he informs us, "that a phyſician, whoſe name was Aaron (who wrote thirty "books of phyſic), had treated of the diagnoſtics, the various "kinds, and the method of cure of the ſmall-pox. Now, this "Aaron was born at Alexandria, and, in the reign of Mahomet, "practiſed about the year 622. Whence the learned Dr. Freind "conjectured, that poſſibly the ſmall-pox took their riſe in Egypt. "But the origin of this diſeaſe is carried farther back than the "time of this Aaron by Dr. John James Reiſke, who ſays that "he read the following words in an old Arabic manuſcript of "the public library at Leyden: "This year, in fine, the ſmall-

What makes this fell diſeaſe on infants come,
Is vicious blood imbib'd, when in the womb,
Which

" pox and meaſles made their firſt appearance in Arabia." By this year he means that of the birth of Mahomet, which was the year of Chriſt 572. Diſcourſe on the ſmall-pox, Chap. I. So that the ſame year gave birth to the two ſevereſt calamities of mankind, the greateſt of impoſtors, and the moſt fatal of diſeaſes.

Ver. 466. *Is vicious blood imbib'd, when in the womb,*] This is agreeable to the theory of Avicenna, and other Arabian phyſicians, who ſuppoſe the ſeeds of the ſmall-pox to be inherent in the body, and that they are made active by contagion; which ſeems a very rational account of the diſeaſe. The only difficulty is, whence came the firſt contagion? To this queſtion Dr. Mead has given a very full anſwer. And as that learned phyſician has treated the ſubject in a complete and elegant manner, I beg leave to give the following extract from the chapter already quoted: " I am inclined to think that there are certain diſeaſes, " which are originally engendered, and propagated in certain " countries, as in their native ſoil; theſe, by Hippocrates, are " called diſeaſes of the country; and ſome of them, ſprung up in " various parts of Europe and Aſia, from peculiar defects in the " air, ſoil, and waters, he has moſt accurately deſcribed; but, " the more modern Greeks call them *Endemic diſeaſes*. Theſe, in " my opinion, always exiſted in their reſpective native places, as " proceeding from the ſame natural cauſes perpetually exerting " themſelves.

" It is found that ſome of theſe are contagious, and that the " contagion is frequently propagated to very remote countries, " by means ſuitable to the nature of this or that diſeaſe. For " ſome not only communicate the infection by immediate con-

" tact

Which the maternal flux pours in his veins;
Part diſſipates in time, but part remains;

The

" tact of the ſound with the morbid body, but have ſuch force,
" that they ſpread their pernicious ſeeds by emitting very ſub-
" tile particles; which, lighting on ſoft ſpongy ſubſtances, ſuch
" as cotton, wool, raw ſilk, and cloathing, penetrate into them,
" and there remain pent up, for a conſiderable time; in the ſame
" manner, as I have, elſewhere, accounted for the wide progreſs
" of the plague from Africa, its original country. Now the ſmall-
" pox ſeems to be a plague, of its own kind, which was originally
" bred in Africa, and more eſpecially in Æthiopia, as the heat
" there is exceſſive; and thence, like the true plague, was brought
" into Arabia and Egypt, after the manner above mentioned."

This doctrine is now confirmed by experience; and, as a proof of it, the ſame author gives the following fact; which, he ſays, was atteſted to him by a gentleman who had been, for many years, governor of Fort St. George, in the Eaſt Indies: " While
" he was in that poſt, a Dutch ſhip put into the Cape of Good
" Hope, ſome of the crew of which had had the ſmall-pox in
" the voyage thither. The natives of that country, who are
" called Hottentots, are ſo wild and ſtupid, that they might ſeem
" to be of a middle ſpecies between men and brutes; and it is
" their cuſtom to do all ſervile offices for the ſailors, who land
" there. Now, it happened that ſome of theſe miſerable wretches
" were employed in waſhing the linen and clothes of thoſe men
" who had been afflicted with the diſtemper; whereupon, they
" were ſeized with it, and it raged among them with ſuch vio-
" lence, that moſt of them periſhed under it; but, as ſoon as
" fatal experience had convinced this ignorant people, that the
" diſeaſe was ſpread by contagion, it appeared that they had na-
" tural ſagacity enough to defend themſelves; for, they con-
" trived to draw lines round the infected part of their country,

" which

The pois'nous ſeeds his tender body drew,
He voided not, but with his ſtrength they grew;
Th' ablutions ſcatter'd o'er the little cells,
Great Nature foſters, and at length expells.
As recent wines attempt to view the day,
Ferment, and from the caſk would burſt their way,
And foam, and boil, and off the refuſe throw,
Till, from the vaſe, refin'd the vintage flow;
Not other boils the child's fermenting blood,
And ſtrains, and flies t' expel th' oppreſſive load,
Till to the light be thrown the juice unclean,
And his pure body with new health be ſeen.
Nor are there wanting of the ſkilful tribe,
That to ſome other cauſe this ill aſcribe:
But, whenceſoever ſpring the dreadful ſtrife,
It oft proves fatal to an infant's life.

" which were ſo ſtrictly guarded, that, if any perſon attempted " to break through them, in order to make them fly from that " infection, he was immediately ſhot dead. Now this fact ſeems " the more remarkable, as it evinces, that neceſſity compelled a " people of the moſt groſs ignorance and ſtupidity to take the " ſame meaſure which a train of reaſoning led us formerly to " propoſe, in order to ſtop the progreſs of the plague; and " which, ſometime after, had a happy effect, not only in check- " ing, but even entirely extinguiſhing that dreadful calamity in " France, where it broke forth, and threatened the reſt of Europe " with deſtruction."

Poor

Poor helpleſs babe! how will you now lament!
How to the pitying nurſe your ſorrows vent!
Demanding aid, with all the rage of grief,
When ſhe, as helpleſs, can bring no relief!
Nor milk, nor other food, aſſuage your woes,
Nor can your painful limbs enjoy repoſe.
Behold her long, and miſerably bend
To you ſhe lov'd, to you ſhe us'd to tend,
Hang o'er your cradle, with dejected eyes,
And beat her breaſt, that calms not now your cries.
Thoſe cheeks ſo beauteous, and almoſt divine,
Where red and white alternate wont to ſhine;
That mouth ſo round, ſo pleaſing to the view,
Thoſe lips ſhe kiſs'd, to which ſo oft ſhe grew,
She ſees deform'd with gore, with cruſts obſcene,
With fluid ulcers, and with ſores unclean:
To you, to her, appears no more redreſs,
Nor finds ſhe words her ſorrows to expreſs.
But 'tis no time to waſte in vain laments;
Some other means muſt ſoothe your ſad complaints,
Some proper treatment the contagion kill,
And ſtop the progreſs of the mortal ill.

To calm the Fever then make haſte to bring
Refreſhing water from the cryſtal ſpring;
This cools his bowels, but the draught repeat;
For ſcarce the firſt allays his inward heat.
Renew the Lymph; and to procure him reſt
Let frequent vomits eaſe his lab'ring breaſt;
Leſt his full ſtomach, whence no humour drains,
Receive not what may beſt relieve his pains.
To this you muſt a proper diet add,
Rememb'ring ſtill that ev'ry ſweet is bad;
Or fruits that with immod'rate moiſture flow,
Whoſe ſwelling juices ſoon putreſcent grow:
A drink with Caſſia made, or Syrian dew,
Will prove more grateful, and his health renew;

Ver. 508. *Refreſhing water from the cryſtal ſpring*;] This method is ſtill uſed by the moſt celebrated Inoculators; and therefore ſhould be tried in the natural ſmall pox, eſpecially where there are ſigns of a confluent eruption.

Ver. 519. *A drink with Caſſia made, or Syrian dew,*] Water boiled with a proper quantity of Caſſia or Honey, eſpecially with the addition of orange or lemon juice, will prove a grateful drink, and at the ſame time open the body; which is ſo neceſſary in the beginning of the ſmall pox. This ſhould be preceded, according to the urgency of the ſymptoms, by one or more vomits; to which Nature generally points, by beginning this diſeaſe with a vomiting.

Or,

Or, if his ſtrength forbid, the Nurſe ſhould take
The potion for the ſickly infant's ſake.
But ſhould the Fever, which you thus engage,
Reſiſtleſs burn with unextinguiſh'd rage;
Should all your efforts fail to eaſe his pains,
To kill the poiſon warring in his veins,
You muſt ſubmit, for wiſe phyſicians ſend,
Nor on each idle recipe depend,
That trav'lling quacks adviſe, or women give;
For, tho' they chief the mother's mind deceive,
The common error oft infects us all,
And here the learn'd themſelves are apt to fall,
By heat attempting, and by ill-tim'd care,
To force the poiſon to the ambient air.
In this diſeaſe the greateſt hazards lie
In that ſad treatment, which too many try,
When they, by violence, bring from within
A load of puſtules on th' inflaming ſkin,

Ver. 538. *A load of puſtules on th' inflaming ſkin,*] The pernicious method of treating this diſeaſe by heating medicines being now univerſally and juſtly exploded, I ſhall only remark, that after the cool regimen had been ſo early introduced as the time of St. Marthe, it ſeems extremely ſurprizing that it ſhould have been laid aſide, and the former mode of treatment revived towards the end of the laſt century, with ſo much miſtaken zeal, that all the art of a Sydenham could ſcarcely put a ſtop to it.

That,

That, with unnumber'd wounds, deform the face,
And ev'ry iſſue of the ſoul oppreſs.
By this (Oh! ſad rememb'rance, fatal tale!)
To me two beauteous infants lately fell:
Four ſummers o'er my lovely Charles had run,
And thrice Diana ſaw the annual ſun,
But, ere the next, from me, and from my ſpouſe
Were ſnatch'd the double honours of our houſe.
Ye mighty Gods! if love for man remain,
And all a Poet's pray'rs be not in vain,
Save the delightful pledges of our bed,
That yet ſurvive, from theſe dire ills that ſhed
Deſtruction round; avert th' infectious woe,
Nor wound our peace by a ſucceeding blow.
But, ſhould this fell diſeaſe again invade
My riſing race, and their young limbs pervade,
If ſtrength would bear, and leſt the noxious flood,
Expell'd, be re-abſorb'd within the blood,
I ſure would try, by op'ning ſome fit vein,
To part the humour, that brings on the pain.

Yet

Ver. 557. *I ſure would try, by opening ſome fit vein,*] Bleeding may be uſed at any time of the natural ſmall-pox, if the ſymptoms require it, from the firſt appearance of the diſeaſe to the beginning

Yet left now-ſinking Nature fail t' expel
All pois'nous ſeeds, that in the body dwell,
Aſſiſtance bring from thoſe medic'nal plants
That pregnant earth from her deep boſom grants;

ning of the ſecondary fever; which it will often be of great ſervice in preventing. Many people have an unreaſonable prejudice againſt it, from a fooliſh idea that it prevents the eruption, or at leaſt the puſtules from ripening, and filling with good matter. But it is recommended in the ſtrongeſt terms by Dr. Mead, who, beſides his learning, had much experience of this diſeaſe. To tranſcribe all that he ſaid upon this ſubject would far exceed the bounds to which theſe notes muſt be confined; and his book is in the hands of every practitioner. In general, it may be obſerved that blood-letting has the ſame effect in the ſmall-pox, as in other acute diſeaſes, and that by abating the fever, and cooling the body, nature acquires a greater degree of ſtrength to expell the noxious humour. And this remedy is obſerved to prevent many very dangerous ſymptoms that attend the diſeaſe, ſuch as delirium, convulſions, difficulty of breathing, &c. and that, for the ſame reaſon, that in large abſceſſes, when there is too great a fulneſs, and the heat too intenſe, the ſuppuration is brought on quicker and better by taking away ſome blood. The method propoſed by Dr. Mead in the eruptive fever of the ſmall-pox, is, firſt, to let blood, and to repeat this operation according to the urgency of the ſymptoms; ſecond, to give a vomit, if there happens to be any collection of phlegm or bile in the ſtomach; or, if the ſtomach be loaded with food unſeaſonably taken: third, to give a gentle laxative, at any time before the eruption; ſuch as infuſion of Sena, with Manna, or Manna alone for children. The reader may obſerve that all theſe remedies are adviſed by St. Marthe.

And

And chief prefer the herb, with ſpreading leaves,
That from the lofty elm its name receives;
The fragrant herb, to ancient times unknown,
That ſheds new grace and glory on our own;
Whoſe pow'rs, inherent in its ſacred juice,
Of all, can beſt a breathing ſweat produce,

Relieve

Ver. 568. *Of all, can beſt a breathing ſweat produce,*] Dr. Mead alſo recommends gentle ſweating, eſpecially in the moſt dangerous ſpecies of the ſmall-pox; and this ſhould be tried, about the fourth or fifth day, after the evacuations already mentioned have taken place. Spiritus Mindereri, and other Saline Mixtures are now chiefly uſed for this purpoſe, the herb recommended in the text, though ſtill retained in the Materia Medica, being almoſt entirely laid aſide in modern practice; and I apprehend there are few phyſicians at preſent alive, who can determine its virtues by experience. At the ſame time, its fragrant and moſt refreſhing ſmell ſeems to ſhew that an infuſion or decoction of its leaves and flowers would be an excellent antiſpaſmodic and diaphoretic in this diſorder. It is called ulmaria, from ulmus, the elm, having ſome reſemblance to the figure of that tree: and as St. Marthe beſtows ſuch encomiums on it, and had doubtleſs made trial of it as a diaphoretic himſelf, I ſhall give the following account of it from Dr. Lewis: "Ulmaria, ſive Regina Prati Ph. "Ed. Barba capræ floribus compactis C. B. meadow-ſweet, or "queen of the meadows; a plant with tall, ſmooth, reddiſh, "brittle ſtalks; and oval, ſharp-pointed, indented leaves, ſet in "pairs along a middle rib, with ſmaller pieces between; and at "the end, a large odd one divided into three ſections, wrinkled "and green above, white underneath; on the tops come forth

"large

Relieve the blood from the oppreſſive weight,
And bring th' infection to the coaſts of light.
When firſt the puſtules, mark'd by florid red,
Begin to riſe, and here and there to ſpread;
Then muſt you, with attentive mind, beware,
Leſt they, that oft o'ercome our utmoſt care,
Infeſt the tender infant's noſtrils, eyes,
His lungs, his throat, and all that inward lies.
For in theſe parts the greateſt danger breeds,
Whence loſs of ſight, and death too oft proceeds.

" large cluſters of little whitiſh flowers, followed each by ſeveral " crooked ſeeds ſet in a roundiſh head. It is perennial, common " in moiſt meadows, and flowers in June. The flowers have a " ſtrong and pleaſant ſmell, in virtue of which they are ſuppoſed " to be antiſpaſmodic, and diaphoretic; and which, in keeping, " is ſoon diſſipated, leaving in the flowers only an inſipid muci- " laginous matter. As theſe flowers are more rarely uſed in " medicine than their fragrant ſmell might rationally perſuade, " Linnæus ſuſpects that the neglect of them has ariſen from the " plant being poſſeſſed of ſome noxious qualities, which it ſeems " to betray by its being left untouched by cattle: it may be ob- " ſerved, however, that the cattle, which refuſed the ulmaria, " refuſed alſo angelica, and other herbs, whoſe innocence is " apparent from daily experience." Materia Medica, p. 585.

Wherefore anoint the ſwelling orbs with dew,
That bleeding roſes open to the view,
Or with pure fragrance of the milky ſprings,
That, from the nurſe's breaſt, ſoft preſſure brings;
And tinge his face, and ev'ry tumid eye,
With warming Saffron of Corycian dye.
Nor, to preſerve the ſight, is leſs of uſe
The ripe pomegranate's more delicious juice,
Which alſo ſaves his mouth from feſt'ring heat,
If the ſick child the ſoft'ning pulp can eat;

Ver. 580. *That bleeding roſes open to the view,*] Every thing fragrant and cooling is good in the ſmall-pox; wherefore the room ſhould be ſcented with roſes, and ſweet-ſmelling herbs; and when the face ſwells much (which is commonly a good ſymptom), and the eye-lids diſcharge matter, an embrocation of warm roſe-water, or the nurſe's milk, will frequently give relief, when a great load of puſtules requires it. Saffron is now thought too heating for this diſeaſe; when there are putrid ſymptoms, an infuſion of it may perhaps be uſed as an embrocation. But the Peruvian bark now juſtly takes place of all other medicines for this purpoſe. The Engliſh ſaffron is preferred to that brought from abroad for all medicinal uſes. The kind uſed by the antients, and recommended in the text, grew in Corycium, a country of Phocis, in Greece. It is celebrated by Lucan, and other ancient poets; and, on account of its medical virtues, was conſecrated to Apollo, as the reader will find in the ſecond hymn of Callimachus.

And

And cluſt'ring grapes, that ſwell with ruddy wine,
Will cleanſe his throat, and give new ſtrength within.
Let vinegar its acrid vapour ſhed,
To clear the noſtrils, and compoſe the head;
T' aſſiſt the lungs, let tragacanth unite
Its mucilage, with juice of poppies white:
The drowſy linctus oft relieves his woe,
And makes the heaving bellows ſoftly blow.

Not

Ver. 589, 590. *And cluſt'ring grapes, that ſwell with ruddy wine,*
Will cleanſe his throat, and give new ſtrength within.]

Of all fruits uſed in this diſorder, which ſo particularly demands their aſſiſtance, pomegranates and red grapes, eſpecially the latter, will be found the moſt grateful; they cleanſe the throat, the bowels, and in a great meaſure ſupply the want of food, which the patient generally loathes. If theſe cannot be had, ſtrawberries and oranges, though much inferior in virtue, muſt be ſubſtituted in their place.

Ver. 595. *The drowſy linctus oft relieves his woe,*] After the evacuations of bleeding, vomiting, purging, and a gentle ſweat, if it can be excited without heating the child; opiates ſhould next be adminiſtered; and daily experience ſhews their good effects in filling the puſtules. But, as Dr. Mead obſerves, they ſhould never be given too haſtily, nor till after the fever is moderated by the above-mentioned evacuations, when the ſuppuration of the matter, ſtagnating in the puſtules, is forwarded by quiet and ſleep. And it is at this ſtage of the diſeaſe that St. Marthe recommendeds his linctus, which is rendered more uſeful for

Nor leſs will ooze, that lentils boil'd diſtill,
Defend his bowels from th' invading ill;

And

opening the breaſt, by adding the mucilage of gum tragacanth. It is uſual now to give laudanum in the moſt acute fevers; though I never ſaw it done but once, when, I am certain, it had at leaſt no good effects. To ſmell at vinegar, and rubbing the temples with it, relieves the head in this and many other diſorders.

Ver. 597, 598. *Nor leſs will ooze, that lentils boil'd diſtill,*
Defend his bowels ——————————] The gentlemen of the faculty at Edinburgh, in their new-improved edition of the Diſpenſatory, by Dr. Lewis, condemn lentils altogether, both as food, and medicine; but it is to be obſerved, that there are two ſpecies of this plant, both cultivated in England, the common and the French lentil: the laſt (the mucilage of which is here adviſed) is the largeſt, and by much the beſt. And it is obſerved by Dr. Lemery, likewiſe a Frenchman, that this lentil allays the over-fervency of the blood; and that, though deterſive, and binding when eat whole, it becomes laxative when only the decoction is uſed, becauſe the water diſſolves no more than the eſſential ſalts of this pulſe, which are proper to produce that effect. Hence the juice or mucilage may be an uſeful laxative, towards the maturation of the ſmall-pox, when a ſecond purging becomes neceſſary, eſpecially in children, whoſe bowels are eaſily moved; and may likewiſe have the advantage of operating, without making the infant ſick, or producing gripes.

Lentils are called in latin "lentes," from "lenis" ſweet; becauſe it was believed that the uſe of lentils would make the humours ſweet; or becauſe lentils are ſmooth, and ſoft to the taſte.

As

And when th' eruption, now mature, is ſeen
To ſwell the purpled ſkin with gore obſcene;
When high the heavy-ſcented puſtules ſhoot,
And, breaking, ev'ry joint and limb pollute;
With new-pull'd violets muſt then be had
Green chamomile, and ſoft'ning mallows add:
Mix theſe with bran, in well-warm'd water place,
And ſtir, and boil the whole, a proper ſpace;
Then to the child bring the refreſhing ſtore,
Foment his limbs, and waſh his body o'er.

But

As theſe plants are little, if at all, cultivated in Scotland, and that kind called the French lentil ſeeming to deſerve greater attention, I ſhall give the following directions with regard to its culture. It is twice the ſize of the common lentil, both in plant and ſeed. It ſhould be ſown in March, after a ſingle plowing, in the ground that bore corn the year before. Manure is not abſolutely neceſſary, though it will doubtleſs encreaſe the crop. Its graſs is ſaid to be very copious; it may be mowed many times in the year, and affords an healthy, as well as agreeable nouriſhment to horſes, cows, and ſheep: the milk of cows fed with it is ſaid to be very copious and good. Long and numerous pods ripen about the beginning of winter, which afford a new kind of legumen to be eat as common lentils: when freſh, it makes admirable peaſe-ſoup; dry, it is greedily eat by the poultry. The dried herb is alſo a good reſource for cattle in winter. It grows on any kind of ground.

Ver. 608. *Foment his limbs, and waſh his body o'er.*] How far fomenting the whole body may be neceſſary, at any period of the

But now, ye tender mothers, ſpare your tears;
Spare thine, my boy, the day deſir'd appears:
Without delay the conquer'd fire will ceaſe,
And from the body fly the ſad diſeaſe.
Behold each puſtule turn a running ſore,
And, by degrees, eject the ripen'd gore.
If the hard ſkin deny it to the view,
Then, with a golden needle, pierce them thro';

ſmall-pox, I ſhall not determine. But as bread and milk poultices are uſually and properly applied to the hands and feet, in order to make theſe parts ſwell, as the face ſubſides, fomentations may be uſed in the ſame manner, and are indeed neceſſary to cleanſe the ſkin, when the poultices are removed.

Ver. 616. *Then, with a golden needle, pierce them thro';*] This advice is according to Avicenna, and other Arabian phyſicians; and it is approved of by the preſent practice. A golden needle is preferred, becauſe gold does not ruſt like other metals, and therefore nothing noxious can be conveyed by it into the wounds, which, for the ſame reaſon, were ſuppoſed to heal without ulcerating. I never knew but of one inſtance where this was completely tried, not indeed with a gold needle, but with a fine lancet. The child had been innoculated, and unfortunately had the confluent ſmall-pox. Every puſtule on the body was opened, and diſcharged plentifully, but without the leaſt effect. The infant died of the ſecondary fever.

The

The latent matter by theſe wounds convey,
And make it flow till all ſpring forth to day,
Till the freed blood begin to circle pure,
And dry and rugged cruſts the ſores obſcure.
If now the cloſing ulcers you foment
With healing dew, that purple roſes vent,
Or uſe the fragrant myrtle's verdant boughs,
And ſoften all with oil of white ceruſe,

Ver. 624. *And ſoften all with oil of white ceruſe,*]
——— atque oleo ceruſæ illeveris omnes.

Ceruſe; the old name for white lead, as the reader will find in Quincy's Diſpenſatory; ſo that the oil of it muſt be the common white ointment of the ſhops; which is rather corroſive (Ceruſa, or Ceruſſa, as it is now called, being a compound of lead and vinegar), and therefore one would think, not a very proper application in this caſe. But the cruſts of the ſmall-pox always fall off of themſelves, in a very ſhort time, except from the face and hands; which being uncovered are more expoſed; and the cruſts hardening adhere to the ſkin, which is the cauſe of marks. Experience has not ſhewn that taking theſe cruſts off the body by external applications contributes much to the relief of the patient. If there be no ſecondary fever, they ſoon diſappear of themſelves, and when there is, it muſt be cured by internal remedies. Neither does St. Marthe ſeem to adviſe theſe outward applications as abſolutely neceſſary, but only ſays that they may be uſed. In the diſtinct ſmall-pox, and even in the more favourable kinds of the confluent, all diſagreeable ſymptoms commonly ceaſe when the puſtules begin to ſubſide.

The child will feel them from his body flow,
And ſprinkle, in rough heaps, the bed below.
So, when returning winter's blaſts invade
The trees, and make their vital juices fade;
As theſe exhauſt, dry leaves beſtrew the ground
In heaps, and leave the foreſts bare around.

But laſt (nor here your utmoſt care diſdain)
Leſt, on his face, unſeemly ſcars remain,
With lilies, in ſome well-glaz'd veſſel, boil
The juicy cane, that grows on marſhy ſoil;
Add beans in flow'r; let the ſlow willow's roots,
That, creeping round moiſt ſhores, extend their ſhoots,
Be careful ſought, the turgid urn to fill,
And, for the face, their liquor to diſtill;
For this the ſoft'ning humours too are good,
That hoofs of goats, or fleecy ſheep exude.
Nor leſs of beautifying pow'r are full
The blood of hares, or of the brawny bull:
By theſe, if warm from recent ſlaughter us'd,
O'er the rough ſkin new graces are diffus'd:
Take which you pleaſe, nor be with one content,
When art, and ſkill ſo many cures invent.

Such

Ver, 645. *Take which you pleaſe, nor be with one content,*] All theſe methods may be uſed, at leaſt with ſafety, not only after this

Such is our care to keep fair beauty's charms,
And much they merit to be ſav'd from harms;
For who, but thoſe produc'd by rocks, or ſtorm,
Refuſe t' admire a bright angelic form?
But now the Muſe beholds, with willing ſight,
The long-wiſh'd end of her aſpiring flight:
Yet, ere ſhe ceaſe, or take refreſhing breath,
Thee, ſhe muſt paint, ſo much reſembling death,

this diſeaſe, but at all other times, by thoſe who are deſirous of preſerving, or encreaſing, the beauty of the face.

Before taking leave of the ſmall-pox, I muſt obſerve, that the beſt of all remedies is inoculation; which ſaves the lives of thouſands, and ſhould never be neglected by fathers and mothers, when thoſe converſant in the practice judge their children to be of a proper age, and conſtitution for it. If the plan, propoſed by Van Swieten, could be adopted, namely, to inoculate all the children of a county, or diſtrict, at the ſame time, perhaps this fatal diſeaſe might be, in time, altogether eradicated, at leaſt from the iſland of Great-Britain; which its great defender the ocean ſeparates as well from foreign invaders, as from their infectious diſeaſes. Hence the celebrated Dr. Young juſtly ſtyles it:

Thrice happy kingdom, from the kingdoms rent,
To fit the guardian of the continent.

Thou

Thou fell diſeaſe! on which aſſembled Rome
Beſtow'd a name, that from the Greeks had come;
From boys they call'd thee: for, tho' ev'ry age
Thou dar'ſt attack, thou chief exert'ſt thy rage

Ver. 655, 656. *Thou fell diſeaſe! on which aſſembled Rome*
Beſtow'd a name, ——————————] The common name of the Epilepſy among the Romans was "*Morbus Comitialis*;" "the aſſembly diſeaſe," either becauſe epileptic perſons were more frequently obſerved to be ſeized with this diſeaſe in a crowd of people; or becauſe thoſe meetings by the Latins called *comitia* were adjourned, if any one happened to fall down in it; as we find in Quintus Serenus, p. 162.

Eſt ſubiti ſpecies morbi, cui nomen ab illo eſt,
Quòd fieri nobis ſuffragia juſta recuſant.
Sæpe etenim membris atro languore caducis
Conſilium populi labes horrenda diremit.

But though this was the popular appellation, it had many other names, ſuch as *morbus puerilis*, *morbus major*, *morbus ſacer*, &c. either becauſe it was thought to be occaſioned by the immediate anger of the gods, or becauſe every thing great was ſometimes called ſacred, as we learn from Aretæus. Why St. Marthe ſays that the Greeks named it from boys, will be found in Hippocrates, who calls it the puerile diſeaſe, and there is no doubt but children, eſpecially thoſe very delicately brought up, are moſt ſubject to this, and every other convulſive diſorder. All the other Greek names, Επιλημψις, Επιλημψια, τα Επιληπτικα, are derived απο τε επιλαμβανειν, from laying hold on; becauſe this terrible diſeaſe attacks all at once, and proſtrates thoſe to the ground in a moment, who were before in good health, and in the midſt of their occupation.

On

On tender infants, with unwearied ſtrife,
Ev'n from the threſhold of beginning life.
Thy dreadful pow'r, with ſudden ruin, bends
The failing limbs, the tighten'd nerves diſtends,
Diſtorts the joints, contracts the body whole,
And intercepts each function of the ſoul.
Long in the fit he lies, and buried deep
Beneath thy influence, as in heavy ſleep;
Nor would his life be known, or inward woes,
Except from fœtid foam the ſtomach throws;
From forth his mouth it runs, with frequent moans;
His hollow ſides re-echo to his groans:
His faculties are gone, his ſenſes loſt,
And with new tremblings his young arms are toſt.
Yet this ſad violence ſubſiſts not long,
But goes, and comes, and he ſometimes is ſtrong;

Ver. 660. *Ev'n from the threſhold of beginning life.*] Thoſe ſubject to an hereditary epilepſy, ſaid to be incurable, are attacked by it almoſt from the womb; but, if they ſurvive the firſt or ſecond paroxyſm, however terrible to themſelves or their friends, it is frequently not dangerous. And Van Swieten mentions an inſtance of one who had been afflicted with it from his infancy, and yet lived to be eighty years of age.

And,

And, after blind oblivion in the night,
Oft ſenſe and health return with morning light.
But whence ariſes this moſt ſtrange diſeaſe?
Does viſcid humour on the vitals ſeize,
Clog, with unuſual weight, the wat'ry brains,
That, for the ſpirits, now no paſs remains;
But their ſtrong efforts raiſe internal wars,
Attempting ſtill to burſt th' impeding bars,
And ſhake each nerve deſcending from the head,
With ſtrong concuſſion, ſtriving to be freed?
Or, lurks cold poiſon in our inward maze,
That, gradual moving on by ſilent ways,
Mounts to the head, and for the tender brain
Prepares an ambuſh, ſhe repells again,

Ver. 676. *Oft ſenſe and health return with morning light.*] Experience has ſhewn this obſervation to be true: and ſome authors aſſert (with no great probability) that, though the diſeaſe cannot be cured, yet, by a proper treatment the fits may be brought to attack only in the night-time.

Ver. 684. *With ſtrong concuſſion, ſtriving to be freed?*] This theory is taken from Galen, who ſays in the firſt book of his Comment on Hippocrates de humoribus, "comitialem morbum fieri, nervorum principio ſeipſum quatiente, ut, quæ noxia ſunt, excutiat." That the epilepſy is produced, by the origin of the nerves ſhaking itſelf to throw off whatever is noxious.

Reſiſts

Reſiſts the coming blow with all her force,
And makes the humour downward bend its courſe?
Hence they whoſe brain is fineſt form'd, and thin,
Are moſt infeſted by this gale within,
Whoſe penetrating pow'r has oft been found
To vex thoſe heroes, chief in fame renown'd.

Why

Ver. 689. *Reſiſts the coming blow with all her force,*] The epilepſy is thought to be occaſioned by various external cauſes irritating the nerves of thoſe whom nature has diſpoſed to be afflicted with it. Of which Van Swieten gives a good inſtance of a girl, ten years of age, who was rendered epileptic ſeveral years, by another tickling the ſoles of her feet, while they were at play. And of one that ſhe got a ſmall hard ſubſtance fixed in the ſame part. The ſkin healed over it, and ſhe felt no uneaſineſs in the place, but was ſeized with ſevere, and frequent epileptic paroxyſms. It was at length diſcovered, and extracted; and ſhe recovered inſtantly. He likewiſe mentions, as in the text, that ſome feel, as it were, a cold blaſt aſcend from the finger or toe, or from ſome other part of the body, which as ſoon as it arrives at the heart, they inſtantly fall.

In Boerhaav. Aphor. 1073.

Ver. 694. *Thoſe heroes chief in fame renown'd.*] Boerhaave, enumerating the cauſes of this diſeaſe, mentions "an acute, and penetrating genius" as one. Of which his Commentator gives inſtances in Julius Cæſar, Petrarch, Fabius Columna, and the learned naturaliſt Francis Redi, who died of it at the age of ſeventy. And he obſerves, that ſuch as enjoy remarkably acute

parts

Why ſhould I mention him, ſo frequent ſung,
From ancient Romulus, from Venus ſprung,
Who forg'd imperial chains for mighty Rome,
But yielded oft to this all-conqu'ring fume?

Or

parts ſeem to have the common ſenſary ſo diſpoſed, as to be more eaſily diſturbed by external circumſtances that may occaſion the diſorder. To which I ſhall add the following remark of Hippocrates; but which, being intended only for the curious reader, I leave as I found it: τὴν συνέξιαν εἶναι μικρᾶν ἐπιλήψιαν.

Ver. 697. *Who forg'd imperial chains for mighty Rome,*] That Julius Cæſar was ſubject to the epilepſy, we learn, both from Plutarch and Suetonius; and as this circumſtance has been little noticed by the modern hiſtorians of that great Conqueror, I ſhall give what is to be found concerning it, in the works of theſe two authors. Καίσαρ τὴν ἕξιν ὢν ἰσχνὸς, καὶ τὴν σάρκα λευκὸς, καὶ ἅπαλος, καὶ περὶ τὴν κεφαλὴν νοσώδη, καὶ τοῖς ἐπιληπτικοῖς ἔνοχος, ἐν Κορδύβῃ πρῶτον αὐτῷ τῷ πάθους, ὡς λέγεται, τότε προσπεσούσης. Plutarch. in Cæſar. Edit. Ald. p. 234.—"Cæſar was of a ſlender habit of body, had a ſoft and white ſkin, was troubled with pains in his head, and ſubject to the epilepſy; which it is ſaid firſt ſeized him at Corduba."

"Fuiſſe traditur excelſa ſtatura, colore candido, teretibus "membris, ore paulò plenio're, nigris vegetiſque oculis, valetu- "dine proſpera: niſi quod tempore extremo repentè animo lin- "qui, atque etiam per ſomnum exterreri ſolebat. Comitiali "quoque morbo bis inter res agendas correptus eſt." Sueton. Lib. I. cap. 45.

"He

Or that proud Arab, with deceitful mind,
Whoſe tales deluded half of human kind;
Whoſe conqueſts o'er extended Aſia ran,
And burning Afric own'd the mighty man;
To faʀtheſt ſhores was ſtretch'd his iron ſway,
And many nations ſtill his pow'r obey?
Yet this he felt; nor leſs its fury came
On him, whoſe body burn'd in ſacred flame
On Oeta's hills, while yet the hero breath'd
Our mortal air, nor had to Heav'n bequeath'd

" He (Cæſar) is reported to have been of a tall ſtature, a clear complexion, with ſlender limbs, a full mouth, black and lively eyes, and to have enjoyed a good ſtate of health, except, that in the latter part of his life he uſed ſuddenly to faint away, and likewiſe to be frightened in his ſleep. He was alſo twice ſeized with the epilepſy, when engaged in buſineſs."

By comparing the teſtimony of theſe two authors, it would appear that this great warrior had not been liable to the epilepſy in his youth. He was not at Corduba, in Spain, till the beginning of the civil war. The diſorder had doubtleſs been occaſioned by a life of conſtant fatigue, and that perpetual attention of mind which muſt neceſſarily be exerted in the performance of great actions. The faintings and frights in his ſleep were only ſlighter fits of his diſeaſe.

Ver. 699. *Or that proud Arab, with deceitful mind,*] That Mahomet was afflicted with this diſorder, and pretended to be inſpired in the time of the paroxyſms, is well known.

His

His ſoul, that in the ſkies commenc'd a god;
That, on his ſhoulders, bore th' enormous load
Of ſuns and ſtars, the great Alcides nam'd,
Who conquer'd ſavage beaſts, and men reclaim'd.
When Victor from his Cleonæan toils,
Cloth'd in the vanquiſh'd lion's ſhaggy ſpoils,
He wander'd thro' the ſhades of Nemea's wood,
That near the fam'd Phliuntian city ſtood;
Or took the well-known way to Corinth leads,
Where the ſtrait iſthmus joins its double heads,

Ver. 711. ——— *the great Alcides nam'd,*] Ariſtotle, in his problems, Sect. 30, queſt. 1, tell us, that Hercules was ſubject to the epilepſy. Hence it was nam'd "the Herculean diſeaſe." But Galen, in the ſixth Book of his Commentary on the Epidemics of Hippocrates, thinks, that it rather received this name from the greatneſs of the diſorder, and its attacking with more ſudden and violent paroxyſms than any other. If the actions of Hercules can be diveſted of fable, and applied to one diſeaſe, this diſeaſe muſt have been occaſioned by his perpetual labours, and no doubt heightened by the anger of Juno: that is, being expoſed to all weathers, and frequently obliged to ſleep in the open air.

Ver. 716. *That near the fam'd Phliuntian city ſtood;*] A caſtle and town of Sicyonia, about four miles from Corinth, near which Hercules killed the famous Nemean lion, the ſkin of which he wore as a garment in all his exploits afterwards.

By double ſeas confin'd; this fell diſeaſe
Oft, unexpected, would the hero ſeize,
And ſink him to the ground: the ground would groan
Beneath the weight, and echo to his moan,
Seas, ſhores, and woods, receive the doleful ſound,
And back the image of his voice rebound:
So, when in Ida's woods, or Pelion, thine,
For ſome tall ſhip they fell the lofty pine;
Beneath the two-edg'd axe, oft lifted round,
Down ſinks the falling tree, with thund'ring ſound:
The foreſts murmur to the crackling roar;
The cave's rebellows deep, and loud the ſhore:
The riſing rocks their faded honours mourn,
And diſtant echoes the ſad groans return.
  The hero, thus extended on the field,
The nymph, the daughter of the Sun, beheld
From the green ſummit of a neighb'ring hill,
Where ſhe had gone her beauteous hands to fill
With healing plants from cliffs, from dales, and ſhades,
The faireſt ſhe of nymphs, or woodland maids:
She ſees with grief, ſhe knows by certain ſigns,
What woe, what ill, againſt the chief combines,
Admires his godlike beauties as he lay,
And, to reſtore his ſtrength, took ſwift her way;

To try t'expel the poiſon from his limbs,
Each noxious ſeed that in the body ſwims.
For ev'ry ſkill in healing arts ſhe won
From mighty Pæon, Phœbus' favour'd ſon,
Bleſt with ſuperior knowledge by the god;
And, of phyſicians, firſt in rank he ſtood.

Ver. 746. *From mighty Pæon, Phœbus' favour'd ſon,*] Pæon was an ancient epithet of the Sun, or Apollo, the father of the healing art. Thus, in the fifth book of the Iliad, when Mars was wounded by Pallas and Diomedes, and obliged to fly from the battle, Jupiter gave him in charge to Pæon, or Apollo:

Ὣς φάτο, κὴ Παίηον' ἀγώγει ἰήσασθαι,
Τῷ δ' ἐπὶ Παιήων ὁ δυνήφαλα φάρμακα πάσσων
Ἤκέσατ'· ἣ μὲν γὰρ τι καὶ ἀθνὴς γ' ἐτέτυκτο.

Thus he, who ſhakes Olympus with his nod,
Then gave to Pæon's care the bleeding god.
With gentle hand the balm he pour'd around,
And heal'd th' immortal fleſh, and clos'd the wound.

POPE.

Hence the name Pæon came to ſignify any phyſician, who are all celebrated as the ſons of Apollo; in which ſenſe the daughter of the Sun ſeems to be meant in the text; and might be applied to any young woman who addicted herſelf to the ſtudy of phyſic. In the ſame manner Hippocrates, though he was known to be the ſon of Heraclides, a philoſopher in the iſland of Cos, was commonly called the ſon of Eſculapius, or the Sun.

Firſt, with a linen cloth, ſhe brought from home,
She wip'd from off his mouth the flowing foam,
Then rais'd his head, that ſeem'd to ſink in death,
And plac'd inſerted wood betwixt his teeth.
Next his declining neck, and both his hands,
And what beſides ſeem'd bound in iron hands
By the contractile pow'r of this diſeaſe,
With oil of Grecian nuts ſhe ſtrives to eaſe,
Anointing well his joints, and members fair,
From out a ſacred box ſhe chanc'd to bear.
His noſtrils then with verdant rue ſhe try'd,
And each ſtrong-ſcented herb at hand apply'd,
That might the poiſon from his blood exhale,
And mingle with the wind the noxious gale,
Reſtore his joints, and limbs to former ſtrength,
And make his ſenſes gone return at length.

Ver. 756. *With oil of Grecian nuts ſhe tries to eaſe,*] Probably a much better method than that uſed by many at preſent, of reſiſting the fits with ſuch violence, as almoſt to occaſion a luxation of the joints.

Ver. 759.] *His noſtrils then with verdant rue ſhe try'd,*] This well-known herb is ſtill uſed in the cure of hyſteric and epileptic complaints.

Recov'ring from the verge of death's black ſhade,
His eyes firſt open'd on the beauteous maid;
He ſaw with wonder her aſſiſting care,
Enraptur'd gaz'd, and thus addreſs'd the fair:
What god, what guardian of the human race,
Inclin'd thy ſteps, bright virgin, to this place,
Now to relieve my miſerable woes
By pow'rful remedies yourſelf compoſe?
Who'er thou art, may Heav'n for this befriend
Thy future life, and from all ill defend.
If I derive my birth from Jove on high,
If gods expect me in th' ætherial ſky,
And all their oracles be not in vain,
You ſhall, for this, a ſure reward obtain.
But leſt this ill ſhould oft my ſtrength o'erpow'r,
And ſtrike me down in ſome more dang'rous hour,
Tell, for you can, what remedy, what mean
Will beſt prevent the woes you now have ſeen.
So ſhall your fame to diſtant nations flow,
And, with encreaſe of ages, brighter grow.
O! were I now permitted, tho' divine,
In ſtricteſt league with thee, fair nymph, to join,
Nor care, nor fear, would vex my future life,
Nor ſhould I fall in this unequal ſtrife.

But

But I am forc'd, alas! by angry fate,
And my ſtep-mother's unrelenting hate,
To toils unjuſt, and doom'd to undergo
A life of labour, and unceaſing woe.
He ſaid, and heav'd a ſigh, as thus he ſpoke,
And on the virgin bent his ardent look.
She heard, and thus reveal'd the counſels of her breaſt:
O! great Alcides (well to me confeſt
By that ſtrong club, companion of your toils,
Your words, and the ſlain lion's ſhaggy ſpoils,)
I now perceive the fruit, the wiſh'd intent,
Of my long ſtudies, nor ſhall e'er repent
That to the healing art my mind is bent,
If Heav'n's high pow'rs permit me thus to ſave
So great a hero from a timeleſs grave:
Attend what late to me my father taught,
The ſon of Phœbus, with much knowledge fraught,
Great Pæon, ſkill'd above the reſt in all
The dire diſeaſes, that to man befall;
Who knows t'elude the fate of human-kind:
Accept, and keep th' advice within your mind.
And firſt, ſince from cold juices flows this harm,
Uſe what may beſt the vital ſpirits warm,

That chiefly tends th'offending cauſe to dry,
And make the humours from the body fly.
Wherefore avoid with care whatever food
Abounds with moiſture, or may chill the blood;
But viſit not too oft th' inflaming bowl;
The draught repeated but unmans the ſoul.

Look

Ver. 817. *The draught repeated but unmans the ſoul.*] This obſervation is almoſt as old as the uſe of wine itſelf. Homer puts in the mouth of Hector, in the ſixth Iliad,

Τὴν δ' ἠμείβετ' ἔπειτα μέγας κορυθαίολος Ἕκτωρ·
Μή μοι οἶνον ἄειρε μελιφρονα, πῶλια μήτης,
Μή μ' ἀπογυιώσῃς, μένος δ' ἀλκῆς τε λαθώμαι.

Far hence be Bacchus' gifts, the Chief rejoin'd;
Inflaming wine, pernicious to mankind,
Unnerves the limbs, and dulls the noble mind.

POPE.

To which I ſhall add the remark of the Tranſlator, that Samſon, the ſtrongeſt man on record, was a water-drinker; and the following obſervation of Hippocrates, which deſerves to be moſt particularly attended to in this country, where coughs, conſumptions, and inflammatory diſorders of the breaſt, are ſo frequent: "Inflammationem in pulmone fieri maximè à vinolentia, "et piſcium capitorum, et anguillarum ingluvie; hi namque "pinguedinem humanæ naturæ inimiciſſimam habent." De intern. Affect. cap. 7.—That "an inflammation of the lungs "happens

Look not on running ſtreams, the trembling lake,
Or whirling wheels that rapid circles make;
On the bare ground forbear to ſleep, or lie,
And careful ſhun a moiſt, and foggy ſky.
Nor leſs avoid ungrateful ſcents, and ſtrong;
Nor be your mind on cares employ'd too long,
But oft diverted with ſome pleaſing ſight,
And keep your body clean, your members light.
Nor be you ſlow fit medicines to uſe;
And let the healing plant its aid diffuſe,
You find in winter's froſt amid the wood;
The miſletoe, for this diſeaſe ſo good,

That

* happens chiefly from drinking of wine, and great feeding upon "cod-fiſh and eels, for theſe abound with a fat or oil very inimi-"cal to human nature."

The general directions in the text, with regard to diet and regimen, ſhould be obſerved by all epileptic patients; and ſuch methods are more to be depended on for the cure of this terrible diſorder than any particular medicine.

Ver. 829. *The miſletoe, for this diſeaſe ſo good,*] This plant, formerly celebrated for curing the epilepſy, has now fallen much into diſrepute, and a courſe of the Peruvian bark, with ſnake-root, is commonly ſubſtituted in its place. Van Swieten thinks it may be of ſervice, from its power of ſtrengthening the nerves. At

That round the ſpreading oak like ivy twines,
And, thus protected, ever verdant ſhines.

any rate it is innocent; and, as this diſorder frequently depends on the ſtate of the mind in thoſe come to years of maturity, the patient ſhould be indulged, as much as poſſible, in every wiſh. Wherefore I ſhall give, from Dr. Lewis, an account of the miſletoe, which may be propagated on any other tree, as well as the oak; though that which grows on the latter is commonly thought to poſſeſs the greateſt virtue. "Viſcus Quernus Ph. Ed. Viſcum baccis albis C. B. miſletoe; A buſhy ever-green plant, with woody branches variouſly interwoven; firm, narrow leaves, narroweſt at the bottom, ſet in pairs; and imperfect white flowers in their boſoms, followed each by a tranſparent white berry, containing a ſingle ſeed. It grows only on the trunks and branches of trees, and may be propagated by rubbing the glutinous berries on the bark, that the ſeeds may adhere.

The leaves and branches of miſletoe, formerly recommended as ſpecifics in convulſive and other nervous diſorders, and now fallen into general neglect, do not appear to have any conſiderable medicinal power. Inſtances have indeed been produced of their ſeeming to prove beneficial: but, as there are perhaps no diſorders whoſe nature is ſo little underſtood, whoſe cauſes are ſo various, and whoſe mitigations and exaſperations have leſs dependence upon ſenſible things, there are none in which medicines operate more precariouſly, and in which the obſerver is more liable to deception. Half a dram or a dram of the wood, or leaves in ſubſtance, or an infuſion of half an ounce, is the doſe commonly directed." Materia Medica, p. 574.

Nor

Nor leſs is uſeful cinnamon you take,
And, mix'd with white wine, an infuſion make;
Of this a mouthful is a proper doſe,
And, oft repeated, will your pains compoſe.
Or burn a human ſkull to aſhes white,
And with fine powder of thoſe horns unite,

Ver. 832, 833. *Nor leſs is uſeful cinnamon you take,*
And, mix'd with white wine, an infuſion make;] An infuſion of cinnamon in white wine will prove an agreeable and uſeful aromatic, both in this diſorder and in ſtomachic complaints. But it ſhould only be taken in the afternoons and evenings. A glaſsful is a doſe; but the poet has adapted his doſe to the time of Hercules, when glaſſes were unknown.

Ver. 836. *Or burn a human ſkull to aſhes white,*] This odious remedy is juſtly, though not long ago, expelled from all the pharmacopeias. If it have any effect, it can only be as an abſorbent, which this diſeaſe, ſometimes ariſing from acrid humours in the ſtomach, may require. But magneſia alba, powder of oiſter-ſhells, or even prepared chalk, will anſwer the ſame purpoſe. Powder of hartſhorn, with gum Arabic, recommended in the text, is likewiſe a good abſorbent; and taking away this ingredient tends nothing to diminiſh its virtues. But, in general, the Epilepſy is only to be cured by drying food, aromatic drinks, remedies that ſtrengthen the ſyſtem, keeping the patient in good ſpirits, and giving him plenty of exerciſe; at the ſame time taking care leſt he ſhould catch cold, which never fails to encreaſe the diſorder.

That,

That, from the heads of deer, like branches come;
And add the fragrance of Arabian gum,
T'avert the bitter, and beguile the taſte,
Leſt you ſhould ſicken on the new repaſt.
Uſe this, alternate mornings, ere you break
Your faſt, or drink, or other viands take,
And ſtill perſiſt the remedy t'embrace,
Till once the moon complete her ſilver race.
Without delay will thus be kill'd the ſeeds
Unſeen, from whence the fell diſeaſe proceeds,
New health pervade your limbs in proper time,
And ſtill attend your toils in ev'ry clime.
Then in your breaſt if gratitude remain
For favours due, and this be not in vain,
When ſtrength renew'd ſhall o'er your body ſpread,
Remember me.—She ſaid, and inſtant fled.
The hero follows with deſiring eyes,
And vents his inward thoughts by frequent ſighs;
Her ſkill, her beauty, left a deeper wound
Than e'er his heart from the diſtemper found;
And for the latent venom, now expell'd,
With other poiſon his ſtrong boſom ſwell'd.
How oft did love, did fierce deſire, inflame
His mind, and reign victorious o'er his frame,

Purſue

Purſue his conqueſts whereſoe'er he went,
And only with his life the rage was ſpent!
But he, who could the force of monſters tame,
Subdu'd, for once, this unreſiſted flame.
O! happy, far too happy, had he try'd
His love for Iöle as well to hide!
Had he, with wiſdom, thus oppos'd her charms,
Nor blinded ſunk in her bewitching arms!
But yet the hero loſt not from his mind
The cure now wrought, nor her who prov'd ſo kind;
But, when reliev'd at length from all his wars,
He took his place among th' immortal ſtars,
And added one to heav'n's bright pow'rs above,
His thought recall'd the virgin's pious love,
And ſaw (for gods ſee all things) 'twas the time
Herſelf muſt viſit his ætherial clime;
He ſuffer'd not the nymph to ſink in duſt,
Nor to conſume, as other mortals muſt,
But bleſs'd her virtues with a happier fate,
Made uſeful now, as in her former ſtate.
She taſted not of death, but changing grew
The fragrant herb, ſo pleaſing to the view,

The

The beauteous plant, that Pæony we name,
For healing juices chief renown'd in fame. 885

The

Ver. 885. *For healing juices chief renown'd in fame.*] It is much to be regretted that the plant, for which St. Marthe compoſed this fine epiſode, ſhould be ſo little worthy of the pains he has taken to recommend it. For it ſcarcely anſwers his deſcription in any thing, except the beauty of its flowers, for which it is cultivated in gardens; and from which, as well as the healing virtues formerly aſcribed to it, it was named Pæonia, or the daughter of the ſun, being ſuppoſed to come more immediately under his protection. It is ſtill an article in the Materia Medica, and ſometimes given as a remedy for the epilepſy, but with very little effect; and certainly, in no way, deſerves the encomiums here beſtowed on it. It is likely that the great virtues, aſcribed both to this herb, and the miſletoe, were in a great meaſure owing to ſuperſtition. The epilepſy was thought to be occaſioned by the immediate anger of the gods, and therefore there muſt be ſomething miraculous in the cure of it. The ancients knew nothing of the cultivation of the miſletoe by art, nor how it was produced by nature. It is now diſcovered that it proceeds from the dung of birds, who ſwallow the berries, and being dropped on oak-trees, which more particularly foſter this plant, the indigeſted ſeeds adhere to the bark, and being covered with manure ſoon take root, and ſpring up to an herb. This herb being found growing on a tree, and not from the ground, was likewiſe ſuppoſed to be planted by a deity, and therefore to contain ſome extraordinary virtue. Hence the moſt wonderful of plants was reckoned a ſpecific againſt the moſt terrible of diſeaſes. In the ſame manner the Pæony, being more beautiful than other flowers, muſt poſſeſs the ſame properties. Theſe opinions continued through the ignorance of the middle ages, till

the

The grateful god, ſtill mindful of his cure,
And thoſe ſad woes the human race endure,
Infus'd her virtues in the blooming flow'r,
And gave her thus the ſalutary pow'r
Still to remove the cauſe of this diſeaſe,
To conquer the returning fits with eaſe;
And ſuch its ſtrength to anſwer this great end,
That thoſe, who from their necks its roots depend,
Are (wonderful to tell!) no more diſtreſs'd
With the dire woe, that had their ſouls oppreſs'd.
Apollo's will confirm'd what then was done;
He made its pow'r to future ages known;
And long experience, and obſerving thought
Convince, that ſtill the miracle is wrought.

Nor

the return of learning and improvements in natural hiſtory prevailed over ancient ſuperſtitions, and medicinal plants were valued, not according to their appearances, but from the qualities which experience ſhewed them to poſſeſs.

Ver. 899. *Convince, that ſtill the miracle is wrought.*] It has been remarked by Cicero, and after him by Mr. Addiſon, that there is no propoſition ſo abſurd, but that it has been advanced by ſome writer of credit. Of this obſervation the lines in the text are a proof; and, in this inſtance, the ſuperſtition of the poet ſeems to have got the better of his reaſon. For it cannot be conceived

Nor ſhall it e'er repent me that I ſing
Thoſe ancient fictions with the truths I bring;
For 'tis the province of the ſacred Muſe
Diverting tales in ſerious themes t' infuſe,
In Fancy's boundleſs walks to fix her reign,
And o'er the heart her empire to maintain.

Theſe

ceived that a remedy, which has but little effect taken inwardly, ſhould have any at all when hung round the neck of the patient; yet this advice is given by many old phyſicians; and, perhaps, the pungent ſmell of the roots of this plant, proving a conſtant ſtimulus to the noſtrils when applied in this manner, may have as much effect in preventing the paroxyſms as when it is ſwallowed in ſubſtance; at any rate, as the epilepſy frequently proceeds from imagination, what the patient may wiſh for, however ridiculous to appearance, or contrary to reaſon, will ſometimes be of ſervice in promoting the cure.

Before diſmiſſing this ſubject of diſeaſes, I muſt obſerve, that, though this poem was written above thirty years after the time of Paracelſus, there is not one chymical remedy adviſed in it, from beginning to end; and certainly the ſeldomer thoſe violent and often hurtful medicines can be given to ſuch tender ſubjects as ſucking infants, always the better; for, ſo great is the irritability of their ſyſtems, particularly in time of teething, that what will ſcarce affect the body of an adult may ſometimes be attended with very dangerous conſequences to them.

Ver. 905. *Epiſode of Hercules.*] It is ſaid, in the antient lives of Hercules, that, when this hero was firſt ſeized with the epilepſy, he conſulted the oracle of Delphos with regard to his cure; but, having

These lays to me the heav'nly Nine reveal'd,
While yet I liv'd on Poictou's verdant field,

having incurred the anger of Apollo, that is, having been hurt by the ſcorching rays of the ſun, he received a very unſatisfactory anſwer; at length he was told that he muſt be ſold as a ſlave, and remain three years in a ſtate of the moſt abject ſervitude, in order to recover from his diſorder. Theſe circumſtances the poet has altered, and wrought up into a very pretty epiſode, after the manner of Ovid; which was likewiſe moſt proper in treating of the epilepſy, thought to be occaſioned by ſupernatural cauſes; and, according to ſeveral writers, both divines, and phyſicians, thoſe perſons called in the New Teſtament, δαιμονιζομενοι, which has been tranſlated "poſſeſſed with devils," were epileptic. The paſſion of Hercules for Iole, the daughter of Eurytus, king of Oechalia, mentioned ver. 867, proved the ſource of his greateſt misfortunes, being refuſed her hand, he ravaged her country, killed her father, and carried off herſelf; but, having the misfortune to fall in love with almoſt every woman he ſaw, he married ſeveral women afterwards, and had three wives at once, one of whom was Dejanira; but, as his paſſion for Iole continued unabated, ſhe attended him to mount Oeta, where he intended offering up a ſolemn ſacrifice to Jupiter, but, wanting a ſhirt or tunic neceſſary on ſuch occaſions, he ſent Lichas, one of his attendants, to fetch it from Dejanira. Dejanira, inflamed with jealouſy, ſent the poiſoned ſhirt of Neſſus, which proved the death of her huſband, Lichas having unfortunately told her that Iole was with her huſband, in the manner related by Diodorus Siculus. The conſtellation into which he was ſaid to be changed, and which ſtill retains the name of Hercules is well known.

That

That rugged rocks, that foreſts tall, ſurround,
And lofty hills with groves of box wood crown'd.
The pleaſing horror of the ſacred ſhade
Brought ev'ry Muſe around my favour'd head,
Where, thro' the painted vales, the Clanus roars,
And ſlowly glides along the winding ſhores;
When royal HENRY of old Hector's blood,
The hope of man, the care of ev'ry God,
Aſcended for our bliſs the Gallic throne,
Conjoin'd Sarmatia's ſceptre to his own,
Made all our blind domeſtic rage to ceaſe,
And call'd his willing realms to grateful peace.
Soon as the pious king his honours gain'd,
The hallow'd honours that his throne maintain'd,
He call'd the Gods to bleſs his nuptial bed,
And for an heir his vows unceaſing paid:
His beauteous conſort join'd in equal pray'rs,
The ſame her int'reſt, and the ſame her cares;

Ver. 917. *Conjoin'd Sarmatia's ſceptre to his own,*] Henry the Third was crowned king of France, on the death of his brother, Charles the Ninth, in 1574, on the ſame day, in which a year before he had been crowned king of Poland. Charles died of an inflammation of the lungs.

And ſhe to Heav'n ſtill for the bleſſing bows,
Nor has the world beheld ſo kind a ſpouſe.
The royal pair invoke the pow'rs divine,
And, with their gifts, the loaded altars ſhine;
From temple they to temple bend their way,
In winter's froſt, in ſummer's burning ray;
And ſuch their piety, nor ruſhing rain,
Nor fierceſt ſtorms, could e'er their feet detain
From hallow'd churches, nor at all prevent
Their public vows to gain the wiſh'd intent.

Ver. 935. *Their public vows to gain the wiſh'd intent.*] Poſterity has not been inclined to regard the devotions of this prince in ſo favourable a light as they are repreſented in this poem, by Davila, and other contemporary hiſtorians. Voltaire obſerves, that, in the reign of Henry III., "there was no police, no juſtice, "throughout the kingdom. His favourites were aſſaſſinated be- "fore his face, or cut one another's throats in their quarrels, "&c. &c. What remedy had the king recourſe to? He inſti- "tuted confraternities of penitents; he built monkiſh cells at "Vincennes; he offered up prayers to the Deity in public, while "he was committing the greateſt ſins in private; he went habited "in a white ſack; he wore a diſciplining whip, and a pair of "beads at his girdle, and called himſelf Brother Henry." General Hiſtory.

But from whatever cauſe this extraordinary appearance of religion proceeded, it could not have the effect for which St. Marthe ſays it was intended. For Davila informs us, that this prince was afflicted with a diſeaſe, that prevented him from having children.

Ye Powr's on high! that pious kings regard,
And if ſuch holy zeal deſerve reward,
Attend their conſtant pray'rs with fav'ring ear,
Attend their vows, and their fond wiſhes hear;
Oh! ſhow'r your bleſſings on their ſacred bed,
And an increaſing offspring round them ſpread;
For them, for them your heav'nly cares employ,
And make their years roll on in peace and joy.
O! may kind Lacheſis my fate delay,
Till I behold the long-expected day,
When, from the royal-bed, an heir ſhall ſpring,
A prince, by Heav'n deſign'd our future king;
When, thro' the realm, the joyful news ſhall run,
And mimic ſtars ſupply the abſent ſun,
In ev'ry city flaming piles ariſe,
Shoot their long beams to the rejoicing ſkies,
With one conſent th' applauding people join
To hail the hope of our imperial line,
Aſſur'd no future danger would befall,
But laſting peace diffuſe o'er placid Gaul.
O! may the nations, from old ages crown'd
With bright proſperity, and far renown'd;
Whoſe borders there the Pyrenæans keep,
There the reſounding Rhine, the rolling deep;

That

That here the Alpine hills defend with care,
Dividing with high tops, the misty air,
Long, long inhabit the delightful place,
And still obey the same victorious race.
  Nor will it e'er repent me that I soar
These heights before unsung, and thus explore,
On daring wings, great Nature's winding maze,
And bring to open light her secret ways,
If then the mighty infant shall be bred
By means, to which my useful knowledge led;
If not, my precepts must be yet confin'd
To humbler scenes, and the Plebeian mind;
But royal nurses should regard the song,
Should treasure in their hearts, what may prolong
The lives of human kind; nor e'er forget
My lays when by th' imperial cradle set;
Nor these plain precepts should at all contemn,
But frequent read, and practise after them.

END OF THE PÆDOTROPHIA.

Ver. 977. *But frequent read, and practise after them.*] One design of writing the preceding poem doubtless had been the expectation of an heir to the crown of France, in which the author was disappointed: and perhaps this might have lessened his credit at court. For we are informed by an old French pamphlet, written in those times, which has been lately translated into English,

gliſh, and is ſaid to be of ſome authority, that the favourite poet of Henry III. was Philippe de Portes, abbé of Tiron.

As this prince has been ſo frequently celebrated in the foregoing work, I ſhall give, what ſeems a very proper Appendix to it, an account of the death and character of Henry III., from the tranſlation of Henrico Davila's Hiſtory of the Civil Wars of France, by Ellis Farneworth; a valuable book, and now become ſcarce.

In the beginning of the month of Auguſt 1589, the king, aſſiſted by his great ſucceſſor Henry, king of Navarre, was beſieging the city of Paris, in which were ſhut up the duke of Mayenne and the other chiefs of the league; and, to ſuch extremities was the city reduced, that "the duke himſelf, together "with the ſieurs de Rhoſne and de la Chaſtre, being reſolved "not to ſurvive their ruin, had determined to mount their horſes, "and die honourably, ſword in hand, in that encloſure that lies "betwixt the modern walls of the town and ſuburbs, which they "ſaw they could not defend."

But as many ſtrange and wonderful events ſtill happened in the courſe of theſe wars, ſo a very unexpected, and unthought of, accident proved a remedy againſt that imminent danger, which neither the valour, nor experience of the commanders was able to prevent. There was in Paris one James Clement, of the order of the Dominican friars (who are commonly called Jacobines), born of mean parentage, at the village of Sorbonne, in the territory of Sens, a young man about two and twenty years of age, and always looked upon by his brethren, and many others that knew him, to be a half-witted fellow, and rather a ſubject of diverſion, than in any ways to be feared, or thought capable of undertaking any ſerious, or important affair. I remember to have ſeen him myſelf, and have often heard the other friars entertain themſelves with him, when the court was at Paris, and I uſed to viſit Stephen Luſignano, a cypriſt, then brother of the

ſame

ſame order, and afterwards biſhop of Limiſſo. This fellow, either prompted by his own inclination, or ſpurred up by the ſermons that he daily heard, preached againſt the king; in which his majeſty was ſtiled Henry of Valois, the tyrant and perſecutor of the faith, determined to hazard his life, in attempting, by ſome means or other, to kill him; nor, did he keep this bold reſolution ſecret, but often ſaid publicly amongſt his brethren, "that "it was neceſſary to take up arms, and cut off the tyrant;" at which they only laughed, as uſual, and gave him the name of captain Clement. Many took pleaſure in putting him in a paſſion, by telling him of the king's proceedings, and that he was advancing againſt the city of Paris; to which, whilſt the army was at a diſtance, he only anſwered, "that it was not yet a pro-"per time, and that he ſhould not give himſelf that trouble at "preſent;" but, when the king drew near, he began to grow more ſerious, and told one of the fathers of his order, that he had a ſtrong impulſe to go and kill Henry of Valois, deſiring his advice whether he ſhould put it in execution. The father having communicated this affair to the prior. who was one of the chief counſellors of the league, they both anſwered, "that it behoved "him to be thoroughly convinced that it was not a temptation of "the devil: that he ought to faſt and pray, and beg of God to "illuminate his mind, and direct him what to do." A few days after, he came to the prior and the other father again, telling them "he had done as they adviſed him, and that he felt him-"ſelf more ſtrongly moved than ever to undertake it." And the fathers, as many ſaid, having conſulted about the matter with madame de Montpenſier; or, as the favourers of the league pretend, of their own mere motion, exhorted him to the attempt, aſſuring him that "if he lived, he ſhould be made a cardinal, "and if he died for delivering the city, and killing the perſecu-"tor of the faith, he would certainly be canonized for a Saint." Upon which the friar, not a little animated by theſe exhortations, endeavoured to get proper credentials from the count de Brienne, who was taken at St. Onyn, and ſtill detained priſo-

ner in the city; telling him, that he had an affair to negotiate with the king of very great importance, and which would redound to his infinite ſatisfaction and advantage. The count not knowing the friar, and hearing how the city ſtood affected, and that many were contriving to bring in the king, imagined what he ſaid was matter of fact, and made no difficulty of granting him his letter; with which he departed, the laſt day of July, in the evening, and went directly from the city to the king's camp, where he was immediately ſeized by the guards; but, upon ſaying he had buſineſs and letters to communicate to the king, he was brought to James de la Gueſle, the king's attorney-general, who executed the office of judge-advocate in the camp. The ſieur de la Gueſle having heard the friar's errand, and knowing it was dark when the king returned from reconnoitring the enemy's works, told him that he was too late that night, but that he would introduce him the next morning, without fail; and that, in the meantime, he could ſtay in his quarter for ſecurity. The friar accepted the invitation, ſupped at the ſame table with la Gueſle, cut his meat with a new knife that had a black haft, which he had with him, eat, drank, and ſlept without any concern. And as there was a ſort of prophecy current, not only in the camp, but through the whole kingdom, that the king ſhould be killed by a friar, he was aſked by many whether he came for that purpoſe; but, he anſwered very compoſedly, "that theſe "were not things to be jeſted with in that manner." In the morning of the firſt of Auguſt, Monſieur la Gueſle went to the king's quarters very early, and having acquainted him with the friar's deſire to ſpeak with him, was ordered to bring him in immediately, though he was not yet quite dreſſed, but ſtill without his buff-coat, which he uſed to wear with his armour, and had no other clothes on his back, but a thin taffety waiſtcoat all unbuttoned. The friar being introduced, they both withdrew to a window on one ſide of the room, and he delivered his letter from the count de Brienne, which the king read; and, having ordered him to proceed to acquaint him with his buſineſs, he pretended

tended to feel for another paper that he had to preſent; but, while the king ſtood attentively expecting it, he drew the ſame knife out of his ſleeve, ſtruck him with it on the left ſide of the navel, and left all the blade buried in the wound. The king had no ſooner received the blow, but he haſtily drew out the knife with his own hands (which made the wound ſtill wider) and ſtruck it up to the haft in the friar's forehead, who, being at the ſame time run through the body by la Guelle, inſtantly dropt down dead and was thrown out of the window, by the ſieurs de Montpezat, de Lognat, and the marquis de Mirepoix, gentlemen of the king's bed-chamber, who were preſent at the fact; where he was torn to pieces by the common ſoldiers, his limbs burnt, and his aſhes ſcattered in the river.

The king was immediately carried to bed, and his wound, upon examination, not judged mortal by the ſurgeons; wherefore, having called his ſecretaries, he ordered an account of this accident to be diſpatched into all parts of the kingdom, exhorting the governors and magiſtrates not to be diſmayed, as he hoped to be ſo well again in a few days, as to be able to get on horſeback. The ſame exhortations and hopes were given to all the commanders, and principal officers of his army; and, having ordered the king of Navarre to be immediately ſent for, he committed the care of the army and the diligent proſecution of their preſent undertaking entirely to him. But at night his wound grew ſo painful, that it brought a fever upon him, and when the ſurgeons came to examine it more narrowly, they found his bowels were pierced, and all agreed that he could not live many hours; after which, the king, who commanded them to ſpeak the truth, being informed of his danger, deſired that his chaplain, Stephen Boulogne, might be ſent for, and, with very great devotion, made confeſſion of his ſins; but, before abſolution, his confeſſor having told him, that he heard the Pope had publiſhed a monitory againſt him, and therefore he ought fully to diſcharge his conſcience in the preſent extremity; he replied, "that it "was true, but that the monitory itſelf imported, that, in the

"article of death, he might be abſolved; that he would comply "with the Pope's requeſt, and ſolemnly promiſed to releaſe the "prelates, though he was convinced their impriſonment had "coſt him his life and crown." Upon this ſatisfaction, the confeſſor gave him abſolution and adminiſtered the ſacrament to him the ſame night. But, his ſtrength beginning to fail, he ordered his chamber doors to be thrown open and the nobility to be called in, who gave the moſt ſincere proofs of real affliction and concern, by the bittereſt and moſt affecting lamentations; and, turning himſelf towards them, whilſt the duke of Eſpernon and his nephew, the count d'Auvergne, ſtood by his bed ſide, he ſaid with an audible voice, "that he was not afraid to die, but "that it grieved him to leave the kingdom in ſuch diſtraction, "and all good men in a ſtate of affliction and perſecution; that "he deſired no revenge for his death, for he had learned from "his youth, in the ſchool of Chriſt, to forgive injuries; as he "had always done, upon every occaſion, in times paſt." Then, addreſſing himſelf to the king of Navarre, he told him, "that "if the practice of killing kings ſhould become common, he "himſelf could not long be ſecure. He exhorted the nobility "to acknowledge the king of Navarre for their natural ſove-"reign, as the crown lawfully devolved to him, and not to de-"mur upon it, on account of difference in religion; for, that "he was well aſſured, that both the king of Navarre, who was a "prince of a candid and generous diſpoſition, would at laſt re-"turn into the boſom of the church, and that the Pope, when "he was better informed, would receive him with open arms, to "prevent the utter deſtruction of the kingdom." In the laſt place he embraced the king of Navarre, and ſaid to him twice over, "Brother, I aſſure you, you will never be king of France, "except you turn Catholic, and humble yourſelf before the "church." After which, having called his chaplain, he rehearſed the creed, according to the uſe of the Roman church, in the preſence of them all, and having croſſed himſelf, began to repeat the fifty-firſt pſalm, but his ſpeech failing him at the twelfth

twelfth verſe, he departed very quietly, having lived thirty-ſix years, and reigned fifteen and two months. By his death the royal line of the houſe of Valois, deſcended from Philip the Third, ſurnamed the Hardy, became extinct; and, by virtue of the Salic law, the crown devolved to the family of Bourbon, neareſt in blood, and deſcended from Robert, count of Clermont, ſecond ſon to St. Louis.

The whole army was exceedingly afflicted at ſo tragical an event, eſpecially the nobility, who lamented the death of their prince, in the tendereſt and ſincereſt manner; whilſt, on the other hand, the Pariſians made the moſt extravagant rejoicings; and, ſome of the principle men, who had worn mourning, ever ſince the death of the lords of Guiſe, now left off their black, and put on green with plumes, lace, and finery. But the duke of Mayenne, according to his wonted prudence and moderation, was very far from behaving in that manner, taking great pains to clear himſelf, and ſpread it abroad, that he had not the leaſt concern in the affair, but that it was directly and immediately the hand of God. He was not much credited, however, for the ſuſpicion was not eaſy to be rooted out of the people's minds; as it ſeemed highly improbable, that the ſuperiors of the convent, particularly the prior, who was one of the counſellors of the union, and much confided in, ſhould not have conſulted with the princes about the fact, and that they ſhould have worked upon the credulity of the friar, and encouraged him to commit it by ſuch powerful allurements; and all this without their privity. But as the events that happen in the courſe of civil wars, are often either falſely related, or miſrepreſented, by the malice of contending factions, others have added many fictions to the truth, which a certain writer, perhaps out of ignorance or careleſſneſs, or it may be out of hatred and partiality, has not ſcrupled to publiſh in his writings.

Howſoever that might be, it is certainly worthy of very great conſideration, and wonderful to think how the ſingular virtues and noble accompliſhments of ſo great a prince ſhould bring him to

to ſo cruel and unfortunate an end; as we may from thence learn this excellent leſſon, that the ſkilfulneſs of the pilot avails but little, if the gale of divine favour, which governs human affairs with eternal providence, does not help to bring our actions to their deſired port. For Henry the Third was endowed with all amiable qualities, which even in his earlieſt youth were exceedingly reverenced and admired; ſingular prudence, royal magnanimity, inexhauſtible munificence, moſt profound piety, and ardent zeal for religion, perpetual love to the good, implacable hatred to the bad, infinite deſire of doing good to every one, popular eloquence, affability becoming a prince, generous courage, firm reſolution, and wonderful dexterity in arms; for which virtues, during the reign of his brother, he was more admired and eſteemed than the king himſelf. He was a general before he was a ſoldier, and a ſtateſman before he came to years of maturity; he made war with ſpirit, eluded the vigilance of the moſt experienced commanders, won many bloody battles, took fortreſſes that were deemed impregnable, gained the hearts of people far remote, and was renowned, and glorious in the mouths of all men. Yet, when he came to the crown, and endeavoured, by too much artifice and ſubtlety, to free himſelf from the yoke and bondage of the factions, both parties conceived ſuch a hatred againſt him, that his religion was accounted hypocriſy; his prudence, low cunning; his policy, meanneſs of ſpirit; his liberality, licentiouſneſs, and unbridled prodigality; his affability was deſpiſed, his gravity hated, his name deteſted, his private friendſhips and familiarities imputed to enormous vices; and his death, being extremely rejoiced at by factious men and the common people, was raſhly judged a ſtroke of divine juſtice.

A celebrated Engliſh author [Dr. Johnſon] remarks that the death of Pope was ſuppoſed to be occaſioned by eating too many potted lampreys, that a ring revenged the ſlaughters of Cannæ; and, in general, that the deaths of great men are not what might be expected from their lives. This obſervation ſeems to contain

contain more illnature than truth; and the above narration is a ſtriking inſtance to the contrary. The immediate revenge that the wounded king took of his murderer, even with additional pain to himſelf; the meſſage he ſent to his nobility; his ſpeeches to them and his ſucceſſor; and the manner in which he employed his laſt moments are proofs of a great and exalted mind: and a better defence againſt the malevolence of detraction than all that cotemporary, or ſucceeding hiſtorians could write in his praiſe.

HAVING thus endeavoured to give as faithful, and elegant a tranſlation of the Pædotrophia, as my abilities would permit; and alſo to illuſtrate the work with ſuch annotations, as might render it both more entertaining, and uſeful to Engliſh readers, and thoſe unacquainted with the medical art; I beg leave to return my thanks to my ingenious friend, Dr. Joſeph Lowe, for his kindneſs in favouring me both with the original and with the former tranſlation of this poem; neither of which, it is likely, would ever have fallen into my hands, in my preſent retired ſituation, without his aſſiſtance; who has alſo given me the peruſal of the works of ſeveral judicious and learned authors, from which I have been enabled to collect part of the preſent notes; and to whom, I am ſure, it gives ſincere pleaſure to ſee my tranſlation of this valuable poem, with its comments, completed in ſo ſhort a time.

END OF THE NOTES.

POSTSCRIPT.

POSTSCRIPT.

THE foregoing tranſlation and notes, were written from the 3d of March to the 11th of May, 1794, in a retired corner of Scotland; where the acceſs to books was ſo difficult, that I was obliged to wait almoſt a twelvemonth, before I could procure any account of the life of St. Marthe; when, at laſt, I was favoured, by a friend, with a copy of his whole works (now likewiſe become very ſcarce) from the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh. In the ſame retirement, favoured and encouraged by a gentleman of worth, learning, and elegance of taſte; SIR DAVID CARNEGIE,

CARNEGIE, of Southeſk, baronet; who took the trouble both to peruſe my MSS. and to ſend me many valuable criticiſms; of which, my bad ſtate of health afterwards unluckily prevented me from making all the uſe I might have done, or that I intended; but at a diſtance from, and entirely unaſſiſted by any other perſon of learning, I completed in the years 1790 and 1791, my tranſlation of the Hymns and Epigrams of Callimachus, at hours ſtolen, I may ſay, from a profeſſion; which, as it is carried on in that part of the country, was by far too laborious and fatiguing for one of a tender and delicate frame; and, who had been all his life ſubject to frequent and violent head-achs, with occaſional deafneſs; in conſeqnence of which, in the end of 1791, I fell into a lingering and painful diſtemper, which entirely interrupted my ſtudies, till November 1793; when at intervals of eaſe, I corrected ſome miſcellaneous poems, formerly written, and added others to them, both original and tranſlated; all which, I hope, will ſoon be in the hands of the public.

As my health returned, I thought of greater literary undertakings; and in conſequence of many learned, kind, and encouraging

couraging letters from the generous nobleman, to whom the foregoing work is inſcribed; I began the eleventh of June, 1794, a tranſlation of the PUNICS OF CAIUS SILIUS ITALICUS, into Engliſh rhyme; and completed the whole ſeventeen books, the twenty-fourth of June, 1796; which, ſince that time, have been peruſed with approbation by my worthy friends, the EARL OF BUCHAN, above mentioned, SIR DAVID CARNEGIE, and SIR WALTER FARQUHAR, baronets: and alſo by a gentleman, eminent for his learning and knowledge of antiquities, namely the celebrated GENERAL MELVILLE, who has, in a particular manner, ſtudied the hiſtory of the ſecond Punic war, and who himſelf examined the courſe of Hannibal over the Alps. But the expence of publication being ſo great and the encouragement now given by bookſellers to ſuch claſſical undertakings being ſo ſmall, or rather nothing; my preſent intention is to publiſh, in a ſhort time, propoſals for a ſubſcription to this tranſlation, with copious notes, illuſtrating both the hiſtory and the beauties of an admirable ancient poem; which, has been only once tranſlated into Engliſh, and that in language ſcarcely intelligible.

Of

Of my own abilities in this way the public are already judges, both from my former and preſent work. And I hope the tranſlation announced will not be found inferior to either, in point of execution; the whole, including notes, an original preface, and a diſſertation on the life and writings of the poet, will be comprized in three volumes quarto, price three Guineas, in boards, to be delivered to the Subſcribers in ſingle volumes, and each volume, price one Guinea, to be paid on delivery. It will be put to preſs as ſoon as ſubſcriptions for 300 copies have been obtained; and the other conditions will be mentioned afterwards in the propoſals.

Any perſon wiſhing to encourage it in the meantime may ſend their names to the Tranſlator, at No. 89, Great Titchfield-ſtreet, near Cavendiſh-ſquare.

H. W. TYTLER.

London, March 28, 1797.

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